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\* \* \*

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WITH AN

**INTRODUCTORY ESSAY AND CRITICAL REMARKS,**

BY THE

**REV. R. CATTERMOLÉ, B. D.**

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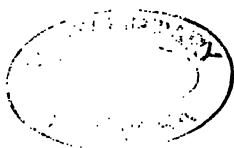
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W.D. & H.O. WILKINS

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## INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

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FAVOURABLY as the first volume of the "Sacred Poetry of the Seventeenth Century" has been received, the Editor, though confident that the volume now presented to his readers is of equal and more various excellence, anticipates, nevertheless, one probable objection, viz. that too great a proportion of the precious products of the sacred muse of Britain, here brought together, are of an exclusively Christian—perhaps, in the majority of instances, of a strictly *spiritual* character. This objection he does not expect to hear from the reader whose piety is the predominant quality of his mind—the more exactly the selection corresponds with the promise of the title, and with the general character of the series of which it forms a part, so much the more decidedly will it secure *his* approbation; he does not expect to hear it from that less numerous class, who have reflected upon the true end of the divine gift of song, and who regard with sincere veneration whatever is worthy of the high endowments of the true poet, in our elder literature—he feels assured,

that the volume contains that which will secure the suffrages of such judges in its favour. It is from the ordinary admirers of the voluptuous verse of the nineteenth century—from those who consider poetry as the highest result of literary power, only because it supplies a more sensual music to the ear than history or oratory—that it is to be seriously expected. Now these, he confesses, are just the persons whom he is ambitious upon this occasion to number among his readers;—not from the mere desire of obtaining popularity for his labours, but because he would gladly be instrumental in opening to them those fresh and more exalted sources of delight, which are presided over by the graver muses. He therefore willingly devotes a few sentences to an explanation of the fact, to which the anticipated objection relates.

Of the poets of our own times, who have not confined themselves to subjects of an exclusively pious kind, several have habitually written with a proper regard to purity of sentiment, and even with a definite moral purpose. Rogers, Southey, Bowles, Campbell—above all, Wordsworth, are admirable moralists as well as poets. It too often happens, however, that their allusions—for they seldom go farther than to allude—to the peculiar spiritualities of the Christian faith, are introduced rather by taste than feeling, and seem rather a complimentary acknowledgment of the common creed, than the outpourings of devotional inspiration. It

was stated upon a former occasion,<sup>1</sup> that a different method was adopted by the earlier poets. It is not until a late period in the civilization of a people, that poetry, especially in its lyric and less important departments, is written with artifice and for effect. It may appear paradoxical, to say of the poets of the Seventeenth Century that they were not artificial. They were so, in style and manner; not in sentiment and opinion. From the most fanciful of the school of Donne and Cowley it is easy to strip off the out-growth of affectation and conceit; and discover the opinions and feelings of the writer in all their plainness and genuine simplicity beneath. By too many of them indeed religion was rarely noticed. The fashionable follies of the day—the praise of the reigning idol of public regard—the extravagant idolatries of sensual passion—furnished the topics on which the Herricks, the Carews, the Clevelands, the Randolphs—and, in general, all except the first rank among the votaries of the muses, during the Stuart dynasty, employed the light and graceful efforts of their genius. In the treatment of these, it is no wonder if they seldom deviated into religious reflection, or sought by a superficial colouring of morality to recommend to the grave what was obviously designed only for the “gay creatures of the element” of courts and aristocratic coteries. But

<sup>1</sup> Introductory Essay to Vol. I.

neither, at the same time, did they shun the peculiar topics offered in the religion of the gospel, when these presented themselves to their attention; nor did the vivacity of their fancy or their warmth of feeling desert them, while thus more befittingly employed.<sup>1</sup> It is only to be lamented, that such topics did not more frequently suggest themselves.

<sup>1</sup> Not unadvisedly are the words *fancy* and *feeling* here used together. These qualities are more compatible, and more frequently found in conjunction, than is commonly supposed. Those glittering conceits, in

“ Linked sweetness long drawn out,”

which have so grievously offended the critics, in Herbert, Crashaw, Cowley, and their tribe of “tuneful brethren,” are but the ornaments in which the prevailing fashion arrayed the genuine muse: they by no means excluded—in their exquisite beauty they often implied—the presence of a real poetic inspiration. Like sparkles from glowing iron, their brightness and their multitude prove the intensity of the heat which threw them out. The insects that, on summer evenings, glimmer above the silent current of some deep river, may catch the wandering and superficial gaze, and divert it from the sober depths of the “abounding river;” but to the eye familiar with such haunts, and which seeks a more majestic object, they indicate, while they adorn, the windings of the water. Genius includes true feeling—feeling winged by imagination, strengthened and dignified by intellect. But genius may, and often does, co-exist with an imperfect taste; for genius is native to its possessor—his nature, in regard to which he cannot be other than he is: he cannot divest himself of it. Whereas taste is but the form and method, the shape and peculiar colouring of intellectual results, impressed upon the producing mind by surrounding and over-mastering circumstances. There are, doubtless, certain general canons of taste, applicable to all intellectual production; but it is a poor

While, therefore, the works of many of the admired poets who wrote within the period to which the present volume is limited, offer but few specimens for a selection of this nature, (in several instances, the editor has been able to cull, out of perhaps an entire volume, or more, only such scanty pieces as will be found attached to their respective names,) these few are frequently, for the reasons already intimated, not only of a serious or even solemn character, but expositions of subjects peculiar to Christian theology. If, however, as has been said, these subjects, when they did occur

kind of criticism, which makes no allowance for the habits and tendencies, the characteristic peculiarities and circumstances of an era; but seeks to pare away, as useless deformity, every thing that its own narrow standard pronounces irregular. Such critics may be compared to some modern architects, with whom no building, nor the minutest portion of a building is tolerable, which deviates from the pure Greek proportions. As if one single style were suitable to all the varied purposes of architecture—as if no allowance ought to be made for the demands of a period, for the necessities of local circumstances, or for originality of conception—every structure, from the porch of a cottage to a hall of justice, or a cathedral, must be squared to exact conformity with some existing fragment erected by a Callicrates or a Mnesicles. But the efforts of the mind must not be thus cramped and circumscribed: no liberal art can be submitted without injury to this pedantic ordeal—least of all, poetry, the noblest and the freest of them all. What the critic condemns for a conceit, the plain reader may enjoy as a beauty; nor are the faculties of the soul so insulated from each other, that fancy can sparkle and imagination soar, with no other effect than to breathe a torpor over the affections.

were welcomed by the poet with all his usual ardour, and treated with all his customary power, the reader has nothing to regret on the score of poetry ; while, in regard to the labour, and, it may be, the disgust spared him, he has often good reason for self-congratulation, on having the thinly-scattered gems brought together, and placed, as it is hoped they are here, in no disadvantageous juxtaposition. Of many of the poems now before him, theology—sometimes purely technical theology—being the basis, some repetition of subject-matter may probably be met with. Even such repetitions, however, acquire an interest from variety of treatment ; and of this, at least, the editor can give assurance, that though there may appear a recurrence of the same particular doctrine or religious sentiment, in no case will it be found to be merely a portion of a system of divinity put into verse. The same thought may reappear ; but it will be rendered unwelcome by no sameness or poverty of language—by no monotony of illustration. In a word, among the numerous writers from whose remains the selection has been compiled, it is believed that there is scarcely one unentitled to the honours of a true and genuine poet. The grapes have, in nearly every instance, been gathered from a fertile soil, and off the true heaven-planted vine ; nor will the judicious guest be disposed to complain, if, as on that account it may happen, the variety of flavour

be less than the extent of the vineyard might seem to promise.

In pointing out the different treatment of religious subjects by our elder poets on the one hand, and those of the present day on the other, as consisting chiefly in the simple plainness with which those peculiar dogmas are stated by the former, contrasted with the timid mention of, and distant allusions to them, which we meet with in the more popular works of the latter; it is by no means designed to intimate an opinion, either that poets should restrict themselves to sacred subjects, or that no subjects can with propriety be so styled, but such as directly refer to the doctrines of revelation. Whatever the cause may be, the fact is observable, that, in our own and recent times, the efforts of those writers who have chosen exclusively pious subjects, have been crowned by no great degree of success. From our modern hymns and other religious lyrics, especially, the spirit of poetry has too commonly been banished; and, instead of the vivid descriptions—the intensity of sorrow or supplication—the heart-felt glow of genuine piety—which distinguish the lyric portions of the inspired volume, and which have been faithfully reflected by not a few of our native writers, we are too frequently presented with mere dry technicalities, reduced to indifferent verse.

It should be the business of the poet to consecrate all nature and all life, with their infinite



forms, and inexhaustible stores of suggested thoughts and feelings, to the service of God. The remark applies with peculiar force to these later times; because a thousand fountains of knowledge, concealed in earlier periods, have been broken up for us, each of which, however earthly its source may be, murmurs poetry, and sparkles in the light of religion, for him who is fitly endowed with eye and ear for "all sweet sights and harmonies." The piety which seeks expression in numbers, is not narrow or exclusive. Let but the poet be a profoundly religious man; and, although his immediate subject have little to do with the Bible, and still less with the theological systems constructed from it, he has but to throw into it the whole energies of his heart and intellect, in order to render it a worthy offering to his Creator, and to be entitled to a place in the catalogue of sacred bards. Man is a religious creature, but not religious merely. The religious is the highest tendency of our being; it will ever carry forward, with the greatest force, minds the most divinely gifted; and, therefore, in proportion as we cultivate and exalt our humanity, will the numbers of those increase, who deeply feel its influence. The period may arrive, when it would seem monstrous, if the hand that swept the lyre should fail to harmonize its tones to the melodies of heaven. Yet is it not every poet that can consecrate a lay to the service of truth, and virtue, and his fellow-mortals, who, like

the unapproachable Milton, may be permitted to "presume into the heaven of heavens;" it is not every hand possessed of a certain practised skill, that is competent to wield the harp of David; nor every voice to which the Creator has imparted its share of tuneableness, adapting it in humble strains to sing his praise, that fitly may be lifted up in the chorus of archangels. Unreasonable were it to lament that all poets have not chosen, and at all times, themes merely Christian. Had they but followed the dictates of that loftier nature, in which resides the unabused strength of the poetical temperament, it had been enough. All poetry, composed in this spirit, is essentially, though not professedly, sacred. It is the fashionable creed, that by looking upon nature in the light of scientific investigation, we may make discoveries of the Divine Being. The present is not the place to call in question this opinion—to suggest a doubt respecting the value of the "inductive method," as applied to enquiries after the highest, or spiritual truth. But for the purposes of poetry, the principle is certainly a just one: he who, with a sincere and pious mind, sounding the depths of his own heart, or interrogating the magnificent phenomena of creation, utters the result in fervent song, cannot choose but proclaim the glory of the Author of nature and Creator of mankind. Every sound poet, who does justice to his own faculties, and to the great subjects prepared for their exercise, is of a

sacred order, Let us not, then, seek to limit the sphere of the child of song, save by a deep sense of the worthiness and responsibility of his calling. Free let him remain to shift his delighted "glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;" to expatiate unfettered, wherever nature invites, or imagination bears him. Truth, for him that has the sagacity to discover, and the heart to love it, is everywhere to be met with; and wherever its elements exist, whether visibly without, or in the hidden recesses of the soul itself, it there presents a fit subject for those intellectual combinations and mental colourings of its phenomena, which constitute the practice of the poetic art: and truth is ever sacred, ever divine—it is, under another name, religion!

But while a sincere and truth-loving spirit is required in the sacred poet, neither must a corresponding temper be wanting in the reader of sacred verse. In the minds of many whom these volumes may reach, there will be habits of thought to be broken up, and settled opinions to be shaken, before they can be justly estimated or adequately enjoyed. The inequalities of the verse, presenting amid much sweetness and tenderness occasional instances of rudeness and asperity,—a phraseology sometimes uncouth and antiquated,—modes of viewing the subjects presented, more natural to a past than to the present generation;—all these will be impediments in the way of the general reader. But the greatest obstacle to a just appreciation

and profitable use of the volume, will be the want of a devotional disposition. It is not in every mood that religious poetry can be relished. Those who take it up in the lax and listless state of mind which best befits the perusal of a novel, or a glance at the last sparkling bubble of inflated versification, which floated by upon the stream of contemporary literature, and has already vanished, will lay it down again with disappointment. Only the pure and the pious can be expected to delight in pure and pious strains. Like the Scriptures, of which they present no unworthy reflex, the poems here collected require, for their profitable perusal, a mind prepared for the employment. They should be regarded as at once poetry and divinity. Many of them are, in fact, admirable sermons, and require to be read with the like view, and the same patience, docility, and humbleness. Neither is this a book which readers in general should attempt to go through at once. Presenting poems endlessly varied in structure, pregnant with profound truths, and weighty with grave precepts, it should be perused in portions, and at intervals; such parts being chosen for each reading, as appear to the reader most suited to his present need and bent of the mind.

With these few remarks the Editor dismisses the second and concluding volume of the "Sacred Poetry of the Seventeenth Century;" not without a hope, that this department of his labours

is destined to convey both pleasure and profit to many, for whose profit and whose pleasure he labours with delight;—that he is thereby doing some service to the literature of his country, to the intellectual and religious interests of his contemporaries, and even to the great cause of Christianity itself.

R. C.

*London, Feb. 24, 1836.*

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NOTE.—The reader will observe, that some of the poems in this volume are of earlier date than the beginning of the Seventeenth Century. As the Editor could not persuade himself to exclude Spenser and Davies from the former volume, on account of their not falling literally within the period prescribed in the title, so has he in this allowed himself the like liberty, in regard to Gascoigne and Southwell. In fact, by the “Seventeenth Century,” he wishes to indicate rather a great era in our literature, beginning and ending, respectively, about the commencement and the close of that century, than the precise period of one hundred years. A similar inaccuracy—a very pardonable one, it is hoped—will likewise be found in the next, or third volume of *Select Sacred Poetry*, hereafter to be published; which, though appropriated to the first half of the Eighteenth Century, will commence with specimens from several writers who flourished towards the end of the Seventeenth, but for whom no room could be found on the present occasion.

The reader is requested to correct with his pen an error in the former volume, in consequence of which, through a false association of ideas, the Editor inadvertently stated the reverse of what he designed. In the short notice of the poet WITHER, instead of his sufferings “in the cause of the Church and Monarchy,” it should have been, “for his opposition to the Church and Monarchy.”

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## GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

BORN 1540 ; DIED 1577.

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THIS writer is justly placed among the worthies of our early poetical literature. His principal works are entitled—"The Fruits of War," the "Steel Glass," the "Supposes," a comedy, from Ariosto, and "Jocasta," a tragedy, from Euripides. His minor poems, of which some specimens follow, bear the quaint title of "Flowers, Herbs, and Weeds."

Gascoigne was bred to the law, but quitted it, and served with distinction against the Spaniards, in the war in Holland. His writings present rather the result of just observation than the fruits of creative genius. His verse is uncommonly smooth, easy, and unaffected, for the age in which he wrote; and his pen is never employed but on the side of virtue and honour.



## GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

---

### GOOD MORROW. .

You that have spent the silent night  
In sleep and quiet rest,  
And joy to see the cheerful light  
That riseth in the East,  
Now clear your voice, now cheer your heart,  
Come, help me now to sing :  
Each willing wight, come, bear a part,  
To praise the heavenly King.

And you whom care in prison keeps,  
Or sickness doth suppress,  
Or secret sorrow breaks your sleeps,  
Or dolours do distress,  
Yet bear a part in doleful wise,  
Yea, think it good accord,  
And acceptable sacrifice,  
Each sprite to praise the Lord.

The dreadful night with darksomeness  
Had overspread the light,  
And sluggish sleep with drowsiness  
Had overprest our might :



A glass wherein you may behold  
Each storm that stops our breath,—  
Our bed the grave, our clothes like mould,  
And sleep like dreadful death.

Yet as this deadly night did last  
But for a little space,  
And heavenly day, now night is past,  
Doth show his pleasant face,  
So must we hope to see God's face,  
At last, in heaven on high,  
When we have changed this mortal place  
For immortality.

And of such haps and heavenly joys,  
As then we hope to hold,  
All earthly sights and worldly toys  
Are tokens to behold.  
The day is like the day of doom,  
The sun, the Son of man,  
The skies the heavens, the earth the tomb  
Wherein we rest till then.

The rainbow bending in the sky,  
Bedeck'd with sundry hues,  
Is like the seat of God on high,  
And seems to tell these news :—  
That as thereby he promised  
To drown the world no more,  
So, by the blood which Christ has shed,  
He will our health restore.

The misty clouds that fall sometime,  
And overcast the skies,

Are like to troubles of our time,  
Which do but dim our eyes ;  
But as such dews are dried up quite  
When Phœbus shows his face,  
So are such fancies put to flight,  
Where God doth guide by grace.

The carrion-crow, that loathsome beast,  
Which cries against the rain,  
Both for her hue and for the rest,  
The devil resembleth plain ;  
And as with guns we kill the crow,  
For spoiling our relief,  
The devil so must we overthrow  
With gun-shot of belief.

The little birds which sing so sweet,  
Are like the angels' voice,  
Which render God his praises meet,  
And teach us to rejoice :  
And as they more esteem that mirth  
Than dread the night's annoy,  
So must we deem our days on earth  
But hell, to heavenly joy.

Unto which joys for to attain  
God grant us all his grace,  
And send us, after worldly pain,  
In heaven to have a place ;  
Where we may still enjoy that light  
Which never shall decay :  
Lord, for thy mercy, lend us might  
To see that joyful day.

## GOOD NIGHT.

WHEN thou hast spent the ling'ring day  
In pleasure and delight,  
Or, after toil and weary way,  
Dost seek to rest at night,  
Unto thy pains or pleasures past,  
Add this one labour yet,  
Ere sleep close up thine eyes too fast,  
Do not thy God forget.

But search within thy secret thought,  
What deeds did thee befall;  
And if thou find amiss in aught,  
To God for mercy call.  
Yea, though thou find nothing amiss,  
Which thou canst call to mind—  
Yet evermore remember this,  
There is the more behind :

And think how well soe'er it be,  
That thou hast spent the day,  
It came of God, and not of thee,  
So to direct thy way.  
Thus if thou try thy daily deeds,  
And pleasure in this pain,  
Thy life shall cleanse thy corn from weeds,  
And thine shall be the gain.

But if thy sinful sluggish eye  
Will venture for to wink,  
Before thy wading will may try,  
How far thy soul may sink,

Beware and wake ; for else thy bed,  
Which soft and smooth is made,  
May heap more harm upon thy head  
Than blows of enemies' blade.

Thus if this pain procure thine ease,  
In bed as thou dost lie,  
Perhaps it shall not God displease  
To sing thus soberly :—  
I see that sleep is lent me here,  
To ease my weary bones,  
As death at last shall eke appear,  
To ease my grievous groans.

My daily sports, my hunger fed,  
Have caused my drowsy eye,  
As careless life in quiet led  
Might cause my soul to die.  
The stretching arms, the yawning breath,  
Which I to bedward use,  
Are patterns of the pangs of death,  
When life will me refuse.

And of my bed each sundry part  
In shadows doth resemble  
The sundry shapes of death, whose dart  
Shall make my flesh to tremble :  
My bed itself is like the grave,  
My sheets the winding-sheet,  
My clothes the mould which I must have,  
To cover me most meet.

The waking cock that early crows  
To wear the night away,

Puts in my mind the trump that blows  
 Before the latter day ;  
 And as I rise up lustily  
 When sluggish sleep is past,  
 So hope I to rise joyfully  
 To judgment, at the last.

Thus will I wake, thus will I sleep,  
 Thus will I hope to rise,  
 Thus will I neither wail nor weep,  
 But sing in godly wise.  
 My bones shall in this bed remain,  
 My soul in God shall trust,  
 By whom I hope to rise again  
 From death and earthly dust.

---

DE PROFUNDIS.

FROM depth of dole wherein my soul doth dwell,  
 From heavy heart which harbours in my breast,  
 From troubled sprite which seldom taketh rest,  
 From hope of heaven, from dread of darksome hell,  
 O gracious God, to thee I cry and yell :  
 My God, my Lord, my lovely Lord alone,  
 To thee I call, to thee I make my moan.  
 And thou, good God, vouchsafe in grace to take  
     This woful plaint  
     Wherein I faint :—  
 . Oh, hear me then, for thy great mercy's sake !

Oh, bend thine ears attentively to hear ;  
 Oh, turn thine eyes—behold me now I wail ;

Oh, hearken, Lord, give ear for mine avail ;  
 Oh, mark in mind the burdens that I bear !  
 See how I sink in sorrows everywhere ;  
 Behold and see what dolours I endure ;  
 Give ear and mark what plaints I put in ure ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Bend willing ears, and pity therewithal

My wailing voice,  
 Which hath no choice

But evermore upon thy name to call.

If thou, good Lord, shouldst take thy rod in hand,  
 If thou regard what sins are daily done,  
 If thou take hold where we our works begun,  
 If thou decree in judgment for to stand  
 And be extreme to see our 'scuses scann'd,—  
 If thou take note of every thing amiss,  
 And write in rolls how frail our nature is,  
 O glorious God ! O King ! O Prince of power !

What mortal wight

May then have light

To feel thy frown, if thou have list to lower ?

But thou art good, and hast of mercy store ;  
 Thou not delight'st to see a sinner fall ;  
 Thou hearkenest first before we come to call ;  
 Thy ears are set wide open evermore ;  
 Before we knock thou comest to the door ;  
 Thou art more prest to hear a sinner cry,  
 Than he is quick to climb to thee on high.  
 Thy mighty name be praised then always :

Let faith and fear

True witness bear,

How fast they stand which on thy mercy stay.

<sup>1</sup> Use.

I look for thee, my lovely Lord, therefore ;  
For thee I wait, for thee I tarry still ;  
Mine eyes do long to gaze on thee my fill ;  
For thee I watch, for thee I pry and pore ;  
My soul for thee attendeth evermore ;  
My soul doth thirst to take of thee a taste ;  
My soul desires with thee for to be placed ;  
And to thy word, which can no man deceive,—  
    Mine only trust,  
    My love and lust,<sup>1</sup>—  
In confidence continually shall cleave.

Before the break or dawning of the day,  
Before the ligh the seen in lofty skies,  
Before the sun appear in pleasant wise,  
Before the watch—before the watch, I say,  
Before the ward that waits therefore alway,  
My soul, my sense, my secret thought, my  
    sprite,  
My will, my wish, my joy, and my delight,  
Unto the Lord, that sits in heaven on high,  
    With hasty wing,  
    From me doth fling,  
And striveth still unto the Lord to fly.

O Israel, O household of the Lord,  
O Abraham's sons, O brood of blessed seed,—  
O chosen sheep, that fear the Lord indeed,—  
O hungry hearts, feed still upon his word,  
And put your trust in him with one accord !  
For he hath mercy evermore at hand ;  
His fountains flow, his springs do never stand ;  
And plenteously he loveth to redeem

<sup>1</sup> Delight.

Such sinners all  
As on him call,  
I faithfully his mercies most esteem.

will redeem our deadly, drooping state ;  
will bring home the sheep that go astray ;  
will help them that hope in him alway ;  
will appease our discord and debate ;  
will soon save, though we repent us late.  
will be ours if we continue his ;  
will bring bale to joy and perfect bliss ;  
will redeem the flock of his elect

From all that is,  
Or was, amiss,  
As Abraham's heirs did first his laws reject.





## ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

BORN 1560 ; EXECUTED 1595.

---

SOUTHWELL was a Roman Catholic, and at an early age entered the Society of Jesuits at Rome. Returning to England he employed himself with zeal as a missionary, in the hopeless cause of the abolished religion. He was arrested, and committed to the Tower, where he lingered nearly three years; during which time he was repeatedly put to the torture, in order to draw from him disclosures respecting the conspiracies in which the Papists were at that time engaged against Queen Elizabeth; and finally was tried, and suffered, on a charge of high treason. It is impossible to become acquainted with the literary remains of this author, breathing, as they do, the most ardent and humble piety, in language of great purity and pathos, without wishing that the stain of his blood could be removed from our judicial annals—without lamenting the dire necessity, which, in times of imminent peril to the general weal, calls for the execution of statutes of such a sweeping severity as to involve in equal destruction, as abettors of the same cause, the best and vilest of mankind; the assassin or the incendiary, and the high-souled martyr, though of an erroneous faith.

The works of Southwell, although now rarely met with, were frequently reprinted at the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries. The longest of his poems is "St. Peter's Complaint;" of his prose treatises the chief are "Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears," and "The Triumphs over Death; a consolatory Epistle for troubled Minds, in the Effects of dying Friends."



## ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

---

### TIMES GO BY TURNS.

THE lopped tree in time may grow again ;  
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower ;  
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,  
The dryest soil suck in some moistening shower :  
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,  
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb ;  
Her tides have equal times to come and go,  
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web :  
No joy so great, but runneth to an end ;  
No hap so hard, but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,  
No endless night, nor yet eternal day :  
The saddest birds a season find to sing,  
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.  
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost,  
That net that holds no great, takes little fish ;  
In some things all, in all things none are crossed ;  
Few all they need, but none have all they wish ;  
Unmingled joys here to no man befall :  
Who least, hath some, who most, hath never all.

---

### LOOK HOME.

RETIRED thoughts enjoy their own delights,  
As beauty doth in self-beholding eye :  
Man's mind a mirror is of heavenly sights,  
A brief wherein all morals summed lie ;  
Of fairest forms, and sweetest shapes the store,  
Most graceful all, yet thought may grace them more

The mind a creature is, yet can create,  
To nature's patterns adding higher skill :  
Of finest works wit better could the state,  
If force of wit had equal power of will.  
Device of man in working hath no end :  
What thought can think, another thought can mend

Man's soul of endless beauties image is,  
Drawn by the work of endless skill and might ;  
This skilful might gave many sparks of bliss,  
And to discern this bliss, a native light :  
To frame God's image as his worth required,  
His might, his skill, his word, and will conspired

All that he had, his image should present,  
All that it should present, he could afford ;  
To that he could afford his will was bent,

His will was followed with performing word.  
Let this suffice, by this conceive the rest—  
He should, he could, he would, he did the best.

---

## SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

WHERE words are weak, and foes encountering  
strong,  
Where mightier do assault than do defend,  
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,  
And silent sees what speech could not amend ;  
Yet higher powers must think, though they re-  
pine,  
When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth fly,  
And crouch in privy creeks, with smaller fish :  
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by ;  
These fleet afloat, while those do fill the dish :  
There is a time even for the worms to creep,  
And suck the dew, while all their foes do sleep.

The marline cannot ever soar on high,  
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase ;  
The tender lark will find a time to fly,  
And fearful hare to run a quiet race :  
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,  
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,  
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe ;  
The lazar pined, while Dives' feast was kept,

Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go :  
We trample grass, and prize the flowers  
    May,  
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

---

## CONTENT AND RICH.

I DWELL in grace's court,  
Enriched with virtue's rights ;  
Faith guides my wit, love leads my will,  
Hope all my mind delights.

In lowly vales I mount  
To pleasure's highest pitch ;  
My silly shroud true honour brings,  
My poor estate is rich.

My conscience is my crown,  
Contented thoughts, my rest ;  
My heart is happy in itself,  
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough I reckon wealth,  
A mean the surest lot ;  
That lies too high for base contempt,  
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,  
All easy to fulfil :  
I make the limits of my power  
The bounds unto my will.

I have no hopes but one,  
Which is of heavenly reign  
Effects attained, or not desired,  
All lower hopes refrain.

I feel no care of coin ;  
Well-doing is my wealth :  
My mind to me an empire is,  
While grace affordeth health.

I clip high climbing thoughts,  
The wings of swelling pride :  
Their fall is worst, that from the height  
Of greater honour slide.

Sith sails of largest size  
The storm doth soonest tear,  
I bear so low and small a sail  
As freeth me from fear.

I wrestle not with rage,  
While fury's flame doth burn :  
It is in vain to stop the stream,  
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,  
And ebbing wrath doth end,  
I turn a late enraged foe  
Unto a quiet friend ;

And taught with often proof,  
A tempered calm I find  
To be most solace to itself,  
Best cure for angry mind.



Let is my fare,  
Strothes more fit than fine :  
W, I feed and cloathe a foe,  
That pamper'd would repine.

I envy not their hap  
Whom favour doth advance :  
I take no pleasure in their pain  
That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall,  
I deem a losing gain :  
All states with others' ruins built,  
To ruin run amain.

No change of fortune's calms  
Can cast my comforts down :  
When fortune smiles, I smile to think  
How quickly she will frown ;

And when in froward mood,  
She proved an angry foe :  
Small gain I found to let her come,  
Less loss to let her go.

---

#### LOSS IN DELAYS.

SHUN delays, they breed remorse ;  
Take thy time while time doth serve thee ;  
Creeping snails have weakest force,  
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee :  
Good is best, when soonest wrought,  
Lingering labours come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,  
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure ;  
Seek not time, when time is past,  
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure :  
After-wits are dearly bought,  
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,  
Take then hold upon his forehead ;  
When he flies, he turns no more,  
And behind his scalp is naked :  
Works adjourned have many stays,  
Long demurs breed new delays.

Seek thy salve while sore is green,  
Festered wounds ask deeper lancing ;  
After-cures are seldom seen,  
Often sought, scarce ever chancing.  
Time and place give best advice ;  
Out of season, out of price.

Crush the serpent in the head,  
Break ill eggs ere they be hatched :  
Kill bad chickens in the tread ;  
Fledged, they hardly can be caught :  
In the rising stifle ill,  
Lest it grow against thy will.

Drops do pierce the stubborn flint,  
Not by force, but often falling ;  
Custom kills with feeble dint,  
More by use, than strength prevailing ;  
Single sands have little weight,  
Many make a drowning freight.

Tender twigs are bent with ease,  
Aged trees do break with bending ;  
Young desires make little prease,<sup>1</sup>  
Growth doth make them past amending :  
Happy man that soon doth knock  
Babel's babes against the rock.

---

## LIFE IS BUT LOST.

By force I live, in will I wish to die,  
In plaint I pass the length of lingering days ;  
Free would my soul from mortal body fly,  
And tread the track of death's desired ways :  
Life is but lost, where death is deemed gain,  
And loathed pleasures breed displeasing pain.

Who would not die, to kill all-murdering griefs ?  
Or who would live in never-dying fears ?  
Who would not wish his treasure safe from thieves,  
And quit his heart from pangs, his eyes from tears ?  
Death parteth but two ever-fighting foes,  
Whose civil strife doth work our endless woes.

Life is a wandering course to doubtful rest ;  
As oft a cursed rise to damning leap,<sup>2</sup>  
As happier race to win a heavenly crest ;  
None being sure what final fruits to reap.  
And who can like in such a life to dwell,  
Whose ways are strait to heaven, but wide to hell ?

Come, cruel death, why lingerest thou so long ?  
What doth withhold thy dint from fatal stroke ?

<sup>1</sup> *Prise*, (French) hold.

<sup>2</sup> Destructive.

How press'd I am : alas ! thou dost me wrong,  
 To let me live more anger to provoke :  
 Thy right is had, when thou hast stopped my breath ;  
 Why shouldst thou stay, to work my double death ?

If Saul's attempt in falling on his blade,  
 As lawful were as ethe to put in ure ;<sup>1</sup>  
 If Sampson's leave a common law were made ;  
 Of Abel's lot if all that would were sure ;  
 Then, cruel death, thou shouldst the tyrant play  
 With none but such as wished for delay.

Where life is lov'd, thou ready art to kill,  
 And to abridge with sudden pangs their joys ;  
 Where life is loath'd, thou wilt not work their will,  
 But dost adjourn their death to their annoy.  
 To some thou art a fierce unbidden guest ;  
 But those that crave thy help thou helpest least.

Avaunt, O viper ! I thy spite defy ;  
 There is a God that overrules thy force,  
 Who can thy weapons to his will apply,  
 And shorten or prolong our brittle course :  
 On his mercy, not thy might, rely ;  
 To him I live, for him I hope to die.

---

#### I DIE ALIVE.

O LIFE, what lets thee from a quick decease ?  
 O death, what draws thee from a present prey ?  
 My feast is done, my soul would be at ease,  
 My grace is said, O death, come, take away.

<sup>1</sup> As lawful as it were easy to put in practice.

I live but such a life as ever dies ;  
I die but such a death as never ends :  
My death to end my dying life denies,  
And life my living death no whit amends.

Thus still I die, yet still I do revive,  
My living death by dying life is fed :  
Grace more than nature keeps my heart alive,  
Whose idle hopes and vain desires are dead.

Not where I breathe, but where I love, I live ;  
Not where I love, but where I am, I die :  
The life I wish must future glory give,  
The deaths I feel, in present dangers lie.

---

#### A FANCY TURNED TO A SINNER'S COMPLAINT.

He that his mirth hath lost,  
Whose comfort is to rue,  
Whose hope is fallen, whose faith is crossed,  
Whose trust is found untrue ;

If he have held them dear,  
And cannot cease to moan,  
Come, let him take his place by me :  
He shall not rue alone.

But if the smallest sweet  
Be mixed with all his sour ;  
If in the day, the month, the year,  
He feels one lightening hour ;

Then rest he with himself,  
He is no mate for me ;  
Whose time in tears, whose race in ruth,  
Whose life a death must be.

Yet not the wished death,  
That feels no pain or lack ;  
That making free the better part,  
Is only nature's wrack.

O no, that were too well ;  
My death is of the mind,  
That always yields extremest pangs,  
Yet threatens worse behind :

As one that lives in show,  
And inwardly doth die ;  
Whose knowledge is a bloody field,  
Where virtue slain doth lie.

My sense is passion's spy,  
My thoughts like ruins old,  
Which show how fair the building was,  
While grace did it uphold.

And still before mine eyes  
My mortal fall they lay :  
Whom grace and virtue once advanced,  
Now sin hath cast away.

O thoughts, no thoughts but wounds,  
Some time the seat of joy ;  
Some time the store of quiet rest,  
But now of all annoy !

I sowed the soil of peace,  
My bliss was in the spring ;  
And day by day the fruit I ate,  
That virtue's tree did bring.

To nettles now my corn,  
My field is turned to flint,  
Where I a heavy harvest reap  
Of cares that never stint.

The peace, the rest, the life  
That I enjoyed of yore,  
Were happy lot ; but by their loss  
My smart doth sting the more.

So, to unhappy men,  
The best frames to the worst.  
O time ! O place ! where thus I fell ;  
Dear then, but now accursed.

In *was*, stands my delight,  
In *is* and *shall*, my woe ;  
My horror fastened in the *yea*,  
My hope hangs in the *no*.

Unworthy of relief,  
That craved is too late ;  
Too late I find, (I find too well,)  
Too well stood my estate.

Behold, such is the end  
That pleasure doth procure !  
Of nothing else but care and plaint  
Can she the mind assure.

Yet hate I but the fault,  
And not the faulty one;  
Nor can I rid from me the mate,  
That forceth me to moan—

To moan a sinner's case,  
Than which was never worse,  
In prince or poor, in young or old,  
In bless'd, or full of curse.

Yet God's must I remain ;  
By death, by wrong, by shame  
I cannot blot out of my heart  
What grace wrote in his name.

I cannot set at nought  
Whom I have held so dear ;  
I cannot make him seem afar,  
That is indeed so near.

Not that I look henceforth  
For love that erst I found ;  
Sith that I break my plighted troth,  
To build on fickle ground.

But since that I have sinned,  
And scourge none is too ill ;  
I yield me captive to my curse,  
My hard fate to fulfil.

The solitary wood  
My city shall become ;  
The darkest dens shall be my lodge,  
In which I rest or come.



A sandy plot my board,  
The worms my feast shall be,  
Wherewith my carcass shall be fed  
Until they feed on me.

My tears shall be my wine,  
My bed a craggy rock,  
My harmony the serpents' hiss,  
The screeching owl my clock;

My exercise remorse,  
And doleful sinner's lays;  
My book remembrance of my crimes,  
And faults of former days.

And though I seem to use  
The feigning poets' style,  
To figure forth my careful plight,  
My fall and my exile;

Yet is my grief not feigned,  
Wherein I starve and pine;  
Who feels the most, shall think it least,  
If his compare with mine.

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#### MAN TO THE WOUNDS IN CHRIST'S SIDE.

O PLEASANT port, O place of rest,  
O royal rift, O worthy wound,  
Come, harbour me, a weary guest,  
That in the world no ease have found.

I lie lamenting at thy gate,  
Yet dare I not adventure in ;  
I bear with me a troublous mate,  
And cumbered am with heap of sin.  
Discharge me of this heavy load,  
That easier passage I may find,  
Within this bower to make abode,  
And in this glorious tomb be shrin'd.  
Here must I live, here must I die,  
Here would I utter all my grief ;  
Here would I all those pains descry,  
Which here did meet for my relief.  
Here would I view that bloody sore,  
Which dint of spiteful spear did breed ;  
The bloody wounds laid there in store,  
Would force a stony heart to bleed.  
Here is the spring of trickling tears,  
The mirror of all mourning wights,  
With doleful tunes for dumpish ears,  
And solemn shows for sorrow'd sights.  
O happy soul, that flies so high,  
As to attain this sacred cave !  
Lord, send me wings, that I may fly,  
And in this harbour quiet have.

---

#### A VALE OF TEARS.

A VALE there is, enwrapped with dreadful shades,  
Which thick of mourning pines shrouds from  
the sun ;  
Where hanging cliffs yield short and dumpish  
glades,  
And snowy floods with broken streams do  
run :

Where eye-room is from rock to cloudy sky ;  
From thence to dales which stormy ruins shroud ;  
Then to the crushed water's frothy fry,  
Which tumbleth from the tops, where snow is  
thaw'd ;

Where cares of other sound can have no choice,  
But various blust'ring of the stubborn wind,  
In trees, in caves, in straits, with divers noise,  
Which now doth hiss, now howl, now roar by  
kind ;

Where waters wrestle with encountering stones,  
That break their streams, and turn them into  
foam.

The hollow clouds, full fraught with thundering  
groans,  
With hideous thumps discharge their pregnant  
womb.

And in the horror of this fearful quire,  
Consists the music of this doleful place :  
All pleasant birds their tunes from thence retire,  
Where none but heavy notes have any grace.  
Resort there is of none but pilgrim-wights,  
That pass with trembling foot, and panting heart,  
With terror cast in cold and shudd'ring frights,  
And all the place to terror framed by art :  
Yet nature's work it is, of art untouched,  
So strait indeed, so vast unto the eye,  
With such disordered order strangely couched,  
And so with pleasing horror, low and high,  
That who it views must needs remain aghast,  
Much at the work, more at the Maker's might,  
And muse how nature such a plot could cast,  
Where nothing seemed wrong, yet nothing right :  
A place for mated minds, an only bower,  
Where every thing doth soothe a dumpish mood.  
Earth lies forlorn, the cloudy sky doth lower,

The wind here weeps, her sighs, her cries aloud ;  
The struggling flood between the marble groans,  
Then roaring beats upon the craggy sides ;

A little off, amidst the pebble-stones,  
With bub'ling streams, a purling noise, it glides.

The pines, thick set, high grown, and ever green,  
Still clothe the place with shade and mourning  
veil ;

Here gaping cliffs, there moss-grown plain is  
seen ;

Here hope doth spring, and there again doth quail.

Huge massy stones, that hang by tickle stay,  
Still threaten foul, and seem to hang in fear ;

Some withered trees, ashamed of their decay,  
Beset with green, and forc'd gray coats to wear.

Here crystal springs, crept out of secret vein,  
Strait find some envious hole that hides their grain.

Here seared tufts lament the wants of grace ;  
There thunder-wrack gives terror to the place.

All pangs and heavy passions here may find  
A thousand motives suiting to their griefs,

To feed the sorrows of their troubled mind,  
And chase away dame Pleasure's vain reliefs.

To plaining thoughts this vale a rest may be,  
To which from worldly toys they may retire,

Where sorrow springs from water, stone, and  
tree,

Where every thing with mourners doth conspire.

Sit here, my soul, mourn streams of tears afloat,  
Here all thy sinful foils alone recount ;

Of solemn tunes make thou the dolefull'st note,  
That to thy ditty's dolor may amount.

When Echo doth repeat thy painful cries,  
Think that the very stones thy sins bewray,

And now accuse thee with their sad replies,  
As heaven and earth shall in the latter day,

Let former faults be fuel of the fire,  
For grief in limbeck of thy heart to still  
Thy pensive thoughts, and dumps of thy desire,  
And vapour tears up to thy eyes at will.  
Let tears to tunes, and pains to plaints be prest,  
And let this be the burthen to thy song :—  
Come, deep remorse, possess my sinful breast :  
Delights adieu ! I harboured you too long.

---

#### A PREPARATIVE TO PRAYER.

WHEN thou dost talk with God—by prayer I  
mean—

Lift up pure hands, lay down all lust's desires ;  
Fix thoughts on heaven, present a conscience  
clean :

Such holy blame to mercy's throne aspires.  
Confess fault's guilt, crave pardon for thy sin,  
Tread holy paths, call grace to guide therein.

It is the spirit with reverence must obey  
Our Maker's will, to practise what he taught :  
Make not the flesh thy counsel when thou pray ;  
'Tis enemy to every virtuous thought ;  
It is the foe we daily feed and clothe ;  
It is the prison that the soul doth loathe.

Even as Elias, mounting to the sky,  
Did cast his mantle to the earth behind ;  
So when the heart presents the prayer on high,  
Exclude the world from traffic with the mind :  
Lips near to God, and ranging heart within,  
Is but vain babbling, and converts to sin.

Like Abraham ascending up the hill  
To sacrifice, his servants left below,  
That he might act the great commander's will,  
Without impeach to his obedient blow ;  
Even so the soul, remote from earthly things,  
Should mount salvation's shelter—mercy's wings.



## MICHAEL DRAYTON.

BORN 1563; DIED 1631.

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principal works of this poet, who enjoyed a high degree of popularity during the greater part of his life, and whose name in our literature still regarded with no inconsiderable respect, are—the “Poly-Olbion,” “Ideas,” “The English Wars,” and “England’s Heroical Epistles.” The former, his most celebrated work, occasionally exhibits some of the warmth and beauty of the genuine bard; but upon the whole, it denotes in its author the abilities rather of the historian, antiquary, and the patient and accurate chorographer. The same character, somewhat modified, applies to the remainder. They are all more remarkable for historical research, extensive knowledge, and correctness of versification, than for the higher and more peculiar qualities—

“those brave translunary things—  
That the great poets had.”





# MICHAEL DRAYTON.

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## THE TRIUMPH OF DAVID.

AND now before young David could come in,  
The host of Israel somewhat doth begin  
To rouse itself; some climb the nearest tree,  
And some the tops of tents, whence they might see  
How this unarmed youth himself would bear  
Against the all-armed giant (which they fear):  
Some get up to the fronts of easy hills;  
That by their motion a vast murmur fills  
The neighbouring valleys, that the enemy thought  
Something would by the Israelites be wrought  
They had not heard of, and they longed to see  
What strange and warlike stratagem 't should be.

When soon they saw a goodly youth descend,  
Himself alone, none after to attend,  
That at his need with arms might him supply,  
As merely careless of his enemy:  
His head uncovered, and his locks of hair  
As he came on being played with by the air,  
Tossed to and fro, did with such pleasure move,  
As they had been provocatives for love:  
His sleeves stript up above his elbows were,  
And in his hand a stiff short staff did bear,

Which by the leather to it, and the string,  
They easily might discern to be a sling.  
Suiting to these he wore a shepherd's scrip,  
Which from his side hung down upon his hip.  
Those for a champion that did him disdain,  
Cast with themselves what such a thing should  
mean ;

Some seeing him so wonderfully fair,  
(As in their eyes he stood beyond compare,)  
Their verdict gave that they had sent him sure  
As a choice bait their champion to allure ;  
Others again, of judgment more precise,  
Said they had sent him for a sacrifice.  
And though he seemed thus to be very young,  
Yet was he well proportioned and strong,  
And with a comely and undaunted grace,  
Holding a steady and most even pace,  
'This way, nor that way, never stood to gaze ;  
But like a man that death could not amaze,  
Came close up to Goliath, and so near  
As he might easily reach him with his spear.

Which when Goliath saw, " Why, boy," quoth he,  
" Thou desperate youth, thou tak'st me sure to be  
Some dog, I think, and under thy command,  
That thus art come to beat me with a wand :  
The kites and ravens are not far away,  
Nor beasts of ravine, that shall make a prey  
Of a poor corpse, which they from me shall have,  
And their foul bowels shall be all thy grave."

" Uncircumcised slave," quoth David then,  
" That for thy shape, the monster art of men ;  
Thou thus in brass comest arm'd into the field,  
And thy huge spear of brass, of brass thy shield :  
I in the name of Israel's God alone,  
That more than mighty, that eternal One,

Am come to meet thee, who bids not to fear,  
Nor once respect the arms that thou dost bear.  
Slave, mark the earth whereon thou now dost  
stand,

I'll make thy length to measure so much land,  
As thou liest grov'ling, and within this hour  
The birds and beasts thy carcass shall devour."

In meantime David looking in his face,  
Between his temples, saw how large a space  
He was to hit, steps back a yard or two ;  
The giant wond'ring what the youth would do ;  
Whose nimble hand out of his scrip doth bring  
A pebble-stone and puts it in his sling ;  
At which the giant openly doth jeer,  
And as in scorn, stands leaning on his spear,  
Which gives young David much content to see,  
And to himself thus secretly saith he :

" Stand but one minute still, stand but so fast,  
And have at all Philistia at a cast."

'Then with such sleight the shot away he sent,  
That from his sling as 'thad been lightning went ;  
And him so full upon the forehead smit,  
Which gave a crack, when his thick scalp it hit,  
As 't had been thrown against some rock or post,  
That the shrill clap was heard through either host.  
Staggering awhile upon his spear he leant,  
Till on a sudden he began to faint ;  
When down he came, like an old o'ergrown oak,  
His huge root hewn up by the labourers' stroke,  
That with his very weight he shook the ground ;  
His brazen armour gave a jarring sound  
Like a crack'd bell, or vessel chanced to fall  
From some high place, which did like death appal  
The proud Philistines, (hopeless that remain,)  
To see their champion, great Goliath, slain :

When such a shout the host of Israel gave,  
As cleft the clouds ; and like to men that rave,  
(O'ercome with comfort) cry, " The boy, the boy !  
O the brave David, Israel's only joy !  
God's chosen champion ! O most wond'rous thing !  
The great Goliath slain with a poor sling !"  
Themselves encompass, nor can they contain ;  
Now are they silent, then they shout again.  
Of which no notice David seems to take,  
But towards the body of the dead doth make,  
With a fair comely gait ; nor doth he run,  
As though he gloried in what he had done ;  
But treading on the uncircumcised dead,  
With his foot strikes the helmet from his head ;  
Which with the sword ta'en from the giant's side,  
He from the body quickly doth divide.

Now the Philistines, at this fearful sight  
Leaving their arms, betake themselves to flight,  
Quitting their tents, nor dare a minute stay ;  
Time wants to carry any thing away,  
Being strongly routed with a general fear ;  
Yet in pursuit Saul's army strikes the rear  
To Ekron walls, and slew them as they fled,  
That Sharam's plains lay covered with the dead :  
And having put the Philistines to foil,  
Back to the tents retire and take the spoil  
Of what they left ; and ransacking, they cry,  
" A David, David, and the victory !"

When straightways Saul his general, Abner,  
sent

For valiant David, that incontinent  
He should repair to court ; at whose command  
He comes along, and beareth in his hand  
The giant's head, by the long hair of his crown,  
Which by his active knee hung dangling down.

And through the army as he comes along,  
To gaze upon him the glad soldiers throng :  
Some do instile him Israel's only light,  
And other some the valiant Bethlemite.  
With congees all salute him as he past,  
And upon him their gracious glances cast :  
He was thought base of him that did not boast,  
Nothing but David, David, through the host.  
The virgins to their timbrels frame their lays  
Of him ; till Saul grew jealous of his praise.

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## PRAYER.

Now live by prayer, on heaven fix all thy thought,  
And surely find whate'er by zeal is sought :  
For each good motion that the soul awakes,  
A heavenly figure sees, from whence it takes  
That sweet resemblance, which by power of kind  
Forms (like itself) an image in the mind ;  
And in our faith the operations be,  
Of that divineness which through that we see ;  
Which never errs, but accidentally,  
By our frail flesh's imbecility ;  
By each temptation over-apt to slide,  
Except our spirit becomes our body's guide :  
For as these towers our bodies do inclose,  
So our souls' prisons verily are those :  
Our bodies stopping that celestial light,  
As these do hinder our exterior sight ;  
Whereon death seizing, doth discharge the debt,  
And us at blessed liberty doth set.

Then draw thy forces all up to thy heart,  
The strongest fortress of this earthly part,  
And on these three let thy assurance lie,  
On faith, repentance, and humility,  
By which, to heaven ascending by degrees, .  
Persist in prayer upon your bended knees :  
Whereon if you assuredly be stayed,  
You need in peril not to be dismayed,  
Which still shall keep you that you shall not fall,  
For any peril that can you appal :  
The key of heav'n thus with you you shall bear,  
And grace you guiding, get your entrance there ;  
And you of those celestial joys possess, .  
Which mortal tongue's unable to express.

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#### VIRTUE NOT HEREDITARY.

THAT height and god-like purity of mind,  
Resteth not still where titles most adorn,  
With any, nor peculiarly confined  
To names, and to be limited doth scorn :  
Man doth the most degenerate from kind,  
Richest and poorest both alike are born ;  
And to be always pertinently good,  
Follows not still the greatness of our blood.

Pity it is, that to one virtuous man  
That mark him lent, to gentry to advance,  
Which first by noble industry he wan,  
His baser issue after should enhance,  
And the rude slave, not any good that can,  
Such should thrust down by what is his by chance :

As had not he been first that him did raise,  
Ne'er had his great heir wrought his grandsire's  
praise.

You that but boast your ancestors' proud style,  
And the large stem whence your vain greatness  
grew,

When you yourselves are ignorant and vile,  
Nor glorious thing dare actually pursue,  
That all good spirits would utterly exile,  
Doubting their worth should else discover you,  
Giving yourselves unto ignoble things—  
Base I proclaim you, though derived from kings.

Virtue, but poor, God in this earth doth place,  
'Gainst the rude world to stand up in his right,  
To suffer sad affliction and disgrace,  
Nor ceasing to pursue her with despite:  
Yet when of all she is accounted base,  
And seeming in most miserable plight,  
Out of her power new life to her doth take;  
Least then dismayed, when all do her forsake.

That is the man of an undaunted spirit,  
For her dear sake that offereth him to die;  
For whom, when him the world doth disinherit,  
Looketh upon it with a pleased eye;  
What's done for virtue thinking it doth merit,  
Daring the proudest menaces defy;  
More worth than life, howe'er the base world  
rate him,  
Beloved of heaven, although the earth doth hate  
him.





## SIR HENRY WOTTON.

BORN 1568; DIED 1640.

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THE various accomplishments of SIR HENRY WOTTON, and vicissitudes of his life, have been made familiar to most ears by the pleasing narrative of Isaac Walton. His active occupations, as a traveller, a secretary, a diplomatist, and, finally, as provost of Eton College, probably left him but little leisure for the labours of authorship. He has, however, bequeathed to posterity some curious prose tracts,—of which the most famous are, “The State of Christendom,” and a treatise “On the Elements of Architecture”—with a few poems, of sufficient merit to have survived to our times, though connected with a name less celebrated in its day, than that of Wotton.



## SIR H. WOTTON.

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### HYMN.

ETERNAL Mover! whose diffused glory,  
To show our grovelling reason what thou art,  
Unfolds itself in clouds of nature's story,  
Where man, thy proudest creature, acts his  
part,—

Whom yet, alas! I know not why, we call  
The world's contracted sum, the little ALL;—

For, what are we, but lumps of walking clay?  
Why should we swell? Whence should our  
spirits rise?

Are not brute beasts as strong, and birds as gay,  
Trees longer lived, and creeping things as wise?  
Only our souls was left an inward light,  
To feel our weakness, and confess thy might.

Thou then, our strength, Father of life and death,  
To whom our thanks, our vows, ourselves we  
owe,

From me, thy tenant of this fading breath,  
Accept these lines, which from thy goodness  
flow;

And thou that wert thy regal prophet's muse,  
Do not my praise in weaker strains refuse.

Let these poor notes ascend unto thy throne,  
Where majesty doth sit with mercy crowned;  
Where my Redeemer lives, in whom alone  
The errors of my wandering life are drowned;  
Where all the quire of heaven resound the same—  
That only thine, thine is the saving name.

Well then, my soul, joy in the midst of pain;  
Thy Christ, that conquered hell, shall from above  
With greater triumph yet return again,  
And conquer his own justice with his love—  
Commanding earth and seas to render those  
Unto his bliss, for whom he paid his woes.

Now I have done—now are my thoughts at peace;  
And now my joys are stronger than my grief:  
I feel those comforts that shall never cease,  
Future in hope, but present in belief:—  
Thy words are true, thy promises are just,  
And thou wilt find thy dearly-bought, in dust.

---

A HYMN TO MY GOD, IN A NIGHT OF  
MY LATE SICKNESS.

O THOU great Power! in whom I move,  
For whom I live, to whom I die,  
Behold me through thy beams of love,  
While on this couch of tears I lie;  
And cleanse my sordid soul within  
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallowed oils, no grains I need,  
 No rags of saints, no purging fire;  
 One rosy drop from David's seed  
 Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire :  
 O precious ransom ! which once paid,  
 That "*consummatum est*" was said :—

And said by him, that said no more,  
 But seal'd it with his sacred breath.  
 Thou, then, that hast dispunged my score,  
 And dying wast the death of death,  
 Be to me now (on thee I call,)  
 My life, my strength, my joy, my all.

---

#### FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles ;  
 Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles.  
 Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay ;  
 Honour the darling but of one short day.  
 Beauty, the eye's idol, but a damask'd skin ;  
 State but a golden prison to live in,  
 And torture free-born minds : embroidered trains  
 Merely but pageants for proud, swelling veins ;  
 And blood allied to greatness, is alone  
 Inherited, not purchased nor our own :  
     Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and  
     birth,  
 Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still  
 Level his rays against the rising hill :

I would be high, but see the proudest oak  
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke :  
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,  
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind :  
I would be wise, but that I often see  
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free :  
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,  
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud :  
I would be poor, but know the humble grass  
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass :  
Rich hated ; wise suspected ; scorned if poor ;  
Great feared ; fair tempted ; high still envied more :  
    I have wished all ; but now I wish for neither ;  
    Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair ; poor I'll be  
    rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,  
Would Beauty's Queen entitle me "The Fair,"  
Fame speak me Fortune's minion ; could I vie  
Angels<sup>1</sup> with India ; with a speaking eye  
Command bare heads, bowed knees, strike Justice  
    dumb,  
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue  
To stones by epitaphs : be called Great Master,  
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster ;  
Could I be more than any man that lives,  
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives ;  
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,  
Than ever fortune would have made them mine,  
    And hold one minute of this holy leisure,  
    Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

<sup>1</sup> Could I rival India in riches : "angels," the coin so called.

Welcome, pure thoughts, welcome, ye silent groves,  
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly  
loves :

Now the winged people of the sky shall sing  
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring :  
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,  
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.  
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,  
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears :  
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,  
And learn to affect an holy melancholy ;  
And if Contentment be a stranger then,  
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven again.

---

#### THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,  
That serveth not another's will ;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied unto the worldly care  
Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Or vice ; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;



Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray,  
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend ;—

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

## JOHN DONNE.

BORN 1573; DIED 1631.

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THE life and character of Donne have been made familiar to his countrymen by the affectionate biography of the poet's friend and parishioner, Walton. He was the first, and certainly the most vigorous of that poetical school which the critics have held up to ridicule under the character of "metaphysical,"—a term sufficiently alarming to modern ears to have had the effect of limiting the popularity of those writers who have been assigned to the class so stigmatized. Another inexpiable offence of Donne's is the harshness of his versification. Admitting that he is frequently rugged and sometimes obscure, the judicious critic will yet not deny to this once favourite writer, the praise of a true and often a delightful poet; nor will it surprise him, that more than is needful has been said on both points, in times which abound with readers more capable of relishing voluptuous sweetness of language than of appreciating depth of sentiment and originality of thought; and ignorant that it is necessary to reflect on what is read, if we would correctly judge and effectually profit. There is much, undoubtedly, in the volume of Donne's *Poems*, which cannot be more fitly disposed of, than as "*Alms for Oblivion*;" but there is also much, for the sake of which it is worth while making one more attempt to avert the fulfilment of Ben Jonson's prediction, that "for want of being understood he would perish."

The chief prose works of Donne are his "*Pseudo-Martyr*," "*Essays in Divinity*," a volume of *Devotions*—but above all, his "*Sermons*."



## JOHN DONNE.

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### THE SOUL.

E, eye of heaven, this great soul envies not ;  
hy male force is all we have begot :  
ie first east thou now begin'st to shine,  
c'st early balm, and island spices there ;  
wilt anon, in thy loose-reined career,  
lagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danon dine,  
see at night this western land of mine ;  
hast thou not more nations seen than she,  
t before thee one day began to be,  
nd, thy frail light being quenched, shall long,  
long outlive thee.

---

### THE ASCENSION.

UTE the last and everlasting day,  
at the uprising of this Sun and Son,  
whose just tears, or tribulation  
ve purely washed, or burnt, your drossy clay :

Behold, the Highest, parting hence away,  
 Lightens the dark clouds, which he treads upon ;  
 Nor doth he, by ascending, show alone,  
 But first he, and he first enters the way.  
 O strong Ram, which hast battered heaven for me ;  
 Mild Lamb, which with thy blood, hast marked the  
     path ;  
 Bright torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see,—  
 Oh, with thy own blood quench thy own just  
     wrath,  
 And if thy Holy Spirit my muse did raise,  
 Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise.

---

#### HOLY SONNETS.

##### I.

As due, by many titles, I resign  
 Myself to thee, O God : first, I was made  
 By thee, and for thee ; and when I was decayed,  
 Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine.  
 I am thy son, made with thyself to shine ;  
 Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still repaid ;  
 Thy sheep, thine image ; and, till I betray'd  
 Myself, a temple of thy Spirit divine.  
 Why doth the devil then usurp on me ?  
 Why doth he steal, nay, ravish that 's thy right ?  
 Except thou rise, and for thy own work fight,  
 O, I shall soon despair, when I do see  
 That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not choose  
     me ;  
 And Satan hates me, yet is loath to lose me.

## II.

O, MY black soul! now thou art summoned  
By sickness, death's herald and champion,  
Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done  
Treason, and durst not turn to whence he is fled;  
Or like a thief, which, till death's doom be read,  
Wisheth himself delivered from prison;  
But, damned and haled to execution,  
Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned:  
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack.  
But who shall give thee that grace to begin?  
O, make thyself with holy mourning black,  
And red with blushing, as thou art with sin;  
Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this  
    might,  
That being red, it dyes red souls to white.

## III.

THIS is my play's last scene; here heavens ap-  
    point  
My pilgrimage's last mile; and my race,  
Idly, yet quickly run, hath this last pace,  
My span's last inch, my minute's latest point,  
And gluttonous death will instantly unjoint  
My body and my soul, and I shall sleep a space;  
But my ever-waking part shall see that face,  
Whose fear already shakes my every joint.  
Then, as my soul, to heaven, her first seat, takes  
    flight,  
And earth-born body in the earth shall dwell;  
So fall my sins, that all may have their right,

To where they are bred, and would press me,—to  
hell.

Impute me righteous, thus purged of evil ;  
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.

## IV.

At the round earth's imagined corners blow  
Your trumpets, angels; and arise, arise  
From death, you numberless infinities  
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,  
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow ;  
All whom war, death, age, agues, tyrannies,  
Despair, law, chance, hath slain, and you, whose  
eyes  
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.  
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space ;  
For, if above all these my sins abound,  
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace,  
When we are there : here, on this lowly ground,  
Teach me how to repent ; for that 's as good  
As if thou hadst sealed my pardon with thy blood.

## V.

DEATH, be not proud, though some have called  
thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so ;  
For, those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,  
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me :  
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,  
Much pleasure, then from thee much more, must  
flow,

And soonest our best men with thee do go,  
Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery.  
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And doth with poison, war, and sickness dwell;  
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,  
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?  
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,  
And death shall be no more: death, thou shalt die.

## VI.

SPIT in my face, you Jews, and pierce my side;  
Buffet and scoff, scourge and crucify me;  
For I have sinned, and sinned, and only he,  
Who could do no iniquity, hath died.  
But by my death can not be satisfied  
My sins, which pass the Jews' impiety.  
They killed once an inglorious man; but I  
Crucify him daily, being now glorified.  
O let me, then, his strange love still admire:  
Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment;  
And Jacob came clothed in vile, harsh attire,  
But to supplant, and with gainful intent  
God clothed himself in vile man's flesh, that so  
He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

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## ELEGY.

DEATH, I recant, and say, unsaid by me,  
Whate'er hath slipped that might diminish thee.  
Spiritual treason, atheism 'tis, to say  
That any can thy summons disobey.  
The earth's face is but thy table : there are set  
Plants, cattle, men, dishes for death to eat.  
In a rude hunger now he millions draws  
Into his bloody, or plaguy, or starv'd jaws.  
Now he will seem to spare, and doth more waste,  
Eating the best first, well preserved to last ;  
Now wantonly he spoils, and eats us not,  
But breaks off friends, and lets us piecemeal rot.  
Nor will this earth serve him : he sinks the deep,  
Where harmless fish monastic silence keep,  
Who (were Death dead,) by roes of living sand,  
Might sponge that element, and make it land.  
He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnic notes  
In birds', heaven's choristers, organic throats ;  
Which, if they did not die, might seem to be  
A tenth rank in the heavenly hierarchy.  
O strong and long-lived death, how camest thou in ?  
And how without creation didst begin ?  
Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou diest,  
All the four monarchies, and Antichrist.  
How could I think thee nothing, that see now  
In all this all, nothing else is but thou.  
Our births and life, vices and virtues be  
Wasteful consumptions, and degrees of thee.  
For we, to live, our bellows wear, and breath,  
Nor are we mortal, dying, dead, but death.  
And though thou beest, O mighty bird of prey,  
So much reclaimed by God, that thou must lay

All that thou kill'st at his feet, yet doth he  
Reserve but few, and leaves the most to thee;  
And of those few, now thou hast overthrown  
One whom thy blow makes not ours, nor thine  
own.

She was more stories high : hopeless to come  
To her soul, thou 'st offered at her lower room.  
Her soul and body was a king and court;  
But thou hast both of captain missed and fort.  
As houses fall not, though the king remove,  
Bodies of saints rest for their souls above. "  
Death gets 'twixt souls and bodies such a place  
As sin insinuates 'twixt just men and grace :  
Both work a separation, no divorce.

Her soul is gone to usher up her corse,  
Which shall be almost another soul ; for there  
Bodies are purer than best souls are here.  
Because in her, her virtues did outgo  
Her years, wouldst thou, O emulous death, do  
so,  
And kill her young, to thy loss ? Must the cost  
Of beauty and wit, apt to do harm, be lost ?  
What, though thou found'st her proof 'gainst sins of  
youth ?

O, every age a diverse sin pursueth.  
Thou shouldst have staid, and taken better hold :  
Shortly ambitious ; covetous, when old,  
She might have proved ; and such devotion  
Might once have strayed to superstition.  
If all her virtues must have grown, yet might  
Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight.  
Had she perséver'd just, there would have been  
Some that would sin, misthinking she did sin ;  
Such as would call her friendship love, and feign  
To sociableness a name profane ;

Or sin by tempting ; or, not daring that,  
By wishing, though they never told her what.  
Thus mightst thou have slain more souls, hadst thou  
not crossed  
Thyself, and, to triumph, thine army lost.  
Yet, though these ways be lost, thou hast left one,  
Which is, immoderate grief that she is gone.  
But we may 'scape that sin, yet weep as much :  
Our tears are due because we are not such.  
Some tears that knot of friends her death must  
cost,  
Because the chain is broke, but no link lost.

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## IMPROVEMENT.

Who makes the past a pattern for next year,  
Turns no new leaf, but still the same things  
reads ;  
Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,  
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A palace, when 'tis that, which it should be,  
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays ;  
But he which dwells there, is not so ; for he  
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise.

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,  
And shall not better ; her next change is night :  
But her fair larger guest, to whom sun and moon  
Are sparks, and short-lived, claims another right.

The noble soul by age grows lustier,  
Her appetite, and her digestion mend ;

Ve must not starve. nor hope to pamper her  
With women's milk and pap unto the end.

The soul, whose country is heaven, and God her  
Father,  
Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent ;  
Yet, so much in her travail she doth gather,  
That she returns home, wiser than she went.

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## PSALM CXXXVII.

By Euphrates' flowery side  
We did bide,  
From dear Juda fair absented,  
Tearing the air with our cries ;  
And our eyes  
With their streams his stream augmented.

When, poor Sion's doleful state,  
Desolate ;  
Sacked, burned, and enthralled,  
And the temple spoiled, which we  
Ne'er should see,  
To our mirthless minds we called :

Our mute harps, untuned, unstrung,  
Up we hung  
On green willows near beside us,  
Where, we sitting all forlorn,  
Thus, in scorn,  
Our proud spoilers 'gan deride us :

Come, sad captives, leave your moans,  
And your groans

Under Sion's ruins bury ;  
Tune your harps, and sing us lays  
    In the praise  
Of your God, and let's be merry.

Can, ah ! can we leave our moans,  
    And our groans  
Under Sion's ruins bury ?  
Can we in this land sing lays  
    In the praise  
Of our God, and here be merry ?

No, dear Sion, if I yet  
    Do forget  
Thine affliction miserable ;  
Let my nimble joints become  
    Stiff and numb,  
To touch warbling harp unable.

Let my tongue lose singing skill,  
    Let it still  
To my parched roof be glued,  
If in either harp or voice  
    I rejoice,  
Till thy joys shall be renewed.

Lord, curse Edom's traitorous kind,  
    Bear in mind  
In our ruins how they revell'd :  
Sack, kill, burn ! they cried out still,  
    Sack, burn, kill !  
Down with all, let all be levell'd.

And thou, Babel, when the tide  
    Of thy pride,

Now a flowing, grows to turning ;  
Victor now, shall then be thrall,

And shall fall  
To as low an ebb of mourning ;

Happy he who shall thee waste,  
As thou hast  
Us, without all mercy, wasted,  
And shall make thee taste and see  
What poor we  
By thy means have seen and tasted.

Happy, who thy tender bairns,  
From the arms  
Of their wailing mothers tearing,  
'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,  
Ruthless stones  
With their brains and blood besmearing.

### PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH DRURY.

NOTHING could make me sooner to confess  
That this world had an everlastingness,  
Than to consider, that a year is run,  
Since both this lower world's and the sun's sun,  
The lustre and the vigour of this all,  
Hath set ; 'twere blasphemy to say, did fall.  
Not as a ship which hath struck sail, doth run  
By force of that force which before it won ;  
Nor as sometimes in a beheaded man,  
Though at those two red seas, which freely ran,  
One from the trunk, another from the head,  
His soul he sail'd to her eternal bed,

His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,  
As though he beckoned, and called back his sou  
He grasps his hands, and he pulls up his feet,  
And seems to reach, and to step forth to meet  
His soul, when all these motions which we saw  
Are but as ice which crackles at a thaw ;  
Or as a lute, which in moist weather rings  
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings :  
So struggles this dead world, now she is gone ;  
For there is motion in corruption.

As some days are, at the creation, named  
Before the sun, the which framed days was frame  
So after this sun's set, some show appears,  
And orderly vicissitude of years.

Yet a new deluge, and of Lethe flood,  
Hath drowned us all, all have forgot all good,  
Forgetting her, the main reserve of all ;  
Yet in this deluge, gross and general,  
Thou seest me strive for life ; my life shall be  
To be hereafter praised for praising thee.  
These hymns, thy issue, may increase so long,  
As till God's great *venite* change the song.  
Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soul,  
And serve thy thirst, with God's safe-feeling bow  
Be thirsty still, and drink still till thou go  
To the only health ; to be hydroptic so,  
Forget this rotten world ; and unto thee  
Let thine own times as an old story be.  
The world is but a carcass ; thou art fed  
By it, but as a worm that carcass bred ;  
And why shouldst thou, poor worm, consid  
more

When this world will grow better than before,  
Than those thy fellow-worms do think upon  
That carcass's last resurrection ?

get this world, and scarce think of it so  
 of old cloathes, cast off a year ago.  
 upward ; that's towards her, whose happy  
 state

now lament not, but congratulate.

to whom all this world was but a stage,  
 ere all sat harkening how her youthful age  
 should be employed, because in all she did  
 the figure of the golden times was hid,  
 she is gone ; she is gone : when thou knowest  
 this,

at fragmentary rubbish this world is  
 thou know'st, and that it is not worth a thought ;  
 honours it too much that thinks it nought.

Think then, my soul, that death is but a groom,  
 which brings a taper to the outward room,  
 whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,  
 after brings it nearer to thy sight :

such approaches doth heaven make in death.  
 Think thyself labouring now with broken breath,  
 think those broken and soft notes to be  
 sion, and thy happiest harmony.

Think thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slack ;

think that but unbinding of a pack,  
 make one precious thing, thy soul, from thence.

Think thyself parch'd with fever's violence ;

ever thine ague more, by calling it  
 physic ; chide the slackness of the fit.

Think that thou hear'st thy knell and think no  
 more,

that, as bells called thee to church before,  
 his to the triumphant church calls thee.

Think Satan's sergeants round about thee be,

I think that but for legacies they thrust ;

Give one thy pride, to another give thy lust :



Give them those sins which they gave thee before,  
And trust th' immaculate blood to wash thy score.  
Think thy friends weeping round, and think that  
they

Weep but because they go not yet thy way.  
Think that they close thine eyes; and think in  
this,

That they confess much in the world amiss,  
Who dare not trust a dead man's eye with that,  
Which they from God and angels cover not.  
Think that they shroud thee up, and think from  
thence

They reinvest thee in white innocence.  
Think that thy body rots, and (if so low,  
Thy soul exalted so, thy thoughts can go,)  
Think thee a prince, who of themselves create  
Worms which insensibly devour their state.  
Think that they bury thee, and think that rite  
Lays thee to sleep but a Saint Lucie's night.  
Think these things cheerfully: and if thou be  
Drowsy or slack, remember then that she,  
She whose complexion was so even made,  
That which of her ingredients should invade  
The other three no fear, no art could guess;  
So far were all removed from more or less.  
But as in mithridate, or just perfumes,  
Where all good things being met, no one presumes  
To govern, or to triumph on the rest,  
Only because all were, no part was best.  
She who was such a chain as fate employs  
To bring mankind all fortunes it enjoys;  
So fast, so even wrought, as one would think,  
No accident could threaten any link;  
She, she embraced a sickness, gave it meat,  
The purest blood and breath that e'er it eat;

And hath taught us, that though a good man hath  
Title to heaven, and plead it by his faith ;  
And though he may pretend a conquest, since  
Heaven was content to suffer violence ;  
Yea, though he plead a long possession too,  
(For they're in heaven on earth who heaven's works  
do,)

Though he had right and power and place before,  
Yet death must usher, and unlock the door.  
Think further on thyself, my soul, and think  
How thou at first wast made but in a sink ;  
Think that it argued some infirmity,  
That those two souls, which then thou found'st in me,  
Thou fed'st upon, and drew'st into thee both  
My second soul of sense, and first of growth.  
Think but how poor thou wast, how obnoxious ;  
Whom a small lump of flesh could poison thus.  
This curded milk, this poor unlittered whelp,  
My body, could, beyond escape or help,  
Infect thee with original sin, and thou  
Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now.  
Think that no stubborn sullen anchorite,  
Which fixed to a pillar or a grave doth sit  
Bedded and bathed in all his ordures, dwells  
So foully as our souls in their first-built cells.  
Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie ;  
After, enabled but to suck, and cry.  
Think, when 't was grown to most, 't was a poor inn,  
A province packed up in two yards of skin,  
And that, usurped or threatened with a rage  
Of sicknesses, or their true mother, age.  
But think that death hath now enfranchised thee,  
Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty :  
Think that a rusty piece discharged is flown  
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,

And freely flies : this to thy soul allow,  
Think thy shell broke, think thy soul hatched but  
now.

And think this slow-paced soul, which late did  
cleave

To a body, and went but by the body's leave,

Twenty, perchance, or thirty miles a day,

Dispatches in a minute all the way

'Twixt heaven and earth ; she stays not in the air,

To look what meteors there themselves prepare ;

She carries no desire to know, nor sense,

Whether the air's middle region be intense ;

For the element of fire, she doth not know,

Whether she passed by such a place or no ;

She baits not at the moon, nor cares to try

Whether in that new world men live and die.

Venus retards her not, to inquire, how she

Can (being one star) Hesper and Vesper be ;

He that charmed Argus' eyes, sweet Mercury,

Works not on her, who now is grown all eye ;

Who, if she meet the body of the sun,

Goes through, not staying till his course be run ;

Who finds in Mars's camp no corps of guard ;

Nor is by Jove, nor by his father barred ;

But ere she can consider how she went,

At once is at, and through the firmament.

And as these stars were but so many beads

Strung on one string, speed undistinguished leads

Her through those spheres, as through the beads a  
string,

Whose quick succession makes it still one thing ;

As doth the pith, which, lest our bodies slack,

Strings fast the little bones of neck and back ;

So by the soul doth death string heaven and earth ;

For when our soul enjoys this her third birth,

(Creation gave her one—a second, grace,)  
Heaven is as near, and present to her face,  
As colours are, and objects, in a room  
Where darkness was before, when tapers come.  
This must, my soul, thy long-short progress be,  
T'advance these thoughts: remember then that  
she,

She, whose fair body no such prison was,  
But that a soul might well be pleased to pass  
An age in her; she whose rich beauty lent  
Mintage to other beauties, for they went  
But for so much as they were like to her;  
She, in whose body (if we dare prefer  
The low world to so high a mark as she,)  
The western treasure, eastern spicery,  
Europe and Afric, and the unknown rest  
Were easily found, or what in them was best:  
She, of whose soul, if we may say, 'twas gold,  
Her body was the electrum, and did hold  
Many degrees of that; we understood  
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
That one might almost say, her body thought:—  
She, she, thus richly and largely housed, is  
gone,

And chides us, slow-paced snails, who crawl upon  
Our prison's prison, earth, nor think us well,  
Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell.  
But 'twere but little to have changed our room,  
If, as we were in this our living tomb,  
Oppressed with ignorance, we still were so.  
Poor soul, in this thy flesh what dost thou know?  
Thou know'st thyself so little, as thou know'st  
not  
How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.

Thou neither knows't, how thou at first camest in,  
Nor how thou took'st the poison of man's sin.  
Nor dost thou (though thou knowest, that thou  
art so)

By what way thou art made immortal, know.  
Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend  
Even thyself: yea, though thou wouldst but bend  
To know thy body. Have not all souls thought,  
For many ages, that our body is wrought  
Of air, and fire, and other elements?  
And now they think of new ingredients.  
What hope have we to know ourselves, when we  
Know not the least things which for our use be?  
We see in authors, too stiff to recant,  
A hundred controversies of an ant;  
And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,  
To know but catechisms and alphabets  
Of unconcerning things, matters of fact;  
How others on our stage their parts did act;  
What Cæsar did, yea, and what Cicero said:  
Why grass is green, or why our blood is red,  
Are mysteries which none have reached unto.  
In this low form, poor soul, what wilt thou do?  
When wilt thou shake off this pedantry,  
Of being taught by sense and fantasy?  
Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seem  
great  
Below; but up unto the watch-tower get,  
And see all things despoiled of fallacies:  
Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,  
Nor hear through labyrinths of ears, nor learn  
By circuit or collections to discern.  
In heaven thou straight know'st all, concerning  
it,  
And what concerns it not; shalt straight forget.

There thou (but in no other school) mayst be,  
Perchance, as learned and as full as she ;  
She who all libraries had throughly read  
At home in her own thoughts, and practised  
So much good as would make as many more :  
She whose example they must all implore,  
Who would or do, or think well ; and confess  
That all the virtuous actions they express  
Are but a new and worse edition  
Of her some one thought, or one action :  
She who in the art of knowing heaven, was grown,  
Here upon earth, to such perfection,  
That she bath, ever since to heaven she came,  
(In a far fairer print,) but read the same :  
She, she not satisfied with all this weight,  
(For so much knowledge as would over-freight  
Another did but ballast her,) is gone  
As well to enjoy, as get perfection,  
And calls us after her, in that she took  
(Taking herself) our best and worthiest book.  
Return not, my soul, from this ecstasy,  
And meditation of what thou shalt be,  
To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appear  
With whom thy conversation must be there.  
Up, up, my drowsy soul, where thy new ear  
Shall in the angels' songs no discord hear ;  
Where thou shalt see the blessed mother-maid  
Joy in not being that which men have said ;  
Where she is exalted more for being good,  
Than for her interest of motherhood.  
Up to those patriarchs, which did longer sit  
Expecting Christ than they've enjoyed him yet ;  
Up to those prophets, which now gladly see  
Their prophecies grown to be history ;

Up to the apostles, who did bravely run  
All the sun's course, with more light than the  
sun;

Up to those martyrs, who did calmly bleed  
Oil to the apostles' lamps, dew to their seed ;  
Up to those virgins, who thought, that almost  
They made joint-tenants with the Holy Ghost,  
If they to any should his temple give :—

Up, up ! for in that squadron there doth live  
She, who hath carried thither new degrees  
(As to their number) to their dignities.

But pause, my soul ; and study ere thou fall  
On accidental joys, the essential ;

And what essential joy canst thou expect  
Here upon earth ? what permanent effect  
Of transitory causes ? Dost thou love  
Beauty ? (and beauty worthiest is to move ;)  
Poor cozened cozener, that she, and that thou,  
Which did begin to love, are neither now ;  
You are both fluid, changed since yesterday ;  
Next day repairs (but ill) last day's decay ;  
Nor are (although the river keep the name)  
Yesterday's waters and to day's the same.

So flows her face, and thine eyes ; neither now  
That saint nor pilgrim, which your loving vow  
Concerned, remains ; but whilst you think you  
be

Constant, you are hourly in inconstancy.  
Honour may have pretence unto our love,  
Because that God did live so long above  
Without this honour, and then loved it so,  
That he at last made creatures to bestow  
Honour on him ; not that he needed it,  
But that, to his hands, man might grow more fit.  
But since all honours from inferiors flow,  
(For they do give it ; princes do but show

Whom they would have so honoured,) and that  
this

On such opinions and capacities  
Is built, as rise and fall, to more and less;  
Alas, 'tis but a casual happiness.  
Hath ever any man to himself assigned  
This or that happiness to arrest his mind,  
But that another man, which takes a worse,  
Thinks him a fool for having ta'en that course?  
They who did labour Babel's tower to erect,  
Might have considered, that for that effect  
All this whole solid earth could not allow  
Nor furnish forth materials enow;  
And that his centre, to raise such a place,  
Was far too little to have been the base;  
No more affords this world foundation  
To erect true joy, were all the means in one.  
But as the heathen made them several gods,  
Of all God's benefits and all his rods;  
(For as the wine, and corn, and onions are  
Gods unto them, so agues be, and war,)  
And as by changing that whole precious gold  
To such small copper coins, they lost the old,  
And lost their only God, who ever must  
Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust;<sup>1</sup>  
So much mankind true happiness mistakes;  
No joy enjoys that man, that many makes.  
Then, soul, to thy first pitch work up again;  
Know that all lines which circles do contain,  
For once that they the centre touch, do touch  
Twice the circumference; and be thou such;  
Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth employed:  
All will not serve; only who have enjoyed

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Throng.



The sight of God, in fulness, can think it ;  
For it is both the object and the wit.  
This is essential joy, where neither he  
Can suffer diminution, nor we ;  
'Tis such a full and such a filling good,  
Had the angels once looked on him, they had stoc  
To fill the place of one of them, or more,  
She whom we celebrate is gone before.  
She, who had here so much essential joy  
As no chance could distract, much less destroy ;  
Who with God's presence was acquainted so  
(Hearing and speaking to him) as to know  
His face in any natural stone or tree,  
Better than when in images they be ;  
Who kept by diligent devotion,  
God's image in such reparation,  
Within her heart, that what decay was grown  
Was her first parent's fault, and not her own ;  
Who being solicited to any act,  
Still heard God pleading his safe precontract ;  
Who, by a faithful confidence, was here  
Betrothed to God, and now is married there ;  
Whose twilights were more clear than our m  
day ;  
Who dreamed devoutlier than most use to pray ;  
Who being here filled with grace, yet strove to l  
Both where more grace and more capacity  
At once is given : she to heaven is gone,  
Who made this world in some proportion  
A heaven ; and here, became unto us all,  
Joy (as our joys admit) essential.  
But could this low world joys essential touch,  
Heaven's accidental joys would pass them much  
Only in heaven joy's strength is never spent,  
And accidental things are permanent.

Joy of a soul's arrival ne'er decays ;  
For that soul ever joys and ever stays.  
Joy that their last great consummation  
Approaches in the resurrection ;  
When earthly bodies more celestial  
Shall be than angels were, for they could fall :  
This kind of joy doth every day admit  
Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.  
In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part that she,  
She, in whose goodness he that names degree  
Doth injure her ; ('tis loss to be called best,  
There where the stuff is not such as the rest ;)  
She, who left such a body as even she  
Only in heaven could learn how it can be  
Made better,—for she rather was two souls,  
Or like to full on-both-sides-written rolls ;  
Where eyes might read upon the outward skin,  
As strong records for God as minds within ;—  
She, who by making full perfection grow,  
Pieces a circle, and still keeps it so ;—  
Longed for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,  
Where she receives, and gives addition.

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HYMN TO CHRIST, AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST  
GOING INTO GERMANY.

IN what torn ship soever I embark,  
That ship shall be my emblem of thy ark ;  
What sea soever swallow me, that flood  
Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood ;  
Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise  
Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes,  
Which, though they turn away sometimes,  
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee,  
And all whom I loved there, and who loved me;  
When I have put our seas 'twixt them and me,  
Put thou thy seas betwixt my sins and thee.  
As the tree's sap doth seek the root below  
In winter, in my winter now I go  
Where none but thee, the eternal root  
Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou nor thy religion dost control,  
The amorousness of an harmonious soul;  
But thou wouldst have that love thyself: as thou  
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now;  
Thou lov'st not, till from loving more, thou free  
My soul: whoever gives, takes liberty:  
O, if thou car'st not whom I love,  
Alas, thou lov'st not me.

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all  
On whom those fainter beams of love did fall;  
Marry those loves, which in youth scattered be  
On fame, wit, hopes, (false mistresses,) to thee.  
Churches are best for prayer that have least light:  
To see God only, I go out of sight;  
And to scape stormy days, I choose  
An everlasting night.

## JONSON.

BORN 1574; DIED 1637.

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**BENJAMIN** (—or, as he was styled in the affectionate familiarity of his time, which succeeding ages have made venerable—**BEN**) **JONSON**, by a rare union of learning and genius, obtained for himself a kind of literary sovereignty among his contemporaries; and his name, as a dramatic author, has come down to posterity surrounded by a splendour second only to the unrivalled glory of **Shakspeare**. In his earlier years he had to struggle with severe difficulties, which, while they lasted, were the means of developing the robust independence of his character; and served, when surmounted, as foils to the brilliance of his subsequent triumphs. In the lyrics and lighter pieces of this poet there reigns a playfulness of fancy, chastened by solid sense, and dignified by touches of pure feeling, not the less interesting because contrasting strongly with the masculine labours of the intellect which gave birth to “**The Fox**,” “**The Alchymist**,” “**Cataline**,” and “**Sejanus**.” The subjoined pieces prove that **Jonson’s** powers did not desert him, when, for a season—like all the poets of his time,—too briefly and too rarely, he exchanged the service of the profaner muse for that of religion.



## JONSON.

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### HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

HEAR me, O God !  
A broken heart  
Is my best part :  
Use still thy rod,  
That I may prove  
Therein thy love.

If thou hadst not  
Been stern to me,  
But left me free,  
I had forgot  
Myself and thee.

For, sin's so sweet,  
As minds ill bent  
Rarely repent,  
Until they meet  
Their punishment.

Who more can crave  
Than thou hast done ?

That gav'st a Son  
To free a slave :  
First made of nought  
With all since bought.

Sin, death, and hell,  
His glorious name  
Quite overcame ;  
Yet I rebel,  
And slight the same.

But I'll come in,  
Before my loss  
Me further toss,  
As sure to win  
Under his cross.

---

TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

O HOLY, blessed, glorious Trinity  
Of persons, still one God in Unity,  
The faithful man's believed mystery,  
Help, help to lift

Myself up to thee, harrowed, torn and bruis'd  
By sin and Satan; and my flesh misus'd,  
As my heart lies in pieces, all confus'd,  
O take my gift.

All-gracious God, the sinner's sacrifice,  
A broken heart, thou wert not wont despise;  
But 'bove the fat of rams, or bulls, to prize,  
An offering meet

y acceptance. O, behold me right,  
 take compassion on my grievous plight:  
 odour can be, than a heart contrite,  
 To thee more sweet ?

Al Father, God, who didst create  
 all of nothing, gav'st it form and fate,  
 reath'st into it life and light, with state  
 To worship thee ;

Al God the Son, who not deni'dst  
 our nature ; becam'st man, and died'st,  
 our debts, upon thy cross, and cried'st  
 " All's done in me ;"

Al Spirit, God from both proceeding,  
 and Son ; the Comforter, in breeding  
 thoughts in man ; with fiery zeal them feeding  
 For acts of grace ;

see those acts, O glorious Trinity  
 sons, still one God in Unity,  
 attain the longed-for mystery  
 Of seeing your face.

ling one in three, and three in one,  
 nity to shine in Unity ;  
 addest light dark man can think upon ;  
 O grant it me !

; and Son, and Holy Ghost, you three,  
 -eternal in your majesty,  
 ct in persons, yet in unity  
 One God to see ;



My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier ;  
To hear, to meditate, sweeten my desire,  
With grace, with love, with cherishing entire :  
O then how blest !

Among thy saints elected to abide,  
And with thy angels placed, side by side,  
But in thy presence truly glorified,  
Shall I there rest.

---

#### A PRAYER.

Good and great God ! can I not think of thee,  
But it must straight my melancholy be ?  
Is it interpreted in me disease,  
That, laden with my sins, I seek for ease ?  
O be thou witness, that the reins dost know,  
And hearts of all, if I be sad for show ;  
And judge me after, if I dare pretend  
To aught but grace, or aim at other end.  
As thou art all, so be thou all to me,  
First, midst, and last, converted One and Three !  
My faith, my hope, my love ; and in this state,  
My Judge, my Witness, and my Advocate.  
Where have I been this while exiled from thee ?  
And whither rapt, now thou but stoop'st to  
me ?

Dwell, dwell here still : O, being every where,  
How can I doubt to find thee ever here ?  
I know my state both full of shame and scorn,  
Conceived in sin, and unto labour born ;  
Standing with fear, and must with horror fall,  
And destined unto judgment after all.

I feel my griefs too ; and there scarce is ground  
Upon my flesh to inflict another wound ;  
Yet dare I not complain, or wish for death,  
With holy Paul, lest it be thought the breath  
Of discontent ; or that these prayers be  
For weariness of life, not love of thee.

---

## RESIGNATION.

LET angels sing her glories, who did call  
Her spirit home to her original !  
Who saw the way was made it ; and were sent  
To carry and conduct the compliment  
Twixt death and life ; where her mortality  
Became her birth-day to eternity !  
And now, through circumfused light, she looks  
On nature's secrets there, as her own books ;  
Speaks heaven's language ; and discourseth free  
To every order, every hierarchy ;  
Beholds her Maker, and in him doth see  
What the beginnings of all beauties be ;  
And all beatitudes that thence do flow,  
Which they that have the crown are sure to know !  
Go now, her happy parents, and be sad,  
If you not understand what child you had ;  
If you dare grudge at heaven, and repent  
To have paid again a blessing was but lent,  
And trusted so, as it deposited lay  
At pleasure, to be called for every day,—  
If you can envy your own daughter's bliss,  
And wish her state less happy than it is,—  
If you can cast about your either eye,  
And see all dead here, or about to die,—

The stars, that are the jewels of the night,  
And day, decreasing, with the prince of light,  
The sun;—great kings and mightiest kingdoms  
fall,—

Whole nations—nay, mankind—the world, with all  
That ever had beginning, there to end!

With what injustice should one soul pretend  
To escape this common known necessity?  
When we were all born, we began to die;  
And, but for that contention, and brave strife,  
The Christian hath to enjoy the future life,  
He were the wretched'st of the race of men;  
But as he soars at that, he bruise then  
The serpent's head; gets above death and sin,  
And, sure of heaven, rides triumphing in.

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#### THE PLEASURES OF HEAVEN.

THERE all the happy souls that ever were,  
Shall meet with gladness in one theatre;  
And each shall know there one another's face,  
By beatific virtue of the place.  
There shall the brother with the sister walk,  
And sons and daughters with their parents talk;  
But all of God: they still shall have to say,  
But make him all in all their theme that day;  
That happy day that never shall see night!  
Where he will be all beauty to the sight;  
Wine or delicious fruits unto the taste;  
A music in the ears will ever last;  
Unto the scent, a spicery or balm;  
And to the touch, a flower, like soft as palm.

He will all glory, all perfection be,  
God in the Union and the Trinity !  
That holy, great and glorious mystery  
Will there revealed be in majesty,  
By light and comfort of spiritual grace ;  
The vision of our Saviour face to face,  
In his humanity ! to hear him preach  
The price of our redemption, and to teach,  
Through his inherent righteousness in death,  
The safety of our souls and forfeit breath !  
What fulness of beatitude is here !  
What love with mercy mixed doth appear !  
To style us friends, who were by nature foes !  
Adopt us heirs by grace, who were of those  
Had lost ourselves ; and prodigally spent  
Our native portions and possessed rent !  
Yet have all debts forgiven us ; an advance  
By imputed right to an inheritance  
In his eternal kingdom, where we sit  
Equal with angels, and co-heirs of it.



G. ELLIS.

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OF this author the Editor has met with no account. The stanzas here inserted are taken from a poem by him, entitled "The Lamentation of the Lost Sheep, 1605," in which the sentiments of a returning penitent are expressed with truth and effect.



## G. ELLIS.

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### THE SINNER'S CRY TO HIS SAVIOUR.

that sweet name, which name we invoke  
When sable sadness doth oppress the heart,  
Or whose dear sake our still-declining state  
Finds comfort in the midst of sorrow's smart—  
I pray in my lament, thou act a part:  
Restore me, that in sinful ways am lost,  
O Lord, Shepherd! save thy sheep that's almost lost!

O light of heaven! thou wast extinct on earth,  
Yet to our souls celestial life dost give,  
O death our life, thy rising our new birth;  
Thou with thy heavenly blessings dost relieve,  
Thou, three days dead, didst make us ever live:  
O thou, at whose death obscur'd were earth and sky,  
Reduce me to the right, that run awry.

O fountain of grace! from whom doth, only, run  
Water of life, to save our souls from death!  
O Saviour of the world! pure Virgin's Son:  
That in red earth<sup>1</sup> infus'd first vital breath,  
Joining thy Godhead with humanity!

<sup>1</sup> The name, Adam, signifies *red earth*.



Oh thou, whose name was called Emanuel!—  
My sin-stain'd soul from danger save of hell.

Ancient of days, and yet still young in years!  
Oh, God on earth! Oh man, yet most divine!  
Poor in this world, the chief of heavenly peers,  
Whose glory in the infernal pit did shine,—  
Oh thou, whose praise both saints and angels  
sing,—  
Stay my sin-following steps from death's dread  
hands,  
That threat as many sorrows as are sands!

Oh, God of times, and yet in time a man!  
Before all times thy time of being was;  
And yet in time thy human birth began,  
Lest we should fade untimely, like the grass,—  
Thou that hast said thy word shall never pass,  
And thou that dost all times begin and end,—  
Vouchsafe, thy comfort to my sad soul send.

I come in clouds of grief, with pensive soul,  
Sending forth vapours of black discontent  
To fill the concave circle of the pole,  
And with my tears bedew each continent,  
For straying from the fold of sweet content:  
Thou art all mercy—from thy mercy's throne  
Make me, in number, one amongst thine own.

## THOMAS DEKKER.

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DEKKER was Jonson's contemporary, and was engaged with him in an unequal contest; to which, as much as to his writings, he owes his chance of being remembered. He was concerned in eleven plays, of which eight were his own composition. Notwithstanding a certain extravagance both of thought and language, there is in the following verses the evidence of no mean poetic power. They are taken from a rare poem, entitled "Dekker's Dream," 1620, dedicated "to the truly accomplished gentleman, and worthy deserver of all men's loves, Endymion Porter."



## THOMAS DEKKER.

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### CHRIST'S COMING TO JUDGMENT.

As in a royal army, led by a king,  
After the cannons' sulphurous thundering ;  
Horror on all sides roaring ; wings here flying  
At wings, like armed eagles ; here, troops dying ;  
A butcherous execution through the field,  
Bellowing with fiend-like threats, where yet none  
yield ;  
Though death stalks up and down, ghastly and  
pale,  
The victor's wreath lying in a doubtful scale ;—  
The king himself, safeguarded on a hill,  
Seeing this black day, yet stirring not until  
He finds fit time to strike ; then down, amain,  
Worrying he comes—a glorious, dreadful train  
Of high heroic spirit circling him round,  
Who with swift vengeance do their foes confound,  
And, slave-like, drag them at proud chariot-wheels,  
Whilst miseries worse than death tread on their  
heels :—  
So, but with greater terror, state, and wonder,  
Heaven's Supreme Monarch—one hand gripping  
thunder ;

The other, storms of hail, whirlwinds and fire—  
(Ensigns of his hot-burning, quenchless ire,)   
When the world's buildings smothered lay in  
smoke,

With sparkling eyes majestically broke  
Out of his palace, ne'er set ope before,  
And stood like a triumphant conqueror,  
Trampling on Death and Hell. About him round,  
Like petty viceroys, spirits, methought, all crown'd,  
Show'd as if none but kings had been his guard ;  
Whole hierarchies of saints were then preferred,  
With principalities, powers, and dominations,  
Thrones, angels, and archangels, all at once  
Filling the presence ; then, like heaven-born twins,  
Flew fiery cherubins and seraphins ;  
Whilst the old patriarchs, clothed all in white,  
Were rapt with joy, to see beams far more  
bright,

About the prophets and the apostles run,  
Than those whose flames were kindled at the sun-  
Martyrs, methought, with self-same lustre shined  
As gold which seven times was by fire refined ;  
Virgins, whose souls in life from lust liv'd clear,  
Had silver robes, and on their heads did wear  
Coronets of diamonds.

God's heir-apparent (here, once, made away)  
Triumphed in this, his coronation-day,  
In which heaven was his kingdom, mercy his  
throne,

Justice his sceptre, a communion  
Of sanctified souls the courtly peers,  
And his star-chamber lords ; who now had years  
Which never turned them grey by time's rough  
weather :

Greatness was now no more called fortune's feather

Nor honour held a fruitless, golden dream,  
Nor riches a bewitching swallowing stream,  
Nor learning laughed at, as the beggar's dower,  
Nor beauty's painted cheek a summer flower;  
No, no: life endless was, yet without loathing,  
Honour and greatness were immortal clothing,  
Riches were subject to no base consuming,  
Learning burnt bright without contentious fuming,  
Beauty no painting bought, but still renew'd:  
Each one had here his full beatitude.

That face, whose picture might have ransomed  
kings,

Yet put up spittings; bafflings,<sup>1</sup> buffetings,—  
That head, which could a crown of stars have worn,  
Yet spitefully was wrenched with wreaths of thorn,—  
Those hands and feet, where purest stamps were set,  
Yet nail'd up like to pieces counterfeit,—  
Those lips, which, though they had command o'er  
all,

Being thirsty, vinegar had to drink, and gall,—  
That body, scourged and torn with many a wound,  
That his dear blood, like balm, might leave us  
sound,—

The well of life, which with a spear being tried,  
Two streams mysterious gushed out from his  
side;—

Messias, great Jehovah, God on high,  
Yet hail'd King of the Jews in mockery,—  
The manger-cradled babe, the beggar born,  
The poorest worm on earth, the height of scorn;—  
That Lord, by his own subjects crucified,  
Lo, at this grand assize, comes glorified,

<sup>1</sup> Insults, mockeries. To baffle, (baffule) was commonly used in the sense of—to mock or treat insultingly and injuriously.

With troops of angels, who his officers are,  
To call by sound of trump his foes to a bar.  
Thus stood he armed—justice his breastplate was,  
Judgment his helmet, stronger far than brass;  
On his right arm truth's shield he did advance:  
And turned his sharpened wrath into a lance;  
Out of his mouth a two-edged sword did fly,  
To wound body and soul eternally:  
Armed cap-a-pie thus, who 'gainst him durst  
fight?

There was no ground for strength nor yet for flight.

At this, methought, all graves that ever held  
Dead corpses, yawn'd wide open, and compell'd  
The bones of dead men up, with flesh, to rise;  
Yea, those on whom the seas did tyrannize,  
And drown'd in wrecks, and which were piece-  
meal eaten,

With lively bodies to the shores were beaten;  
Whom sword or fire, gibbets or wheels had torn,  
Had their own limbs again, and new were born;  
From the first man God made to the last that died,  
The names of all were here exemplified:  
Emperors and kings, patriarchs, and tribes forgot-  
ten,

The conquerors of the world—moulder'd and rot-  
ten—

Lords, beggars, men and women, young and old,  
Up, at a bar set forth, their hands did hold.  
The Judge being set, in open court were laid  
Huge books, at sight of which all were dismay'd,  
Would fain have shrunk back, and fell down with  
fear;

In sheets of brass all stories written were  
(Which those great volumes held) character'd deep  
With pens of steel, eternal files to keep

Of every nation since the world began,  
And every deed, word, thought, of every man.  
Sins hatched in caves, or such whose bawd was  
night,

The minutes of the act, were here set right ;  
Great men, whose secret, damn'd sins vizards wore  
So close, that none upon their brows could score  
The least black line—because none durst—had  
here

A bill of items in particular,  
What their souls owed for sin to death and hell ;  
Or, if it happened that they e'er did well,  
In these true journals it at large was found,  
And with rich promise of reward was crown'd.





## SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

BORN 1582 ; DIED 1628.

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IN the first volume of the "Sacred Poetry of the Seventeenth Century," a remark occurred respecting the fecundity of the poetic vein, in the family of Fletcher : it is singular, that the same remark applies with equal force to that of Beaumont—imperishably joined with it in our literature. No less than seven writers of verse, of the latter family, are known to the readers of English poetry.

The present writer was the elder brother of Francis Beaumont, the celebrated colleague of Fletcher. His known poetical remains are comprised in a small volume of miscellaneous pieces, of which the longest is on the battle of "Bosworth Field;" but besides these, a poem, in eight books, called the "Crown of Thorns," is spoken of as his production by contemporary writers. The poems of Sir J. Beaumont are by no means destitute of literary merit; but his estimable little volume has a farther, and, for those times, a far more uncommon recommendation, in being wholly free from indelicate terms or allusions, and dedicated in every part to the service of virtue and piety.



## SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

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### ON THE EPIPHANY.

**FAIR** eastern star, that art ordained to run  
Before the sages, to the rising sun ;  
Here cease thy course, and wonder that the cloud  
Of this poor stable can thy Maker shroud :  
Ye, heavenly bodies, glory to be bright,  
And are esteemed, as ye are rich in light :  
But here on earth is taught a different way,  
Since under this low roof the Highest lay ;  
Jerusalem erects her stately towers,  
Displays her windows, and adorns her bowers.  
Yet there thou must not cast a trembling spark :  
Let Herod's palace still continue dark ;  
Each school and synagogue thy force repels ;  
There pride enthroned in misty errors dwells.  
The temple where the priests maintain their quire,  
Shall taste no beam of thy celestial fire ;  
While this weak cottage all thy splendour takes,  
A joyful gate of every chink it makes.  
Here shines no golden roof, no ivory stair ;  
No king exalted in a stately chair,

Girt with attendants, or by heralds styled,  
But straw and hay enwrap a speechless child :  
Yet Saba's lords before this babe unfold  
Their treasures, offering incense, myrrh and gold.  
The crib becomes an altar ; therefore dies  
No ox nor sheep ; for in their fodder lies  
The Prince of Peace, who, thankful for his bed,  
Destroys those rites, in which their blood was shed :  
The quintessence of earth he takes, and fees,  
And precious gums distilled from weeping trees ;  
Rich metals, and sweet odours now declare  
The glorious blessings, which his laws prepare  
To clear us from the base and loathsome flood  
Of sense, and make us fit for angels' food ;  
Who lift to God for us the holy smoke  
Of fervent prayers, with which we him invoke,  
And try our actions in that searching fire  
By which the seraphims our lips inspire :  
No muddy dross pure minerals shall infect,  
We shall exhale our vapours up direct ;  
No storms shall cross, nor glittering lights deface  
Perpetual sighs, which seek a happy place.

---

## ODE ON THE BLESSED TRINITY.

MUSE, that art dull and weak,  
Opprest with worldly pain,  
If strength in thee remain  
Of things divine to speak,  
Thy thoughts awhile from urgent cares restrain,  
And with a cheerful voice thy wonted silence break.

No cold shall thee benumb,  
Nor darkness taint thy sight;  
To thee new heat, new light,  
Shall from this object come;  
Whose praises if thou now wilt sound aright,  
My pen shall give thee leave hereafter to be  
dumb.

Whence shall we then begin  
To sing, or write of this,  
Where no beginning is?  
Or if we enter in,  
Where shall we end? The end is endless  
bliss;  
Thrice happy we, if well so rich a thread we spin.

For thee our strings we touch;  
Thou that art Three, and One,  
Whose essence though unknown,  
Believ'd is to be such;  
To whom whate'er we give, we give thine own,  
And yet no mortal tongue can give to thee so  
much.

See how in vain we try  
To find some type, to agree  
With this great One in Three;  
Yet can none such descry:  
If any like, or second were to thee,  
Thy hidden nature then were not so deep and  
high.

Now to this topless hill,  
Let us ascend more near;

Yet still within the sphere  
Of our connatural skill,  
We may behold how in our souls we bear  
An understanding power, joined with effectual  
will.

We can no higher go  
To search this point divine ;  
Here it doth chiefly shine,  
This image must it show :  
These steps as helps our humble minds in-  
cline,  
To embrace those certain grounds, which from true  
faith must flow.

To him these notes direct,  
Who not with outward hands,  
Nor by his strong commands,  
Whence creatures take effect,  
While perfectly himself he understands,  
Begets another self, with equal glory decked.

From these, the spring of love,  
The Holy Ghost proceeds,  
Who our affection feeds  
With those clear flames which move  
From that eternal essence which them breeds,  
And strike into our souls, as lightning from  
above.

Stay, stay, Parnassian girl,  
Here thy descriptions faint :  
Thou human shapes canst paint,  
And canst compare to pearl

White teeth, and speak of lips which rubies  
taint,  
Resembling beauteous eyes to orbs that swiftly  
whirl;

But now thou mayst perceive  
The weakness of thy wings,  
And that thy noblest strings  
To muddy objects cleave:  
Then praise with humble silence heavenly things;  
And what is more than this, to still devotion leave.

---

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE WORLD,  
A PILGRIM, AND VIRTUE.

PILGRIM.

WHAT darkness clouds my senses? Hath the  
day  
Forgot his season, and the sun his way?  
Doth God withdraw his all-sustaining might,  
And works no more with his fair creature—light,  
While heaven and earth for such a loss complain,  
And turn to rude unformed heaps again?  
My paces with entangling briers are bound,  
And all this forest in deep silence drown'd;  
Here must my labour and my journey cease,  
By which in vain I sought for rest and peace;  
But now perceive that man's unquiet mind  
In all his ways can only darkness find.  
Here must I starve and die, unless some light  
Point out the passage from this dismal night.



## WORLD.

Distressed pilgrim, let not causeless fear  
Depress thy hopes, for thou hast comfort near,  
Which thy dull heart with splendour shall i  
spire,

And guide thee to thy period of desire.  
Clear up thy brows, and raise thy fainting eyes ;  
See how my glittering palace open lies  
For weary passengers, whose desperate case  
I pity, and provide a resting place.

## PILGRIM.

O thou whose speeches sound, whose beauti  
shine  
Not like a creature, but some power divine,  
Teach me thy style, thy worth and state declare,  
Whose glories in this desert hidden are.

## WORLD.

I am thine end ; Felicity my name ;  
The best of wishes, pleasures, riches, fame,  
Are humble vassals which my throne attend,  
And make you mortals happy when I send :  
In my left hand delicious fruits I hold,  
To feed them who with mirth and ease grow old,  
Afraid to lose the fleeting days and nights ;  
They seize on times, and spend it in delights.  
My right hand with triumphant crowns is stor'd,  
Which all the kings of former times ador'd :  
These gifts are thine : then enter where no strife,  
No grief, no pain shall interrupt thy life.

## VIRTUE.

Stay, hasty wretch, here deadly serpents dwell,  
And thy next step is on the brink of hell :  
Wouldst thou, poor weary man, thy limbs repose ?  
Behold my house, where true contentment grows ;  
Not like the baits, which this seducer gives,  
Whose bliss a day, whose torment ever lives.

## WORLD.

Regard not these vain speeches, let them go ;  
This is a poor worm, my contemned foe,  
Bold threadbare Virtue ; who dare promise more  
From empty bags, than I from all my store ;  
Whose counsels make men draw unquiet breath,  
Expecting to be happy after death.

## VIRTUE.

Canst thou now make, or hast thou ever made  
Thy servants happy in those things that fade ?  
Hear this my challenge, one example bring  
Of such perfection ; let him be the king  
Of all the world, fearing no outward check,  
And guiding others by his voice or beck :  
Yet shall this man at every moment find  
More gall than honey in his restless mind.  
Now, monster, since my words have struck thee  
dumb,  
Behold this garland, whence such virtues come ;  
Such glories shine, such piercing beams are thrown,  
As make thee blind, and turn thee to a stone.  
And thou, whose wandering feet were running  
down

The infernal steepness, look upon this crown :  
Within these folds lie hidden no deceits,  
No golden lures, on which perdition waits;  
But when thine eyes the prickly thorns have past,  
See in the circle boundless joys at last.

## PILGRIM.

These things are now most clear, thee I embrace:  
Immortal wreath, let worldings count thee base ;  
Choice is thy matter, glorious is thy shape,  
Fit crown for them who tempting dangers scape.

---

## IN DESOLATION.

O THOU, who sweetly bend'st my stubborn will,  
Who send'st thy stripes to teach, and not to kill ;  
Thy cheerful face from me no longer hide,  
Withdraw these clouds, the scourges of my pride:  
I sink to hell, if I be lower thrown ;  
I see what man is, being left alone.  
My substance, which from nothing did begin,  
Is worse than nothing by the weight of sin :  
I see myself in such a wretched state,  
As neither thoughts conceive, or words relate.  
How great a distance parts us ! for in thee  
Is endless good, and boundless ill in me.  
All creatures prove me abject, but how low,  
Thou only know'st, and teachest me to know :  
To paint this baseness, nature is too base ;  
This darkness yields not but to beams of grace.  
Where shall I then this piercing splendour find ?  
Or, found, how shall it guide me being blind ?

Grace is a taste of bliss, a glorious gift,  
Which can the soul to heavenly comforts lift :  
It will not shine to me whose mind is drown'd  
In sorrows, and with worldly troubles bound.  
It will not deign within that house to dwell,  
Where dryness reigns, and proud distractions  
swell.

Perhaps it sought me in those lightsome days  
Of my first fervour, when few winds did raise  
The waves, and ere they could full strength obtain,  
Some whispering gale strait charm'd them down  
again ;

When all seemed calm, and yet the Virgin's Child  
On my devotions in his manger smil'd ;  
While then I simply walk'd, nor heed could  
take

Of complacence, that sly deceitful snake ;  
When yet I had not dangerously refus'd  
So many calls to virtue, nor abus'd  
The spring of life, which I so oft enjoy'd,  
Nor made so many good intentions void,  
Deserving thus that grace should quite depart,  
And dreadful hardness should possess my heart :  
Yet in that state this only good I found,  
That fewer spots did then my conscience wound ;  
Though who can censure, whether in those times,  
The want of feeling seem'd the want of crimes ?  
If solid virtues dwell not but in pain,  
I will not wish that golden age again,  
Because it flow'd with sensible delights  
Of heavenly things : God hath created nights  
As well as days, to deck the varied globe ;  
Grace comes as oft clad in the dusky robe  
Of desolation, as in white attire,

Which better fits the bright celestial quire.  
Some in foul seasons perish through despair;  
But more through boldness, when the days are fair.  
This then must be the med'cine for my woes,  
To yield to what my Saviour shall dispose;  
To glory in my baseness; to rejoice  
In mine afflictions; to obey his voice,  
As well when threat'nings my defects reprove,  
As when I cherish'd am with words of love;  
To say to him in every time and place—  
Withdraw thy comforts, so thou leave thy grace.

---

## IN SPIRITUAL COMFORT.

ENOUGH delight, O mine eternal good!  
I fear to perish in this fiery flood;  
And doubt, lest beams of such a glorious light  
Should rather blind me, than extend my sight:  
For how dare mortals here their thoughts erect  
To taste those joys which they in heaven expect?  
But God invites them in his boundless love,  
And lifts their heavy minds to things above.  
Who would not follow such a powerful guide  
Immidst of flames, or through the raging tide?  
What careless soul will not admire the grace  
Of such a Lord, who knows the dangerous place  
In which his servants live; their native woes,  
Their weak defence, and fury of their foes;  
And casting down to earth these golden chains,  
From hell's steep brink their sliding steps restrains?  
His dear affection flies with wings of haste;  
He will not stay till this short life be past:

But in this vale where tears of grief abound,  
He oft with tears of joy his friends hath drown'd.  
Man, what desir'st thou? wouldst thou purchase  
health,

Great honour, perfect pleasure, peace, and wealth?

All these are here, and in their glory reign:

In other things these names are false and vain.

True wisdom bids us to this banquet haste,

That precious nectar may renew the taste

Of Eden's dainties, by our parents lost

For one poor apple, which so dear would cost,

That ev'ry man a double death should pay;

But mercy comes the latter stroke to stay,

And (leaving mortal bodies to the knife

Of justice) strives to save the better life.

No sovereign med'cine can be half so good

Against destruction, as this angels' food;

This inward illustration, when it finds

A seat in humble and indifferent minds.

If wretched men condemn a sun so bright,

Dispos'd to stray and stumble in the night,

And seek contentment where they oft have known

By dear experience, that there can be none;

They would much more neglect their God, their  
end,

If aught were found whereon they might depend,

Within the compass of the general frame;

Or if some sparks of this celestial flame

Had not engraved this sentence in their breast:

In him that made them is their only rest.

---

## AGAINST INORDINATE LOVE OF CREATURES.

AH ! who would love a creature ? who would place  
His heart, his treasure in a thing so base ?  
Which time consuming, like a moth, destroys,  
And stealing death will rob him of his joys.  
Why lift we not our minds above this dust ?  
Have we not yet perceived that God is just,  
And hath ordain'd the objects of our love  
To be our scourges, when we wanton prove ?  
Go, careless man, in vain delights proceed,  
Thy fancies, and thine outward senses feed ;  
And bind thyself, thy fellow-servants' thrall :  
Love one too much, thou art a slave to all.  
Consider when thou follow'st seeming good,  
And drown'st thyself too deep in flesh and blood,  
Thou, making suit to dwell with woes and fears,  
Art sworn their soldier in the vale of tears :  
The bread of sorrow shall be thy repast ;  
Expect not Eden in a thorny waste,  
Where grow no fair trees, no smooth rivers swell,  
Here only losses and afflictions dwell.  
These thou bewail'st with a repining voice,  
Yet knew'st before that mortal was thy choice.  
Admirers of false pleasures must sustain  
The weight and sharpness of ensuing pain.

---

AN EPITAPH UPON MY DEAR BROTHER,  
FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

ON death, thy murd'rer, this revenge I take :—  
I slight this terror, and just question make,

Which of us two the best precedence have,  
Mine to this wretched world, thine to the grave :  
Thou shouldst have follow'd me, but death to  
blame,

Miscounted years, and measur'd age by fame.  
So dearly hast thou bought thy precious lines,  
Their praise grew swiftly ; so thy life declines :  
Thy muse, the hearer's queen, the reader's love,  
All ears, all hearts, but death's, could please and  
move.

---

ON MY DEAR SON, GERVASE BEAUMONT.

CAN I, who have for others oft compil'd  
The songs of death, forget my sweetest child ;  
Which like a flow'r crush'd with a blast, is dead,  
And ere full time hangs down his smiling head,  
Expecting with clear hope to live anew,  
Among the angels fed with heavenly dew ?  
We have this sign of joy, that many days,  
While on the earth his struggling spirit stays,  
The name of Jesus in his mouth contains  
His only food, his sleep, his ease from pains.  
O may that sound be rooted in my mind,  
Of which in him such strong effect I find !  
Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning love  
To me was like a friendship, far above  
The course of nature, or his tender age ;  
Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage :  
Let his pure soul—ordain'd seven years to be  
In that frail body, which was part of me—  
Remain my pledge in heaven, as sent to show  
How to this port at every step I go.



TO THE MEMORY OF THE LEARNED AND  
RELIGIOUS FREDINANDO PULTON, ESQ.

As at a joyful marriage, or the birth  
Of some long-wished child ; or when the earth  
Yields plenteous fruit, and makes the ploughman  
sing ;

Such is the sound, and subject of my string :  
Ripe age, full virtue need no funeral song ;  
Here mournful tunes would grace and nature wrong.  
Why should vain sorrow follow him with tears,  
Who shakes off burdens of declining years ?  
Whose thread exceeds the usual bounds of life,  
And feels no stroke of any fatal knife ?  
The destinies enjoin their wheels to run,  
Until the length of his whole course be spun.  
No envious cloud obscures his struggling light,  
Which sets contented at the point of night :  
Yet this large time no greater profit brings,  
Than ev'ry little moment whence it springs ;  
Unless employ'd in works deserving praise,  
Most wear out many years, and live few days.  
Time flows from instants, and of these each one  
Should be esteem'd, as if it were alone  
The shortest space, which we so lightly prize  
When it is coming, and before our eyes :  
Let it but slide into the eternal main,  
No realms, no worlds can purchase it again :  
Remembrance only makes the footsteps last,  
When winged time, which fixt the prints, is past.  
This he well knowing, all occasions tries  
To enrich his own and others' learned eyes.  
This noble end, not hope of gain, did draw  
His mind to travail in the knotty law ;

That was to him by serious labour made  
A science, which to many is a trade ;  
Who purchase lands, build houses by their tongue,  
And study right, that they may practise wrong.  
His books were his rich purchases ; his fees  
That praise which fame to painful works decrees :  
His mem'ry hath a surer ground than theirs  
Who trust in stately tombs or wealthy heirs.



## WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

BORN 1585; DIED 1649.

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DRUMMOND—of Hawthornden, as he is commonly styled—united in an eminent degree the characters of poet and historian. He wrote the history of his country during the reigns of the five first Jameses: his poems consist of Sonnets, Epigrams, Epitaphs, and some larger pieces; of which many are on moral and sacred subjects. In the latter, genuine feeling and a natural sweetness and simplicity maintain a successful struggle with the artificial manner fashionable in his time. His sonnets have received the highest praise from critics of distinguished taste and judgment; who have ranked them among the most perfect specimens of this kind of composition.

Drummond maintained, in his retreat at Hawthornden, a friendly correspondence with some eminent English poets; in particular, with Jonson; among the best-known occurrences of whose life is his journey on foot into Scotland, to visit his friend, in 1618. He was a good man, a sound patriot, and a sincere Christian.



## WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

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### SONNETS.

#### I.

O! IT is not to me, bright lamp of day,  
That in the east thou show'st thy golden face;  
O! it is not to me thou leav'st that sea,  
And in those azure lists beginn'st thy race.  
Thou shin'st not to the dead in any place;  
And I dead from this world am past away,  
Or if I seem, a shadow, yet to stay,  
It is a while but to bewail my case.  
My mirth is lost, my comforts are dismay'd,  
And unto sad mishaps their place do yield;  
My knowledge represents a bloody field,  
Where I my hopes and helps see prostrate laid.  
So plaintful is life's course which I have run,  
That I do wish it never had begun.

#### II.

TRIUMPHING chariots, statutes, crowns of bays,  
Sky-treat'ning arches, the rewards of worth,

Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious lays,  
Which men divine unto the world set forth :  
States which ambitious minds, in blood, do raise,  
From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Gange,  
Gigantic frames, held wonders rarely strange,  
Like spiders' webs, are made the sport of days :  
Nothing is constant but inconstant change ;  
What 's done still is undone, and when undone  
Into some other fashion doth it range :  
Thus goes the floating world beneath the moon ;  
Wherefore my mind above time, motion, place,  
Rise up, and steps unknown to nature trace.

## III.

Too long I followed have my fond desire,  
And too long painted on the ocean streams,  
Too long refreshment sought amidst the fire,  
Pursu'd those joys which to my soul are blames.  
Ah, when I had what most I did admire,  
And seen of life's delights the last extremes,  
I found all but a rose hedg'd with a brier,  
A nought, a thought, a masquerade of dreams.  
Henceforth on thee, my only good, I'll think,  
For only thou canst grant what I do crave :  
Thy nail my pen shall be ; thy blood mine ink ;  
Thy winding-sheet my paper ; study, grave :  
And till my soul forth of this body flee,  
No hope I'll have, but only, only thee.

## IV.

To spread the azure canopy of heaven,  
And spangle it all with sparks of burning gold,

To place this ponderous globe of earth so even,  
That it should all, and nought should it uphold ;  
With motions strange t' indue the planets seven,  
And Jove to make so mild, and Mars so bold ;  
To temper what is moist, dry, hot, and cold,  
Of all their jars that sweet accords are given ;—  
Lord, to thy wisdom's nought, nought to thy might :  
But that thou shouldst, thy glory laid aside,  
Come basely in mortality to bide,  
And die for those deserv'd an endless night ;  
    A wonder is so far above our wit,  
    That angels stand amaz'd to think on it.

## V.

Doth then the world go thus, doth all thus move ?  
Is this the justice which on earth we find ?  
Is this that firm decree which all doth bind ?  
Are these your influences, Pow'rs above ?  
Those souls which Vice's moody mists most blind,  
Blind Fortune, blindly, most their friend doth  
    prove ;  
And they who thee, poor idol, Virtue ! love,  
Ply like a feather toss'd by storm and wind.  
Ah ! if a providence doth sway this all,  
Why should best minds groan under most distress ?  
Or why should Pride humility make thrall,  
And injuries the innocent oppress ?  
    Heav'ns ! hinder, stop this fate ; or grant a time  
    When good may have, as well as bad, their prime.

---



## HUMAN FRAILTY.

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,  
A beauty fading like the April flow'rs,  
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combin'd,  
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,  
A honour that more fickle is than wind,  
A glory at opinion's frown that low'rs,  
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,  
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,  
A vain delight our equals to command,  
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,  
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,  
A servile lot deck'd with a pompous name,—  
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,  
Till wisest death make us our errors know.

---

## NO TRUST IN TIME.

Look how the flow'r, which ling'ringly doth fade,  
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,  
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,  
As high as it did raise, bows low the head :  
Just so the pleasures of my life being dead,  
Or in their contraries but only seen,  
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,  
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.  
Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night  
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,  
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright  
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day :  
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,  
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

## FOR THE PRODIGAL.

I CHANGED countries new delights to find,  
But, ah ! for pleasure I did find new pain ;  
Enchanting pleasure so did reason blind,  
That father's love and words I scorn'd as vain.  
For tables rich, for bed, for following train  
Of careful servants to observe my mind ;  
These herds I keep my fellows are assign'd,  
My bed's a rock, and herbs my life sustain.  
Now while I famine feel, fear worser harms,  
Father and Lord, I turn ; thy love, yet great,  
My faults will pardon, pity mine estate.

This, where an aged oak had spread its arms,  
Thought the lost child, while as the herds he  
    led,  
And pined with hunger on wild acorns fed.

---

## FOR THE PASSION.

If that the world doth in amaze remain,  
To hear in what a sad, deploring mood,  
The pelican pours from her breast her blood,  
To bring to life her younglings back again ;  
How should we wonder at that sovereign good,  
Who from that serpent's sting that had us slain,  
To save our lives, shed his life's purple flood,  
And turn'd to endless joy our endless pain !  
Ungrateful soul, that charm'd with false delight,  
Hast long, long wander'd in sin's flow'ry path,

And didst not think at all, or thought'st not right  
On this thy Pelican's great love and death.

Here pause, and let (though earth it scorn) heaven see

Thee pour forth tears to him pour'd blood for thee.

---

#### TO THE ANGELS, FOR THE PASSION.

COME forth, come forth, ye blest triumphing  
bands,

Fair citizens of the immortal town ;

COME, see that King which all this all commands,

Now overcharg'd with love, die for his own :

Look on those nails which pierce his feet and  
hands ;

What a sharp diadem his brows doth crown !

Behold his pallid face, his heavy frown,

And what a throng of thieves him mocking stands !

COME forth, ye empyrean troops, come forth,

Preserve this sacred blood that earth adorns,

Gather those liquid roses off his thorns ;

O ! to be lost they be of too much worth :

For streams, juice, balm, they are, which quench,  
kills, charms,

Of God, death, hell, the wrath, the life, the harms.

---

#### THE PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE.

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,

Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,

Though solitary, who is not alone,  
But doth converse with that eternal love.  
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,  
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,  
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's  
    throne,  
Which good make doubtful, do the evil prove !  
O how more sweet is zephyrs' wholesome breath,  
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,  
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !  
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold !  
    The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights :  
    Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

---

## TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours  
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,  
Well pleased with delights which present are,  
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling  
    flow'rs ;  
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bow'rs :  
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,  
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,  
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.  
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs  
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven  
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,  
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven ?  
    Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise  
    To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

## CONTENT AND RESOLUTE.

As when it happeneth that some lovely town  
Unto a barbarous besieger falls,  
Who both by sword and flame himself instals,  
And shameless it in tears and blood doth drown;  
Her beauty spoil'd, her citizens made thralls,  
His spite yet cannot so her all throw down,  
But that some statue, pillar of renown,  
Yet lurks unmaim'd within her weeping walls:  
So after all the spoil, disgrace and wreck,  
That time, the world, and death, could bring com-  
bin'd,  
Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,  
Safe and all scarless yet remains my mind:  
From this so high transcendent rapture springs,  
That I, all else defac'd, not envy kings.

---

THE BLESSEDNESS OF FAITHFUL SOULS BY  
DEATH.

LET us each day inure ourselves to die,  
If this, and not our fears, be truly death,  
Above the circles both of hope and faith  
With fair immortal pinions to fly;  
If this be death, our best part to untie  
By ruining the gaol, from lust and wrath,  
And every drowsy langour here beneath,  
To be made deniz'd citizen of sky;  
To have more knowledge than all books contain,  
All pleasures even surmounting wishing pow'r,

The fellowship of God's immortal train,  
And these that time nor force shall e'er devour :  
If this be death, what joy, what golden care  
Of life, can with death's ugliness compare ?

---

## THE PERMANENCY OF LIFE

LIFE a right shadow is;  
For if it long appear,  
Then it is spent, and death's long night draws near;  
Shadows are moving, light,  
And is there aught so moving as is this ?  
When it is most in sight,  
It steals away, and none knows how or where ;  
So near our cradles to our coffins are.

---

## AN HYMN OF TRUE HAPPINESS.

AMIDST the azure clear  
Of Jordan's sacred streams,  
Jordan, of Lebanon the offspring dear,  
When zephyrs' flow'rs uncloze,  
And sun shines with new beams,  
With grave and stately grace a nymph arose.  
Upon her head she wore  
Of amaranths a crown ;  
Her left hand palms, her right a torch did bear ;  
Unveil'd skin's whiteness lay,  
Gold hairs in curls hung down,  
Eyes sparkled joy, more bright than star of day.

The flood a throne her rear'd  
Of waves, most like that heaven  
Where beaming stars in glory turn enspher'd :  
The air stood calm and clear,  
No sigh by winds was given,  
Birds left to sing, herds feed, her voice to hear.  
World-wand'ring sorry wights,  
Whom nothing can content  
Within these varying lists of days and nights,  
Whose life, ere known amiss,  
In glitt'ring griefs is spent,  
Come learn, said she, what is your choicest  
bliss :  
From toil and pressing cares  
How ye may respite find,  
A sanctuary from soul-thralling snares ;  
A port to harbour sure,  
In spite of waves and wind,  
Which shall, when time's swift glass is run, en-  
dure.  
Not happy is that life  
Which you as happy hold ;  
No, but a sea of fears, a field of strife,  
Charg'd on a throne to sit  
With diadems of gold,  
Preserv'd by force, and still observ'd by wit.  
Huge treasures to enjoy,  
Of all her gems spoil Inde,  
All Seres' silk in garments to employ,  
Deliciously to feed,  
The phœnix' plumes to find  
To rest upon, or deck your purple bed,  
Frail beauty to abuse,  
And, wanton Sybarites,  
On past or present touch of sense to muse ;

Never to hear of noise  
But what the ear delights,  
Sweet music's charms, or charming flatterer's  
voice.

Nor can it bliss you bring,  
Hid nature's depths to know,  
Why matter changeth, whence each form doth  
spring ;

Nor that your fame should range,  
And after-worlds it blow  
From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.

All these have not the pow'r  
To free the mind from fears,  
Nor hideous horror can allay one hour,  
When Death in stealth doth glance,  
In sickness lurks or years,  
And wakes the soul from out her mortal trance.

No, but blest life is this,  
With chaste and pure desire  
To turn unto the load-star of all bliss ;  
On God the mind to rest,  
Burnt up with sacred fire,  
Possessing him to be by him possest :

When to the balmy east  
Sun doth his light impart,  
Or when he diveth in the lowly west,  
And ravisheth the day,  
With spotless hand and heart,  
Him cheerfully to praise, and to him pray :

To heed each action so  
As ever in his sight,  
More fearing doing ill than passive woe ;  
Not to seem other thing  
Than what ye are aright ;  
Never to do what may repentance bring :



Not to be blown with pride,  
Nor mov'd at glory's breath,  
Which shadow-like on wings of time doth glide;  
So malice to disarm,  
And conquer hasty wrath,  
As to do good to those that work your harm :  
To hatch no base desires,  
Or gold or land to gain,  
Well pleas'd with that which virtue fair acquires;  
To have the wit and will  
Consorting in one strain,  
Than what is good to have no higher skill :  
Never on neighbour's goods,  
With cockatrice's eye  
To look, nor make another's heaven your hell ;  
Nor to be beauty's thrall ;  
All fruitless love to fly,  
Yet loving still a love transcendent all ;  
A love, which while it burns  
The soul with fairest beams,  
To that increated sun the soul it turns,  
And makes such beauty prove,  
That, if sense saw her gleams,  
All lookers-on would pine and die for love.  
Who such a life doth live  
You happy even may call,  
Ere ruthless Death a wished end him give ;  
And after then when given,  
More happy by his fall,  
For humans earth, enjoying angels, heaven.  
Swift is your mortal race,  
And glassy is the field ;  
Vast are desires not limited by grace :  
Life a weak taper is ;  
Then while it light doth yield,  
Leave flying joys, embrace this lasting bliss.

This when the nymph had said,  
She div'd within the flood,  
Whose face with smiling curls long after staid ;  
Then sighs did zephyrs press,  
Birds sang from every wood,  
And echoes rang, This was true happiness.

---

## A PRAYER FOR MANKIND.

GREAT God, whom we with humbled thoughts  
adore,  
Eternal, infinite, almighty King,  
Whose dwellings heaven transcend, whose throne  
before  
Archangels serve, and seraphim do sing ;  
Of nought who wrought all that with wond'ring  
eyes  
We do behold within this various round ;  
Who makes the rocks to rock, to stand the skies ;  
At whose command clouds peals of thunder sound :  
Ah ! spare us worms, weigh not how we, alas !  
Evil to ourselves, against thy laws rebel ;  
Wash off those spots, which still in conscience'  
glass,  
Though we be loath to look, we see too well.  
Deserv'd revenge, O ! do not, do not take :  
If thou revenge, who shall abide thy blow ?  
Pass shall this world, this world which thou didst  
make,  
Which should not perish till thy trumpet blow.  
What soul is found whom parents' crime not  
stains ?  
Or what with its own sins defil'd is not ?

Though Justice rigour threaten, yet her reins  
Let Mercy guide, and never be forgot.

Less are our faults, far, far, than is thy love :  
O ! what can better seem thy grace divine,  
Than they, who plagues deserve, thy bounty prove ?  
And where thou show'r may'st vengeance, there to  
shine,

Then look and pity ; pitying, forgive  
Us guilty slaves, or servants now in thrall ;  
Slaves, if, alas ! thou look how we do live,  
Or doing ill, or doing nought at all ;  
Of an ungrateful mind the foul effect.  
But if thy gifts, which largely heretofore  
Thou hast upon us pour'd, thou dost respect,  
We are thy servants, nay, than servants more  
Thy children ; yes, and children dearly bought :  
But what strange chance us of this lot bereaves ?  
Poor, worthless wights, how lowly are we brought !  
Whom grace once children made, sin hath made  
slaves.

Sin hath made slaves, but let those bands grace  
break,

That in our wrongs thy mercies may appear :  
Thy wisdom not so mean is, pow'r so weak,  
But thousand ways they can make worlds thee fear.

O wisdom boundless ! O miraculous grace !  
Grace, wisdom, which make wink dim Reason's  
eye !

And could heaven's King bring from his placeless  
place,

On this ignoble stage of care to die ;  
To die our death, and with the sacred stream  
Of blood and water gushing from his side,  
To make us clean of that contagious blame,  
First on us brought by our first parent's pride !

Thus thy great love and pity, heavenly King!  
Love, pity, which so well our loss prevent,  
Of evil itself, lo! could all goodness bring,  
And sad beginning cheer with glad event.  
O love and pity! ill known of these times!  
O love and pity! careful of our need!  
O bounties! which our horrid acts and crimes,  
Grown numberless, contend near to exceed.  
Make this excessive ardour of thy love  
So warm our coldness, so our lives renew,  
That we from sin, sin may from us remove,  
Wisdom our will, faith may our wit subdue.  
Let thy pure love burn up all worldly lust,  
Hell's candied poison killing our best part,  
Which makes us joy in toys, adore frail dust  
Instead of thee, in temple of our heart.

Grant, when at last our souls these bodies leave,  
Their loathsome shops of sin and mansions blind,  
And doom before thy royal seat receive,  
They may a Saviour, not a judge, thee find.

---

MADRIGAL.

THIS life, which seems so fair,  
Is like a bubble blown up in the air,  
By sporting children's breath,  
Who chase it everywhere,  
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.  
And though it sometimes seem of its own might  
Like to an eye of gold to be fix'd there,  
And firm to hover in that empty height,  
That only is because it is so light.  
But in that pomp it doth not long appear;

For when 'tis most admired, in a thought,  
Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought.

---

## SONG.

IF autumn was, and on our hemisphere  
Fair Ericine began bright to appear,  
Night westward did her gemmy world decline,  
And hide her lights, that greater light might  
shine :

The crested bird had given alarum twice  
To lazy mortals to unlock their eyes ;  
The owl had left to plain, and from each thorn  
The wing'd musicians did salute the morn,  
Who (while she dress'd her locks in Ganges'  
streams)

Set open wide the crystal port of dreams :  
When I, whose eyes no drowsy night could close,  
In Sleep's soft arms did quietly repose,  
And, for that heavens to die did me deny,  
Death's image kissed, and as dead did lie.  
I lay as dead, but scarce charm'd were my cares,  
And slaked scarce my sighs, scarce dried my tears,  
Sleep scarce the ugly figures of the day  
Had with his sable pencil put away,  
And left me in a still and calmy mood,  
When by my bed methought a virgin stood ;  
A virgin in the blooming of her prime, -  
If such rare beauty measur'd be by time.  
Her head a garland wore of opals bright,  
About her flow'd a gown like purest light ;  
Pure amber locks gave umbrage to her face,  
Where modesty high majesty did grace ;

Her eyes such beams sent forth, that but with pain  
My weaker sight their sparklings could sustain.  
No feigned deity which haunts the woods  
Is like to her, nor syren of the floods :  
Such is the golden planet of the year,  
When blushing in the east he doth appear,  
Her grace did beauty, voice yet grace did pass,  
Which thus through pearls and rubies broken was.

How long wilt thou, (said she,) estrang'd from joy,  
Paint shadows to thyself of false annoy ;  
How long thy mind with horrid shapes affright,  
And in imaginary ills delight ;  
Esteem that loss which (well when view'd) is gain,  
Or if a loss, yet not a loss to plain ?

O leave thy plaintful soul more to molest,  
And think that woe when shortest then is best.  
If she for whom thou thus dost deaf the sky  
Be dead, what then ? was she not born to die ?  
Was she not mortal born ? If thou dost grieve  
That times should be in which she should not live,  
Ere e'er she was weep that day's wheel was roll'd,  
Weep that she liv'd not in the age of gold.  
For that she was not then thou may'st deplore,  
As well as that she now can be no more.

If only she had died, thou sure hadst cause  
To blame the Fates, and their too iron laws.  
But look how many millions her advance,  
What numbers with her enter in this dance,  
With those which are to come : shall Heavens  
them stay,

And the universe dissolve, thee to obey ?  
As birth, death, which so much thee doth appal,  
A piece is of the life of this great All.  
Strong cities die, die do high palmy reigns,  
And fondling thou thus to be us'd complains !

If she be dead, then she of loathsome days  
Hath pass'd the line whose length but loss bewrays;  
Then she hath left this filthy stage of care,  
Where pleasure seldom, woe doth still repair.  
For all the pleasures which it doth contain  
Not countervail the smallest minute's pain.  
And tell me, thou who dost so much admire  
This little vapour, this poor spark of fire,  
Which life is call'd, what doth it thee bequeath  
But some few years which birth draws out to death?  
Which if thou parallel with lustres run,  
Or those whose courses are but now begun,  
In days' great numbers they shall less appear,  
Than with the sea when matched is a tear.  
But why shouldst thou here longer wish to be?  
One year doth serve all Nature's pomp to see.  
Nay, even one day, and night : this moon, that sun,  
Those lesser fires about this round which run,  
Be but the same which under Saturn's reign  
Did the serpentine seasons interchain.  
How oft doth life grow less by living long!  
And what excelleth but what dieth young?  
For age, which all abhor, yet would embrace,  
Doth make the mind as wrinkled as the face.  
Then leave laments, and think thou didst not live,  
Laws to that first eternal Cause to give;  
But to obey those laws which he hath given,  
And bow unto the just decrees of Heaven,  
Which cannot err, whatever foggy mists  
Do blind men in these sublunary lists.  
But what if she for whom thou spend'st those  
groans,  
And wastes thy life's dear torch in ruthless moans,  
She for whose sake thou hat'st the joyful light,  
Court'st solitary shades and irksome night,

Doth live? Ah! (if thou canst) through tears, a  
space,

Lift thy dimm'd lights, and look upon this face ;  
Look if those eyes which, fool! thou didst adore,  
Shine not more bright than they were wont before.  
Look if those roses death could aught impair,  
Those roses which thou once saidst were so fair :  
And if these locks have lost aught of that gold,  
Which once they had when thou them didst behold.  
I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,  
And still shalt be till thou be like me made.  
Alas! while we are wrapt in gowns of earth,  
And, blind, here suck the air of woe beneath,  
Each thing in sense's balances we weigh,  
And but with toil and pain the truth descry.

Above this vast and admirable frame,  
This temple visible, which world we name,  
Within those walls so many lamps do burn,  
So many arches with cross motions turn, '   
Where th' elemental brothers nurse their strife,  
And by intestine wars maintain their life;  
There is a world, a world of perfect bliss,  
Pure, immaterial, bright, as far from this  
As that high circle which the rest enspheres  
Is from this dull, ignoble vale of tears :  
A world where all is found, that here is found,  
But further discrepant than heaven and ground :  
It hath an earth, as hath this world of yours,  
With creatures peopled, and adorn'd with flow'rs ;  
It hath a sea, like sapphire girdle cast,  
Which decks of the harmonious shores the waste ;  
It hath pure fire, it hath delicious air,  
Moon, sun, and stars, heavens wonderfully fair :  
Flow'rs never there do fade, trees grow not old,  
No creature dieth there through heat or cold ;



Sea there not tossed is, nor air made black,  
Fire doth not greedy feed on others' wrack :  
There heavens be not constrain'd about to range,  
For this world hath no need of any change :  
Minutes mount not to hours, nor hours to days,  
Days make no months, but ever-blooming Mays.

Here I remain, and hitherward do tend  
All who their span of days in virtue spend :  
Whatever pleasant this low place contains,  
Is but a glance of what above remains.  
Those who (perchance) think there can nothing be  
Beyond this wide expansion which they see,  
And that nought else mounts stars' circumference,  
For that nought else is subject to their sense,  
Feel such a case, as one whom some abime  
In the deep ocean kept had all his time :  
Who, born and nourish'd there, cannot believe  
That elsewhere aught without those waves can  
live ;

Cannot believe that there be temples, tow'rs,  
Which go beyond his caves and dampish bow'rs :  
Or there be other people, manners, laws,  
Than what he finds within the churlish waves :  
That sweeter flow'rs do spring than grow on rocks,  
Or beasts there are excel the scaly flocks :  
That other elements are to be found,  
Than is the water and this ball of ground,  
But think that man from this abime being brought,  
Did see what curious Nature here hath wrought ;  
Did view the meads, the tall and shady woods,  
And mark'd the hills, and the clear rolling floods,  
And all the beasts which Nature forth doth bring,  
The feather'd troops that fly and sweetly sing :  
Observ'd the palaces, and cities fair,  
Men's fashion of life, the fire, the air,

The brightness of the sun that dims his sight,  
The moon, and splendours of the painted night :  
What sudden rapture would his mind surprise,  
How would he his late dear resort despise,  
How would he muse how foolish he had been,  
To think all nothing but what there was seen !  
Why do we get this high and vast desire,  
Unto immortal things still to aspire ?  
Why doth our mind extend it beyond time,  
And to that highest happiness even climb ?  
For we are more than what to sense we seem,  
And more than dust us worldlings do esteem ;  
We be not made for earth though here we come,  
More than the embryo for the mother's womb :  
It weeps to be made free, and we complain  
To leave this loathsome gaol of care and pain.

But thou who vulgar footsteps dost not trace, .  
Learn to rouse up thy mind to view this place,  
And what earth-creeping mortals most affect,  
If not at all to scorn, yet to neglect :  
Seek not vain shadows, which when once obtain'd  
Are better lost than with such travail gain'd.  
Think that on earth what worldlings greatness call,  
Is but a glorious title to live thrall :  
That sceptres, diadems, and chairs of state,  
Not in themselves, but to small minds are great :  
That those who loftiest mount do hardest light,  
And deepest falls be from the highest height :  
That fame an echo is, and all renown  
Like to a blasted rose, ere night falls down :  
And though it something were, think how this  
    round  
Is but a little point which doth it bound.  
O leave that love which reacheth but to dust,  
And in that love eternal only trust,

And beauty, which when once it is possest  
Can only fill the soul, and make it blest.  
Pale envy, jealous emulations, fears,  
Sighs, plaints, remorse, here have no place, nor  
tears :

False joys, vain hopes, here be not, hate nor wrath ;  
What ends all love here most augments it—death.  
If such force had the dim glance of an eye,  
Which but some few days afterwards did die,  
That it could make thee leave all other things,  
And like a taper-fly there burn thy wings ;  
And if a voice, of late which could but wail,  
Such power had, as through ears thy soul to steal ;  
If once thou on that poorly fair couldst gaze,  
What flames of love would this within thee raise ?  
In what a musing maze would it thee bring,  
To hear but once that choir celestial sing ?  
The fairest shapes on which thy love did seize,  
Which erst did breed delight, then would displease ;  
But discords hoarse were earth's enticing sounds,  
All music but a noise, which sense confounds.  
This great and burning glass which clears all eyes,  
And musters with such glory in the skies ;  
That silver star, which with her purer light  
Makes day oft envy the eye-pleasing night ;  
Those golden letters which so brightly shine  
In heaven's great volume gorgeously divine ;  
All wonders in the sea, the earth, the air,  
Be but dark pictures of that sov'reign fair,  
And tongues, which still thus cry into your ear  
(Could ye amidst world's cataracts, them hear :)  
From fading things, fond men, lift your desire,  
And in our beauty, his us made admire :  
If we seem fair, O think how fair is He,  
Of whose great fairness, shadows, steps we be.

o shadow can compare unto the face,  
 o step with that dear foot which did it trace ;  
 our souls immortal are, then place them hence,  
 and do not drown them in the midst of sense :  
 o not, O do not by false pleasure's might  
 deprive them of that true and sole delight ;  
 that happiness ye seek is not below,  
 earth's sweetest joy is but disguised woe.  
 Here did she pause, and with a mild aspect  
 look'd towards me those lamping twins direct.  
 The wonted rays I knew, and thrice essayed  
 to answer make, thrice fault'ring tongue it stay'd ;  
 and while upon that face I fed my sight,  
 I thought she vanish'd up to Titan's light ;  
 who gilding with his rays each hill and plain,  
 seem'd to have brought the golden world again.

---

#### DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

JERUSALEM, that place divine,  
 The vision of sweet peace is nam'd,  
 In heaven her glorious turrets shine,  
 Her walls of living stones are fram'd,  
     While angels guard her on each side,  
 Fit company for such a bride.

She deck'd in new attire from heaven,  
 Her wedding chamber now descends,  
 Prepar'd in marriage to be given  
 To Christ, on whom her joy depends.  
     Her walls, wherewith she is inclos'd,  
 And streets are of pure gold compos'd.

The gates, adorn'd with pearls most bright,  
The way to hidden glory show,  
And thither, by the blessed might  
Of faith in Jesus' merits go  
All these who are on earth distress'd  
Because they have Christ's name profess'd.

These stones the workmen dress and beat,  
Before they thoroughly polish'd are,  
Then each is in his proper seat  
Establish'd by the Builder's care;  
In this fair frame to stand for ever,  
So join'd that them no force can sever.

To God who sits in highest seat,  
Glory and power given be,  
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,  
Who reign in equal dignity,  
Whose boundless power we still adore,  
And sing their praise for evermore.

---

#### HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

CREATOR, Holy Ghost, descend,  
Visit our minds with thy bright flame,  
And thy celestial grace extend,  
To fill the hearts which thou dost frame;

Who Paraclete art said to be,  
Gift which the highest God bestows,  
Fountain of Life, fire, charity,  
Ointment whence ghostly blessing flows.

Thy seven-fold grace thou down didst send ;  
Of God's right hand thou finger art ;  
Thou, by the Father promised,  
Unto our mouths doth speech impart.

In our dull senses kindle light ;  
Infuse thy love into our hearts,  
Reforming with perpetual light  
The infirmities of fleshly parts.

Far from our dwelling drive our foe,  
And quickly peace unto us bring ;  
Be thou our guide, before to go,  
That we may shun each hurtful thing.

Be pleased to instruct our mind  
To know the Father and the Son ;  
The Spirit who them both dost bind,  
Let us believe, while ages run.

To God the Father glory great,  
And to the Son, who from the dead  
Arose, and to the Paraclete  
Beyond all time imagined.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

3. The third part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

4. The fourth part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

5. The fifth part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

## THOMAS HEYWOOD.

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THOMAS HEYWOOD was a remarkable instance of the prolific genius of the dramatists of the age of Elizabeth and James I. In the preface to one of his publications, he claims to be the author, entirely or in part, of no less than two hundred and twenty plays; the greater number of which are lost; but a list of twenty-four, still extant, is given in Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*. He left other works—as the “*Life of Queen Elizabeth*,” the “*General History of Women*,” and the “*Hierarchy of the Angels*.” It is from this last, a long, and, upon the whole, tedious poem, but not without powerful and even sublime passages, that the pieces which follow are extracted.





## THOMAS HEYWOOD.

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### SEARCH AFTER GOD.

sought thee round about, O thou my God !  
In thine abode.

said unto the earth, "Speak, art thou he ?"

She answer'd me,  
I am not."—I enquired of creatures all,  
In general,

contain'd therein ;—they with one voice proclaim,  
that none amongst them challenged such a name.

ask'd the seas, and all the deeps below,  
My God to know.

ask'd the reptiles, and whatever is  
In the abyss ;

even from the shrimp to the leviathan  
Enquiry ran :

but in those deserts which no line can sound,  
the God I sought for was not to be found.

ask'd the air, if that were he ? but,  
It told me *No*.

from the towering eagle to the wren,  
Demanded then,

If any feather'd fowl 'mongst them were such ?  
But they all, much  
Offended with my question, in full quire,  
Answered,—“ To find thy God thou must look  
higher.”

I ask'd the heavens, sun, moon, and stars, but they  
Said, “ We obey  
The God thou seek'st.”—I ask'd, what eye or ear  
Could see or hear ;  
What in the world I might descry or know  
Above, below :  
—With an unanimous voice, all these things  
said,  
“ We are not God, but we by him were made.”

I ask'd the world's great universal mass,  
If that God was ?  
Which with a mighty and strong voice replied,  
As stupified,  
“ I am not he, O man ! for know that I,  
By him on high,  
Was fashion'd first of nothing, thus instated,  
And sway'd by him, by whom I was created.”

I sought the court ; but smooth-tongued flattery  
there  
Deceived each ear :  
In the throng'd city there was selling, buying,  
Swearing, and lying ;  
I' the country, craft in simpleness array'd :  
And then I said,  
“ Vain is my search, although my pains be  
great—  
Where my God is there can be no deceit.”

A scrutiny within myself I, then,  
Even thus began :  
" O man, what art thou ?"—What more could I say,  
Than dust and clay ?  
Frail, mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast,  
That cannot last ;  
Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn ;  
Form'd from that earth to which I must return.

I ask'd myself, what this great God might be  
That fashion'd me ?  
I answer'd—the all-potent, solely immense,  
Surpassing sense ;  
Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternal,  
Lord over all ;  
The only terrible, strong, just, and true,  
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life, for he doth give  
To all that live,  
Both breath and being : he is the Creator  
Both of the water,  
Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that subsist,  
He hath the list ;  
Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,  
He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their names.

And now, my God, by thine illumining grace,  
Thy glorious face,  
(So far forth as it may discover'd be,)  
Methinks I see ;  
And though invisible and infinite,—  
To human sight,  
Thou, in thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest ;  
In which to our weak senses thou comest nearest.

O make us apt to seek, and quick to find,  
    Thou God, most kind !  
Give us love, hope and faith in thee to trust,  
    Thou God, most just !  
Remit all our offences, we intreat ;  
    Most Good, most Great !  
Grant that our willing, though unworthy quest  
May, through thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest.

---

#### LIMITS OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

To rip up God's great counsels who shall strive,  
    Or search how far his hidden works extend ?  
Into the treasure of his wonders dive,  
    Or think his majesty to comprehend ?  
These things are granted unto none alive.  
    For how can such as know not their own end,  
Nor can of their beginning reason show,  
Presume his power and might unspeakable to know ?

If of thyself thou canst no reason show,  
    By all the understanding thou canst claim,  
How in the womb thou first began'st to grow,  
    Or how thy life into thy body came—  
Yet all these things to be we see and know,  
    They lie before us, and we give them name :  
But, if we cannot show the reason why,  
How can we search the mysteries of the most High ?

Number we may as well the things to come,  
    Gather the scatter'd drops of the last rain,  
The sands that are upon the shores to sum,  
    Or make the wither'd flowers grow fresh again ;

e the mole eyes, or speech unto the dumb,  
 Or with small vessels th' ocean strive to drain;  
 All the glorious stars that shine by night,  
 make a sound or voice apparent to the sight.

e Forest, of its lofty cedars proud,  
 Whose spacious boughs extended near and far,  
 d from the earth the sun did seem to cloud,  
 Much glorying in its strength, thinks none should  
     bar  
 s circumscribed limits; therefore vow'd  
 Against the mighty ocean to make war,  
 lling a council of each aged tree,  
 so with unanimous consent thereto agree.

e counsel did the curled Ocean take,  
 And said, "Let us rise up against the land,  
 t's these our spacious borders larger make,  
 Nor suffer one tree in his place to stand;  
 e earth's foundations we have power to shake,  
 And all their lofty mountains countermand:  
 uch honour by this conflict may be had,  
 we to these our bounds can a new country  
     add."

t was the purpose of the forest vain,  
 For a fire came, and all the woods destroy'd;  
 d 'gainst the raging practice of the main,  
 Sands interpos'd, and its swift course annoy'd.  
 me power there was which did their spleens re-  
     strain,  
 For neither of them their intents enjoy'd.  
 vixt these I make thee umpire; use thy skill:  
 hich canst thou say did well, or which of them  
     did ill?

Both their intents were idle, thou wilt say,  
And against nature that they did devise :  
The woods were made within their bounds to  
stay,

And therefore to transgress them were unwise :  
The seas that quiet in their channels lay,

And would so proud an action enterprise—  
Be thou the judge between each undertaker,  
Whether they both rebell'd not 'gainst their Maker.

For as the earth is for the woods ordain'd,  
Fix'd there, not to remove their settled station ;  
And as the floods are in their shores restrain'd,  
But neither to exceed their ordination ;  
So must all flesh in frailty be contain'd,  
For so it hath been since the first creation ;  
And only they things heavenly understand,  
Who are in heaven, and press'd at God's almighty  
hand.

---

#### THE WICKED AND THE RIGHTEOUS.

THUS saith the atheist : Lo, our time is short,  
Therefore our few days let us spend in sport :  
From death, which threateneth us, no power can  
save,

And there is no returning from the grave :  
Born are we by mere chance, a small time seen,  
And we shall be as we had never been.  
Our breath is short, our words a spark of fire,  
Rais'd from the heart, which quickly doth expire ;  
And then our bodies must to dust repair,  
Whilst life and spirit vanish into air :

We shall be like the moving cloud that's past,  
And we must come to nothing at the last ;  
Like dew exhal'd, our names to ruin run,  
And none shall call to mind what we have done.

Come, then ; the present pleasures let us taste,  
And use the creatures as in time forepast ;  
Now, let us glut ourselves with costly wine,  
And let sweet ointments in our faces shine.  
Let not the flower of life pass, stealing by,  
But crown ourselves with roses ere they die ;  
Our wantonness be counted as a treasure,  
And in each place leave tokens of our pleasure ;  
For that's our portion—we desire no more.  
Let us, next, study to oppress the poor,  
If they be righteous ; nor the widow spare ;  
Deride the ag'd, and mock his reverend hair :  
Our strength make law, to do what is unjust ;  
For in things feeble 'tis in vain to trust.  
Therefore the good man let's defraud, for he  
(We know) can never for our profit be ;  
Our actions in his eyes get no applause :  
He checks us for offending 'gainst the laws,  
Blames us ; and saith, we discipline oppose.  
Further, he makes his boast, that God he knows,  
And calls himself his son : he's one that's made  
To contradict our thoughts, quite retrograde  
From all our courses ; and withal so cross,  
We cannot look upon him without loss.  
He reckons us as bastards, and withdraws  
Himself from us ; nor will he like our laws,  
But counts of them as filthiness : the ends  
Of the just men he mightily commends,  
And boasts, *God is his Father*. Let us see,  
If any truth in these his words can be ;



And what end he shall have ; for if the upright  
Be sons of God, he'll aid them by his might.  
With harsh rebukes and torments, let us then  
Sift and examine this strange kind of men ;  
To know what meekness we in them can spy,  
And by this means their utmost patience try,  
Put them to shameful death, be't any way ;  
For they shall be preserv'd, as themselves say.

Thus do they go astray, as evil-minded,  
For they in their own wickedness are blinded ;  
For, nothing they God's mysteries regard,  
Nor of a good man hope for the reward ;  
Neither discern, that honour doth belong  
Unto the faultless souls that think no wrong.  
For God created man pure and unblam'd,  
Yea, after his own image was he fram'd ;  
But by the devil's envy death came in :  
Who holds with him, shall prove the scourge of  
sin.

But in great boldness shall the righteous stand  
Against the face of such as did command  
Them to the torture, and by might and sway  
The fruit of all their labours took away.  
When they shall see him in his strength appear,  
They shall be vexed with an horrid fear—  
When they, with an amazed countenance,  
Behold their wonderful deliverance—  
And change their minds, and sigh with grief, and  
say,  
Behold these men we labour'd to betray !  
On whom with all contempt we did encroach,  
And held them a mere byword of reproach :

thought, their lives to madness did extend,  
d, there could be no honour in their end.  
w come they now amongst God's children told,  
d in the list of saints to be enroll'd ?  
efore, from truth's way we have devious been,  
trod the path the righteous have walk'd in ;  
m the true light we have ourselves confin'd,  
r hath the sun of knowledge on us shin'd.  
at profit hath our pride or riches brought ?  
what our pomp ? since these are come to nought.  
these vain things like shadows are pass'd by,  
like a post that seems with speed to fly ;  
as a bird—the earth and heaven between—  
o makes her way, and yet the path not seen ;  
e beating of her wings yields a soft sound,  
t of her course there's no appearance found :  
when an arrow at a mark is shot,  
ds out a way, but we perceive it not ;  
suddenly the parted air unites,  
d the fore-passage is debarr'd our sights ;  
we no sooner born, and take our breath,  
t instantly we hasten on to death ;  
our lives' course we in no virtue joy'd,  
d therefore now are in our sins destroy'd.

The ungodly hopes to what may we compare,  
t like the dust that's scatter'd in the air ;  
as the thin foam gather'd on the wave,  
rich, when the tempest comes, no place can have ;  
as the smoke dispersed by the wind,  
hich, blown abroad, no rest at all can find ;  
else, as his remembrance steals away,  
ho maketh speed, and tarrieth but a day.  
t of the just for ever is the abode,  
r their reward is with the Lord their God ;

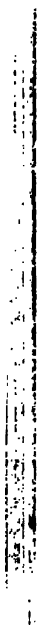
They are the charge and care of the Most High,  
Who tenders them as the apple of his eye;  
And therefore they shall challenge as their own,  
From the Lord's hand, a kingdom and a crown :  
With his right hand he'll cover them from harm,  
And mightily defend them with his arm.  
He shall his jealousy for armour take,  
And put in arms his creatures for their sake,  
His and their foes to be reveng'd upon :  
He for a glorious breast-plate shall put on  
His righteousness, and for an helmet bear  
True judgment, to astonish them with fear;  
For an invinc'd shield holiness he hath,  
And for a sword he sharpens his fierce wrath :  
Nay, the whole world he'll muster, to surprise  
His enemies, and fight against the unwise.

The thunderbolts, by the hand of the Most  
High  
Darted, shall from the flashing lightnings fly ;  
Yea, fly ev'n to the mark ; as from the bow  
Bent in the clouds ; and in his anger go  
That hurleth stones : the thick hail shall be cast ;  
Against them shall the flood and ocean vast  
Be wondrous wrath, and mightily o'erflow ;  
Besides, the fierce winds shall upon them blow,  
Yea, and stand up against them with their God,  
And like a storm shall scatter them abroad.—  
Thus wickedness the earth to a desert brings,  
And sin shall overthrow the throne of kings.

## JOHN DAY.

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DAY, one of the poets of James the First's reign, was the author of "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," "The Isle of Gulls," and several other dramas. There is great *breadth* and vigour in the style of this writer: his lines occupy a middle place between the antique grandeur of Marlowe, and Dryden's nervous but finished couplets.



## JOHN DAY.

---

### MAN'S NATURAL INFIRMITY.

WHAT means my God ? Why dost present to me  
Such glorious objects ? Can a blind man see ?  
Why dost thou call ? Why dost thou beckon so ?  
Wouldst have me come ? Lord, can a cripple go ?  
Or, why dost thou expect that I should raise  
Thy glory with my voice ? the dumb can't praise.  
Unscale my dusky eyes ; then I'll express  
Thy glorious object's strong attractiveness :  
Dip thou my limbs in thy Bethesda's lake—  
I'll scorn my earthly crutches ; I'll forsake  
Myself : touch thou my tongue, and then I'll sing  
An hallelujah to my glorious King :  
Raise me from this my grave—then I shall be  
Alive, and I'll bestow my life on thee.  
Till thou, Elijah-like, dost overspread  
My limbs, I'm blind, I'm lame, I'm dumb—I'm  
dead !

---

## CONTEMPT OF THE WORLD.

ALOFT, O soul ! and make thy soaring plumes  
Outreach the loathsome airs and noisome fumes  
That spring from sordid earth : come, come, and see  
Thy birth, and learn to know thy pedigree.  
What, wast thou made of clay ? or dost thou owe  
Homage to earth ? Say, is thy bliss below ?  
Dost know thy beauty ? Dost thou not excel ?  
Can the creation yield a parallel ?  
The world hath not a glass to represent  
Thy shape, and shall a dirty element  
Bewitch thee ? Think, is not thy birth most high ?  
Blown from the mouth of all the Trinity,  
The breath of all-creating Jove, the best  
Of all his works ; thee, thee of all the rest  
He chose to be his picture : where can I  
But in myself see immortality  
'Mongst all his earthly creatures ? Thou art chief  
Of all his works : and shall the world turn thief,  
And steal away thy love ? Wer't not for thee  
The heaven-aspiring mountain should not be ;  
The heavens should have no glistering star, no light,  
No sun to rule the day, no moon the night ;  
The globe had been ('twas not the Maker's will  
To make it for itself) a chaos still.  
Thou art God's priestly Aaron, to present  
The creatures' service, while they give assent  
By serving thee : why, then's the world thy rest ?  
'Tis but thy servant's servant, at the best.  
The world is for our bodies ; they for none  
But for our souls, our souls for God alone.  
What madness then for men, of such a birth,  
To grovel all their days on dunghill earth,

Still hunting after (with an eager scent)  
An object which can never give content.  
For, what contentment in the world can lie,  
That's only constant in inconstancy?  
It ebbs and flows each minute: thou may'st brag,  
This day, of thousands, and to-morrow beg:  
The greatest wealth is subject so to reel—  
The globe is placed on Fortune's tottering wheel.  
As when the gladding sun begins to show,  
And scatter all his golden beams below;  
A churlish cloud soon meets him in the way,  
And sads the beauty of the smiling day;  
Or as a stately ship awhile behaves  
Herself most bravely on the slumbering waves;  
And like a swan sails nimbly in her pride,  
The helpful winds concurring with the tide  
To mend her pace—but, by and by, the wind,  
The fretful seas, the heavens, and all, combin'd  
Against this bragging bark—O how they fling  
Her corkey sides to heaven, and then they bring  
Her back; she, that erewhile did sail so brave,  
Cutting the floods, is toss'd with every wave:  
Just so the waving world gives joy and sorrow—  
This day a Cræsus, and a Job to-morrow.  
How often have I seen the miser bless  
Himself in wealth, and count it for no less  
Than his adored god: straight comes a frown  
Flying from unhappy fate, and whirlleth down  
Him and his heaps of gold; and all that prize  
Is lost, which he but now did idolize.  
But grant the world (as never 'twill) to be  
A thing most sure, most full of constancy;  
What is thy wealth unless thy God doth bless  
Thy store, and turn it to a happiness?



What, though thy table be completely spread  
With far-fetch'd dainties, and the purest bread  
That fruitful earth can yield ? All this may be :  
If thou no stomach hast, what's all to thee ?  
What, though thy habitation should excel  
In beauty, and were Eden's parallel ?  
Thou, being pester'd with some dire disease,  
How can thy stately dwelling give thee ease ?  
Thy joys will turn thy grief ; thy freedom, thrall ;  
Unless thy God above doth sweeten all ;  
When thou, poor soul, liest ready to depart,  
And hears't thy conscience snarling at thine heart,  
Though heaps of gold should in thy coffers lie,  
And all thy worthless friends stand whining by ;  
'Tis none, 'tis none of these, can give thee health,  
But thou must languish in the midst of wealth.  
Then cease, thou madman, and pursue no more  
The world.——  
Thou catchest shadows, labour'st in thy dreams,  
And thirst'st amongst imaginary streams.

---

ON A FAIR HOUSE HAVING AN ILL PASSAGE  
TO IT.

A HOUSE to which the builders did impart  
The full perfection of their curious art ;  
Most bravely furnish'd, in whose rooms did lie  
Footcloths of velvet and of tapestry,  
I wonder'd at (as, who could not but do it ?)  
To see so rough, so hard a passage to it :  
So, Lord, I know thy heaven's a glorious place,  
Wherein the beauty of thy glistering face

tens all ; thou in the walls dost fix  
asper and the purest sardonyx ;  
ates are pearls, and every door beset  
sapphires, emeralds, and the chrysolet ;  
subject wears a crown ; the which he brings  
casts it down to thee, the King of kings :  
why 's the way so thorny ? 'tis great pity,  
assage is no wider to thy city ;  
Daniel through his den, and Shadrach 's driven  
his associates through the fire, to heaven.  
et we can't complain : we may recal  
me to mind, when there was none at all.  
Christ that made this way, and shall we be—  
are his servants—far more nice than he ?

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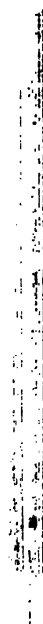
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## FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

BORN 1585 ; DIED 1615.

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To the celebrated literary partnership of Beaumont and Fletcher, this author, though the younger of the two associates, is believed to have brought the correcter judgment, if not the more creative genius. His miscellaneous poems, published by his brother, after the poet's early death, contain little beside the subjoined extracts, suitable to the present collection. It ought to be remembered, in extenuation of the blemishes which deform them, that they are the effusions of youth and exuberant spirits, nearly all of them having been written in his boyish years.



## FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

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### AN EPITAPH.

HERE she lies, whose spotless fame  
Invites a stone to learn her name :  
The rigid Spartan that denied  
An epitaph to all that died,  
Unless for war, on charity  
Would here vouchsafe an elegy.  
She died a wife, but yet her mind,  
Beyond virginity refin'd,  
From lawless fire remain'd as free  
As now from heat her ashes be :  
Her husband, yet without a sin,  
Was not a stranger, but her kin ;  
That her chaste love might seem no other  
To her husband than a brother. .  
Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest ;  
Till it be call'd for let it rest ;  
For while this jewel here is set,  
The grave is like a cabinet.

---

GOD'S PROVIDENCE THE HONEST MAN'S  
FORTUNE.

MAN is his own star, and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man,  
Command all light, all influence, all fate,  
Nothing to him falls early or too late.  
Our acts our angels are, or good, or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still ;  
And when the stars are labouring, we believe  
It is not that they govern, but they grieve  
For stubborn ignorance : all things that are  
Made for our general uses are at war ;  
Even we among ourselves, and from the strife  
Your first unlike opinions got a life.  
O man, thou image of thy Maker's good,  
What canst thou fear when breath'd into thy blood  
His Spirit is that built thee ? what dull sense  
Makes thee suspect, in need, that providence ?  
Who made the morning, and who plac'd the light  
Guide to thy labours ? Who call'd up the night,  
And bid her fall upon thee like sweet show'rs  
In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers ?  
Who gave thee knowledge, who so trusted thee  
To let thee grow so near himself, the tree ?  
Must he then be distrusted ? shall his frame  
Discourse with him, why thus and thus I am ?  
He made the angels thine, thy fellows all ;  
Nay, even thy servants when devotions call :  
O canst thou be so stupid, then, so dim,  
To seek a saving influence, and lose him ?  
Can stars protect thee ? or can poverty,  
Which is the light to heaven, put out his eye ?

He is my star, in him all truth I find,  
All influence, all fate ; and when my mind  
Is furnished with his fulness, my poor story  
Should outlive all their age and all their glory.  
The hand of danger cannot fall amiss,  
When I know what, and in whose power, it is :  
Nor want, the cause of man, shall make me groan ;  
A holy hermit is a mind alone.  
Doth not experience teach us all we can  
To work ourselves into a glorious man ?  
Love's but an exhalation to best eyes ;  
The matter spent, and then the fool's fire dies :  
Were I in love, and could that bright star bring  
Increase to wealth, honour, and every thing ;  
Were she as perfect good as we can aim,  
The first was so, and yet she lost the game.  
My mistress then be knowledge and fair truth ;  
So I enjoy all beauty and all youth :  
And though to time her lights and laws she lends,  
She knows no age that to corruption bends.  
Friends' promises may lead me to believe,  
But he that is his own friend knows to live :  
Affliction, when I know it is but this,  
A deep allay whereby man tougher is  
To bear the hammer, and the deeper still,  
We still arise more image of his will ;  
Sickness an hum'rous cloud 'twixt us and light,  
And death, at longest, but another night.  
Man is his own star, and that soul that can  
Be honest, is the only perfect man.

---



## ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER.

MORTALITY, behold—and fear—  
What a change of flesh is here !  
Think how many royal bones  
Sleep within these heap of stones :  
Here they lie, had realms and lands,  
Who now want strength to stir their hands ;  
Where, from their pulpits seal'd with dust,  
They preach—in greatness is no trust.  
Here's an acre sown indeed  
With the richest, royal'st seed,  
That the earth did e'er suck in  
Since the first man died for sin :  
Here the bones of birth have cried,  
Though gods they were, as men they died :  
Here are sands, ignoble things,  
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings.  
Here's a world of pomp and state  
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

## THOMAS CAREW.

BORN 1589; DIED 1639.

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THIS author was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of the court of Charles I. In grace, playfulness, and polish, he excelled most of the contemporary versifiers: in the coldness of his conceits, the licentiousness of his language, and the entire absence of a noble object, he is but one among "the mob of gentlemen," who, in that age, "wrote with ease." Besides his miscellaneous poems he wrote, by command of the king, a masque, entitled "*Cælum Britannicum*;" which, in parts, rises to a higher strain than those elegant but often unworthy effusions of a mind capable of better things.



## THOMAS CAREW.

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### EPITAPH ON MARIA WENTWORTH,

DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF CLEVELAND.

AND here the precious dust is laid,  
Whose purely temper'd clay was made  
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soul grew so fast within,  
It broke the outward shell of sin,  
And so was hatch'd a cherubin.

In height, it soar'd to God above;  
In depth, it did to knowledge move;  
And spread, in length, to general love.

Before, a pious duty shin'd  
To parents; courtesy, behind;  
On either side an equal mind.

Good to the poor; to kindred dear;  
To servants kind; to friendship clear:  
To nothing but herself, severe.

So though a virgin, yet a bride  
To every grace, she justified  
A chaste polygamy—and died.

Learn from hence, reader, what small trust  
We owe this world ; where virtue must,  
Frail as our flesh, crumble to dust.

---

TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS.

I PRESS not to the choir, nor dare I greet  
The holy place with my unhallowed feet ;  
My unwash'd muse pollutes not things divine,  
Nor mingles her profaner notes with thine:  
Here, humbly waiting at the porch, she stays,  
And with glad ears sucks in thy sacred lays.  
So, devout penitents of old were wont,  
Some without door, and some beneath the font,  
To stand and hear the church's liturgies,  
Yet not assist the solemn exercise :  
Sufficeth her, that she a lay-place gain,  
To trim thy vestments, or but bear thy train :  
Though nor in tune, nor wing, she reach thy  
lark,  
Her lyric feet may dance before the ark.  
Who knows, but that her wandering eyes that  
run,  
Now hunting glow-worms, may adore the sun:  
A pure flame may, shot by Almighty power  
Into her breast, the earthly flame devour :  
My eyes in penitential dew may steep  
That brine, which they for sensual love did weep.  
Perhaps my restless soul, tired with pursuit  
Of mortal beauty, seeking without fruit  
Contentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,  
Quench'd all her thirst, nor satisfied, though cloy'd;

Weary of her vain search below, above  
In the first fair may find the immortal love.  
Prompted by thy example then, no more  
In moulds of clay will I my God adore ;  
But tear those idols from my heart, and write  
What his blest Spirit, not fond love, shall indite ;  
Then I no more shall court the verdant bay,  
But the dry leafless trunk on Golgotha ;  
And rather strive to gain from thence one thorn,  
Than all the flourishing wreaths by laureats worn.

---

## PLEASURE.

BEWITCHING syren ! gilded rottenness !  
Thou hast with cunning artifice display'd  
The enamel'd outside, and the honied verge  
Of the fair cup where deadly poison lurks.  
Within, a thousand sorrows dance the round ;  
And, like a shell, pain circles thee without.  
Grief is the shadow waiting on thy steps,  
Which, as thy joys 'gin towards their west decline,  
Doth to a giant's spreading form extend  
Thy dwarfish stature. Thou thyself art pain,  
Greedy intense desire ; and the keen edge  
Of thy fierce appetite oft strangles thee,  
And cuts thy slender thread ; but still the terror  
And apprehension of thy hasty end  
Mingles with gall thy most refined sweets ;  
Yet thy Circean charms transform the world.  
Captains that have resisted war and death,  
Nations that over fortune have triumph'd,  
Are by thy magic made effeminate :  
Empires, that knew no limits but the poles,

Have in thy wanton lap melted away :  
Thou wert the author of the first excess  
That drew this reformation on the gods.  
Canst thou then dream, those powers, that from  
    heaven  
Banish'd the effect, will there enthrone the cause ?  
To thy voluptuous den, fly, witch, from hence ;  
There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutish sense.

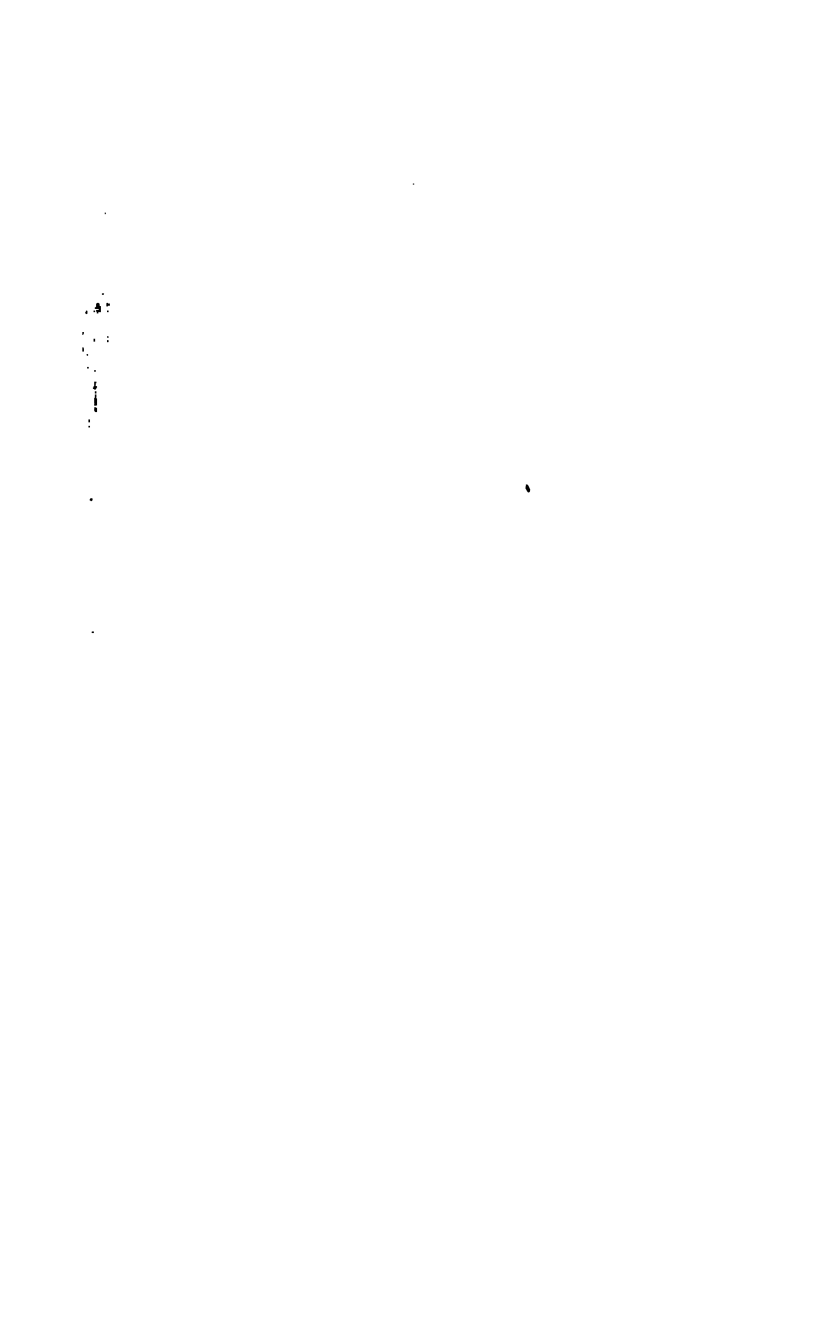
## THOMAS RANDOLPH.

BORN 1605 ; DIED 1634.

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Poet is memorable as the adopted son of Jonson. His talents and acquirements, at an early age, held forth promises of eminence, which were frustrated by a premature death. In his remains we find traces equally evident of poetic taste and of licentious and immoral habits. Randolph wrote dramatic pieces—of which two, “Amyntas, or the immortal Dowry,” and “The Muses’ Looking Glass,” are printed in his miscellaneous poems.





## THOMAS RANDOLPH.

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### PRECEPTS.

FIRST worship God ;—he that forgets to pray  
Finds not himself good-morrow, nor good-day :  
At thy first labour be to purge thy sin,  
And serve him first, whence all things did begin.

Honour thy parents to prolong thine end ;  
With them, though for a truth, do not contend ;  
Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed  
Shall have a child that will avenge the deed.

Think that is just ; 'tis not enough to do,  
Unless thy very thoughts are upright too.

Defend the truth ; for that, who will not die,  
A coward is, and gives himself the lie.

Honour the king, as sons their parents do,  
For he's thy father, and thy country's too.

Take well whate'er shall chance, though bad it be  
Take it for good, and 'twill be good to thee.

Swear not ; an oath is like a dangerous dart  
Which, shot, rebounds to strike the shooter's heart.

Fly drunkenness, whose vile incontinence  
Takes both away thy reason and thy sense,  
Till with Circæan cups thy mind possest  
Leaves to be man, and wholly turns to beast :  
Think, while thou swallowest the capacious  
bowl,  
Thou let' st in seas, to wreck and drown thy soul ;  
That hell is open, to remembrance call,  
And think how subject drunkards are to fall.

To doubtful matters do not headlong run,  
What 's well left off were better not begun.

First think ; and if thy thoughts approve thy will,  
Then speak, and, after, that thou speak'st fulfil.

So live with men, as if God's curious eye  
Did everywhere into thine actions pry ;  
For never yet was sin so void of sense,  
So fully faced with brazen impudence,  
As that it durst, before men's eyes, commit  
Their brutal lusts, lest they should witness it ;  
How dare they then offend, when God shall see,  
That must alone both judge and jury be ?

Take thou no care how to defer thy death,  
And give more respite to this mortal breath.  
Would'st thou live long ? The only means are  
these,  
'Bove Galen's diet or Hippocrates' :  
Strive to live well ; tread in the upright ways,  
And rather count thy actions than thy days ;

Then thou hast liv'd enough amongst us here,  
For every day well spent I count a year.  
Live well, and then how soon soe'er thou die  
Thou art of age to claim eternity.  
But he that outlives Nestor, and appears  
To have pass'd the date of gray Methusalem's years.  
If he his life to sloth and sin doth give,  
I say—he only *was*, he did not *live*.

---

## AN EPITAPH UPON MISTRESS I. T.

READER, if thou hast a tear,  
Thou canst not choose but pay it here.  
Here lies modesty, meekness, zeal,  
Goodness, piety; and, to tell  
Her worth at once, one that had shown  
All virtues that her sex could own.  
Nor dare my praise too lavish be,  
Lest her dust blush, for so would she.  
Hast thou beheld in the spring's bowers  
Tender buds break to bring forth flowers?  
So to keep virtue's stock, pale death  
Took her to give her infant breath.  
Thus her accounts were all made even,  
She robb'd not earth to add to heaven.

---

## UPON HIS PICTURE.

WHEN age hath made me what I am not now,  
And every wrinkle tells me where the plough

Of time hath furrowed ; when an ice shall flow  
Through every vein, and all my head be snow ;  
When death displays his coldness in my cheek,  
And I myself in my own picture seek,  
Not finding what I am, but what I was,  
In doubt which to believe, this, or my glass :  
Yet though I alter, this remains the same  
As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame,  
And first complexion ; here will still be seen  
Blood on the cheek, and down upon the chin ;  
Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,  
The ruddy lip, and hair of youthful dye.  
Behold what frailty we in man may see,  
Whose shadow is less given to change than he.

---

## AN ECLOGUE

OCCASIONED BY TWO DOCTORS DISPUTING UPON  
PREDESTINATION.

CORYDON.

Ho, jolly Thirsis, whither in such haste ?  
Is't for a wager that you run so fast ?  
Or past your hour below yon hawthorn tree  
Does longing Galatea look for thee ?

THYRSIS.

No, Corydon, I heard young Daphnis say,  
Alexis challeng'd Tityrus to-day,  
Who best shall sing of shepherds' art and praise :  
But, hark, I hear them : listen to their lays.

TITYRUS.

read ; what means this mystic thing ?  
 I had, two lambs at once did bring ;  
 one black as jet ; the other white as snow :  
 just providence how it could be so ?

ALEXIS.

Oh, Pan's goodness therefore partial call,  
 might as well have given thee none at all ?

TITYRUS.

Why not both yearn'd by the self-same ewe ?  
 Could they merit then so different hue ?  
 Oh, alas ! and couldst thou, yet unborn,  
 deserve the guilt of such a scorn !  
 Hadst not yet foul'd a religious spring,  
 on plots of hallow'd grass, to bring  
 thy fleece ; nor browz'd upon a tree  
 to Pan or Pales' deity.  
 Who are ignorant if they not foreknow ;  
 knowing, 'tis unjust to use thee so.

ALEXIS.

Let me contend, or Corydon ;  
 the gods and their high wills alone.  
 Our flocks that freedom challenge we :  
 What is sacrific'd, and that goes free.

TITYRUS.

Where you will, my lambs ; what boots it us  
 To shew, and water, fold, and drive you thus.

This on the barren mountains flesh can glean,  
That fed in flow'ry pastures will be lean.

## ALEXIS.

Plow, sow, and compass, nothing boots at all,  
Unless the dew upon the tilths do fall.  
So labour, silly shepherds, what we can,  
All's vain, unless a blessing drop from Pan.

## TITYRUS.

Ill thrive thy ewes if thou these lies maintain.

## ALEXIS.

And may thy goats miscarry, saucy swain.

## THYRSIS.

Fie, shepherds, fie! while you these strifes begin  
Here creeps the wolf, and there the fox gets in;  
'To your vain piping on so deep a reed  
The lambkins listen, but forget to feed;  
It gentle swains befits of love to sing,  
How love left heaven, and heav'n's immortal King  
His co-eternal Father: O admire,  
Love is a son as ancient as his sire;  
His mother was a virgin: how could come  
A birth so great, and from so chaste a womb?  
His cradle was a manger—shepherds, see  
True faith delights in poor simplicity.  
He press'd no grapes, nor prun'd the fruitful vine  
But could of water make a brisker wine;  
Nor did he plough the earth, and to his barn

The harvest bring ; nor thresh and grind the corn.  
Without all these Love could supply our need,  
And with five loaves, five thousand hungers feed.  
More wonders did he; for all which suppose  
How he was crown'd with lily, or with rose,  
The winding ivy, or the glorious bay,  
Or myrtle, with the which Venus, they say,  
Girts her proud temples! Shepherds, none of  
them;

But wore, poor head! a thorny diadem.  
Feet to the lame he gave; with which they run  
To work their surgeon's last destruction.  
The blind from him had eyes; but used that light  
Like basilisks to kill him with their sight.  
Lastly, he was betray'd, (O sing of this)  
How Love could be betray'd! 'twas with a kiss.  
And then his innocent hands, and guiltless feet  
Were nail'd unto the cross, striving to meet  
In his spread arms his spouse: so mild in show  
He seem'd to court th' embraces of his foe.  
Through his pierc'd side, through which a spear  
was sent,

A torrent of all-flowing balsam went.  
Run Amarillis, run: one drop from thence  
Cures thy sad soul, and drives all anguish hence.  
Go, sun-burnt Thestylis, go and repair  
Thy beauty lost, and be again made fair;  
Love-sick Amyntas get a philtrum here,  
To make thee lovely to thy truly dear.  
But coy Licoris, take the pearl from thine,  
And take the blood-shot from Alexis' eyne.  
Wear this, an amulet 'gainst all syrens' smiles,  
The stings of snakes, and tears of crocodiles,  
Now, Love is dead:—Oh, no, he never dies!  
Three days he sleeps, and then again doth rise,



(Like fair Aurora from the eastern bay,)  
And with his beams drives all our clouds away :  
This pipe unto our flocks ; this sonnet get.  
But ho ! I see the sun ready to set :  
Good night to all ; for the great night is come :  
Flocks, to your folds ; and, shepherds, hie you home ;  
To-morrow morning, when we all have slept,  
Pan's<sup>1</sup> cornet's blown, and the great sheep-shear's  
kept.

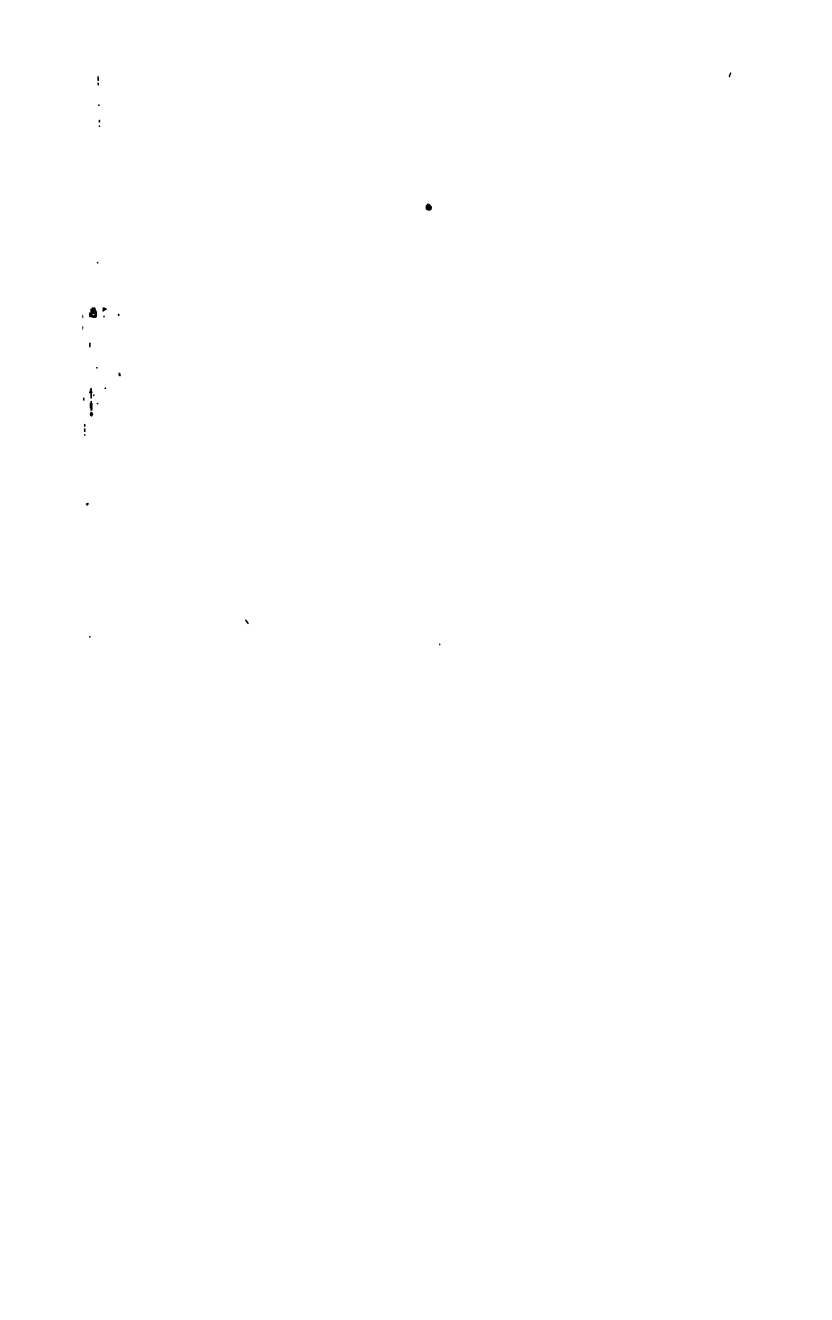
<sup>1</sup> The Saviour is frequently celebrated, by our elder poets, under the name of *Pan*.

## WILLIAM HABINGDON.

BORN 1605; DIED 1654.

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He was author of "Observations on History," "History of Edward the Fourth," "The Queen of Arragon, a Tragedy;" and a volume of lyrics, entitled, "Castara." In Mr. Elton's excellent edition, (Bristol, 1812,) this volume is divided into four parts; the first and second consisting of poems in which he celebrates his wife, the Lady Lucia, daughter of Lord Powis, before and after their marriage, in a style honourable alike to the virtue of the lady, and to the chaste but fervent passion of the poet; the third comprising Funeral Elegies; the fourth, Devotional Pieces. The "Castara" is among the most exquisite productions of the kind; whether in regard to the purity of its sentiments, the moral weight and dignity of its thoughts, or the force and sweetness of its language.



## WILLIAM HABINGDON.

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### ELEGY ON THE HON. GEORGE TALBOT.

TALBOT is dead. Like lightning, which no part  
O' the body touches, but first strikes the heart,  
This word bath murder'd me. There's not in all  
The stock of sorrow any charm can call  
Death sooner up: for music's in the breath  
Of thunder, and a sweetness even i' th' death  
That brings with it, if you with this compare  
All the loud noises which torment the air.  
They cure (physicians say) the element,  
Sick with dull vapours, and to banishment  
Confine infections; but this fatal shriek,  
Without the least redress, is utter'd like  
The last day's summons, when earth's trophies lie  
A scatter'd heap, and time itself must die.  
What now hath life to boast of? Can I have  
A thought less dark than th' horror of the grave,  
Now thou dost dwell below? Were't not a fault  
Past pardon, to raise fancy 'bove thy vault?  
Hail, sacred house in which his relics sleep!  
Blest marble, give me leave to approach, and weep

These vows to thee ! for since great Talbot's gone  
Down to thy silence, I commerce with none  
But thy pale people; and in that confute  
Mistaken man, that dead men are not mute.  
Delicious beauty, lend thy flatter'd ear,  
Accustom'd to warm whispers, and thoult hear  
How their cold language tells thee, that thy skin  
Is but a beautilous shrine, in which black sin  
Is idoliz'd ; thy eyes, but spheres where lust  
Hath its loose motion ; and thy end is dust.  
Great Atlas of the state, descend with me  
But hither, and this vault shalt furnish thee  
With more avisos, than thy costly spies,  
And show how false are all those mysteries  
Thy sect receives ; and though thy palace swell  
With envied pride, 'tis here that thou must dwell.  
It will instruct you, courtier, that your art  
Of outward smoothness and a rugged heart  
But cheats yourself, and all those subtle ways  
You tread to greatness, is a fatal maze  
Where you yourself shall lose ; for though you  
breathe  
Upward to pride, your center is beneath.  
And 't will thy rhetoric, false flesh ! confound,  
Which flatters my frail thoughts ; no time can wound  
This unarm'd frame. Here is true eloquence  
Will teach my soul to triumph over sense,  
Which hath its period in a grave, and there  
Shows what are all our pompous surfeits here.  
Great orator ! dear Talbot ! Still to thee  
May I an auditor attentive be,  
And piously maintain the same commerce  
We held in life ! and if in my rude verse  
I to the world may thy sad precepts read,  
I will on earth interpret for the dead.

“ MY HARP IS TURNED TO MOURNING.”—Job.

Love ! I no orgies sing  
Whereby thy mercies to invoke :  
Nor from the East rich perfumes bring  
To cloud thy altars with the precious smoke.

Nor while I did frequent  
Those fanes by lovers rais'd to thee,  
Did I loose heathenish rites invent,  
To force a blush from injur'd chastity.

Religious was the charm  
Thy us'd affection to entice :  
And thought none burnt more bright or warm ;  
Yet chaste as winter was the sacrifice.

But now I thee bequeath  
To the soft silken youths at court ;  
Who may their witty passions breathe,  
To raise their mistress' smile, or make her sport.

They'll smooth thee into rhyme,  
Such as shall catch the wanton ear :  
And win opinion with the time,  
To make them a high sail of honour bear.

And may a powerful smile  
Cherish their flatteries of wit !  
While I my life of fame beguile,  
And under my own vine uncourted sit.

For I have seen the pine,  
Fam'd for its travels o'er the sea,  
Broken with storms and age decline,  
And in some creek unpitied rot away.

I have seen cedars fall,  
And in their room a mushroom grow :  
I have seen comets, threat'ning all,  
Vanish themselves—I have seen princes so.

Vain trivial dust ! weak man !  
Where is that virtue of thy breath,  
That others save or ruin can,  
When thou thyself art call'd to account by Death

When I consider thee,  
The scorn of Time, and sport of Fate ;  
How can I turn to jollity  
My ill-strung harp, and court the delicate ?

How can I but disdain  
The empty fallacies of mirth ;  
And in my midnight thoughts retain,  
How high soe'er I spread, my root's in earth ?—

Fond youth ! too long I play'd  
The wanton with a false delight ;  
Which when I touch'd, I found a shade,  
That only wrought on th' error of my sight.

Then since pride doth betray  
The soul to flatter'd ignorance,  
I from the world will steal away,  
And by humility my thoughts advance.

**"LET ME KNOW THE NUMBER OF MY DAYS."****DAVID.**

**TELL** me, O great All-knowing God !

What period

**Hast** thou unto my days assign'd ?

**Like** some old leafless tree, shall I

**Wither** away, or violently

**Fall** by the axe, by lightning, or the wind ?

**Here**, where I first drew vital breath,

Shall I meet death ?

**And** find in the same vault a room

**Where** my forefathers' ashes sleep ?

**Or** shall I die, where none shall weep

**My** timeless fate, and my cold earth entomb ?

**Shall** I 'gainst the swift Parthians fight,

And in their flight

**Receive** my death ? Or shall I see

**That** envied peace, in which we are

**Triumphant** yet, disturb'd by war,

**And** perish by the invading enemy ?

**Astrologers**, who calculate

Uncertain fate,

**Affirm** my scheme doth not presage

**Any** abridgment of my days ;

**And** the physician gravely says,

**I** may enjoy a reverent length of age.

**But** they are jugglers, and by sleight

Of art the sight

**Of** faith delude ; and in their school



They only practise how to make  
A mystery of each mistake,  
And teach strange words credulity to fool.

For thou, who first didst motion give,  
Whereby things live,  
And time hath being, to conceal  
Future events, didst think it fit  
To check the ambition of our wit,  
And keep in awe the curious search of zeal.

Therefore, so I prepar'd still be,  
My God, for thee,  
O' th' sudden on my spirits may  
Some killing apoplexy seize,  
Or let me by a dull disease,  
Or weaken'd by a feeble age, decay.

And so I in thy favour die,  
No memory  
For me a well-wrought tomb prepare :  
For if my soul be 'mong the blest,  
Though my poor ashes want a chest,  
I shall forgive the trespass of my heir.

---

“ NOT UNTO US, O LORD.”—DAVID.

No marble statuë, nor high  
Aspiring pyramid, be rais'd  
To lose its head within the sky :  
What claim have I to memory ?  
God, be thou only prais'd !

Thou in a moment canst defeat  
The mighty conquests of the proud,  
And blast the laurels of the great :  
Thou canst make brightest glory set  
O' the sudden in a cloud.

How can the feeble works of art  
Hold out 'gainst the assault of storms ?  
Or how can brass to him impart  
Sense of surviving fame, whose heart  
Is now resolv'd to worms ?

Blind folly of triumphing pride !  
Eternity, why build'st thou here ?  
Dost thou not see the highest tide  
Its humble stream in the ocean hide,  
And ne'er the same appear ?

That tide which did its banks o'erflow,  
As sent abroad by the angry sea,  
To level vastest buildings low,  
And all our trophies overflow,  
Ebbs like a thief away.

And thou, who to preserve thy name,  
Leav'st statues in some conquer'd land ;  
How will posterity scorn fame,  
When the idol shall receive a maim,  
And lose a foot or hand ?

How wilt thou hate thy wars, when he,  
Who only for his hire did raise  
Thy counterfeit in stone, with thee  
Shall stand competitor, and be  
Perhaps thought worthier praise ?

No laurel wreath about my brow !  
To thee, my God, all praise ; whose law  
The conquer'd doth and conqueror bow !  
For both dissolve to air, if thou  
Thy influence but withdraw.

---

“ THE GRAVE IS MINE HOUSE.”—JOB.

WELCOME, thou safe retreat !  
Where the injur'd man may fortify  
Against the invasions of the great :  
Where the lean slave, who the oar doth ply,  
Soft as his admiral may lie.

Great statist ! 'tis your doom,  
Though your designs swell high and wide,  
To be contracted in a tomb !  
And all your happy cares provide  
But for your heir authorized pride.

Nor shall your shade delight  
I' the pomp of your proud obsequies :  
And should the present flattery write  
A glorious epitaph, the wise  
Will say, “ The poet's wit here lies.”

How reconcil'd to fate  
Will grow the aged villager,  
When he shall see your funeral state !  
Since death will him as warm inter  
As you in your gay sepulchre.

The great decree of God  
akes every path of mortals lead  
o this dark common period :  
or by what ways soe'er we tread,  
'e end our journey 'mong the dead.

Even I, while humble zeal  
akes fancy a sad truth indite,  
sensibly away do steal :  
nd when I'm lost in death's cold night,  
'ho will remember, now I write ?

---

“NIGHT SHOWETH KNOWLEDGE.”—DAVID.

WHEN I survey the bright  
Celestial sphere,  
So rich with jewels hung, that night  
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear ;

My soul her wings doth spread,  
And heavenward flies,  
The Almighty's mysteries to read  
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament  
Shoots forth no flame  
So silent, but is eloquent  
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star  
Contracts its light  
Into so small a character,  
Remov'd far from our human sight ;

But if we steadfast look  
We shall discern  
In it, as in some holy book,  
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror,  
That far-stretch'd power,  
Which his proud dangers traffic for,  
Is but the triumph of an hour.

That, from the farthest north,  
Some nation may  
Yet undiscovered issue forth,  
And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation, yet shut in  
With hills of ice,  
May be let out to scourge his sin,  
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall  
Their ruin have;  
For as yourselves your empires fall,  
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,  
Though seeming mute,  
The fallacy of our desires,  
And all the pride of life, confute.

For they have watch'd since first  
The world had birth;  
And found sin in itself accurst,  
And nothing permanent on earth.

**' PRAISE THE LORD FROM THE HEAVENS.'****DAVID.**

**You spirits ! who have thrown away  
That envious weight of clay,  
Which your celestial flight denied ;  
Who by your glorious troops supply  
The winged hierarchy,  
So broken in the angels' pride!**

**O you ! whom your Creator's sight  
Inebriates with delight !  
Sing forth the triumphs of his name ;  
All you enamour'd souls ! agree  
In a loud symphony,  
To give expression to your flame.**

**To him his own great works relate,  
Who deign'd to elevate  
You 'bove the frailty of your birth ;  
Where you stand safe from that rude war  
With which we troubled are  
By the rebellion of our earth.**

**While a corrupted air beneath  
Here in this world we breathe,  
Each hour some passion us assails :  
Now lust casts wild-fire in the blood  
Or, that it may seem good,  
Itself in wit or beauty veils.**

**Then envy circles us with hate,  
And lays a siege so strait,  
No heavenly succour enters in ;**

But if revenge admittance find,  
For ever hath the mind  
Made forfeit of itself to sin.

Assaulted thus, how dare we raise  
Our minds to think his praise,  
Who is eternal and immense?  
How dare we force our feeble wit  
To speak him infinite,  
So far above the search of sense?

O you! who are immaculate,  
His name may celebrate  
In your souls' bright expansion:  
You whom your virtues did unite  
To his perpetual light,  
That even with him you now shine one.

While we, who t' earth contract our hearts,  
And only study arts  
To shorten the sad length of time,  
In place of joys bring humble fears,  
For hymns, repentant tears,  
And a new sigh for every crime.

---

“TEACH ME THY WAY.”

WHERE have I wandered? In what way  
Horrid as night,  
Increased by storm, did I delight?  
Though my sad soul did often say  
’Twas death and madness so to stray.

On that false ground I joy'd to tread  
Which seem'd most fair,  
Though every path had a new snare,  
And every turning still did lead  
To the dark region of the dead.

But with the surfeit of delight  
I am so tired,  
That now I loathe what I admired;  
And my distasted appetite  
So 'bhors the meat, it hates the sight.

For should we naked sin descry,  
Not beautified  
By the aid of wantonness and pride,  
Like some mishapen birth 'twould lie,  
A torment to th' affrighted eye.

But cloth'd in beauty and respect,  
Even o'er the wise  
How powerful doth it tyrannize:  
Whose monstrous form should they detract,  
They famine sooner would affect.

And since those shadows which oppress  
My sight begin  
To clear, and show the shape of sin,  
A scorpion sooner be my guest,  
And warm his venom in my breast.

May I, before I grow so vile  
By sin again,  
Be thrown off as a scorn to men!  
May th' angry world decree to exile  
Me to some yet unpeopled isle:



Where, while I straggle, and in vain  
Labour to find  
Some creature that shall have a mind,  
What justice have I to complain,  
If I thy inward grace retain ?

My God, if thou shalt not exclude  
Thy comfort thence,  
What place can seem to troubled sense  
So melancholy, dark, and rude,  
To be esteem'd a solitude ?

Cast me upon some naked shore,  
Where I may track  
Only the print of some sad wrack,  
If thou be there, though the seas roar,  
I shall no gentler calm implore.

Should the Cymmerians, whom no ray  
Doth e'er enlight,  
But gain thy grace, they've lost their night:  
Not sinners at high noon, but they  
'Mong their blind clouds have found the day.

---

“ HE HATH EXALTED THE HUMBLE.”

How cheerfully the impartial sun  
Gilds with his beams  
The narrow streams  
O' th' brook, which silently doth run  
Without a name !  
And yet disdains to lend his flames  
To the wide channel of the Thames !

The largest mountains barren lie,  
And lightning fear,  
Though they appear  
To bid defiance to the sky ;  
Which in one hour  
We've seen the opening earth devour,  
When in their height they proudest were.

But th' humble man heaves up his head  
Like some rich vale,  
Whose fruits ne'er fail,  
With flowers, with corn, and vines o'erspread :  
Nor doth complain  
O'erflowed by an ill-season'd rain,  
Or batter'd by a storm of hail.

Like a tall bark treasure-fraught,  
He the seas clear  
Doth quiet steer :  
But when they are to a tempest wrought,  
More gallantly  
He spreads his sail, and doth more high,  
By swelling of the waves, appear.

For the Almighty joys to force  
The glorious tide  
Of human pride  
To the lowest ebb ; that o'er his course  
(Which rudely bore  
Down what oppos'd it heretofore)  
His feeblest enemy may stride.

But from his ill-thatch'd roof he brings  
The cottager,  
And doth prefer

Him to the ador'd state of kings :  
He bids that hand,  
Which labour hath made rough and tann'd,  
The all-commanding sceptre bear.

Let then the mighty cease to boast  
Their boundless sway ;  
Since in their sea  
Few sail, but by some storm are lost.  
Let them themselves  
Beware for they are their own shelves :  
Man still himself hath cast away.

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“ I WILL CONSIDER MY YEARS.”

TIME ! where didst thou those years inter  
Which I have seen decease ?  
My soul's at war ; and truth bids her  
Find out their hidden sepulchre,  
To give her troubles peace.

Pregnant with flowers, doth not the spring  
Like a late bride appear ?  
Whose feather'd music only bring  
Caresses, and no requiem sing  
On the departed year ?

The earth, like some rich wanton heir,  
Whose parents coffin'd lie,  
Forgets it once look'd pale and bare,  
And doth for vanities prepare,  
As the spring ne'er should die.

The present hour, flattered by all,  
Reflects not on the last ;  
But I, like a sad factor, shall  
To account my life each moment call,  
And only weep the past.

My mem'ry tracks each several way,  
Since reason did begin  
Over my actions her first sway ;  
And teacheth me, that each new day  
Did only vary sin.

Poor bankrupt conscience ! where are those  
Rich hours, but farm'd to thee ?  
How carelessly I some did lose,  
And other to my lust dispose,  
As no rent-day should be ?

I have infected with impure  
Disorders my past years ;  
But I'll to penitence inure  
Those that succeed. There is no cure,  
Nor antidote, but tears.

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“ I DESIRE TO DEPART.”—ST. PAUL.

THE soul, which doth with God unite,  
Those gaities how doth she slight  
Which o'er opinion sway !  
Like sacred virgin wax, which shines  
On altars or on martyrs' shrines,  
How doth she burn away !

How violent are her throes, till she  
From envious earth delivered be,  
Which doth her flight restrain !  
How doth she dote on whips and rods  
On fires, and the so dreaded axe,  
And every murd'ring pain !

How soon she leaves the pride of wealth  
The flatteries of youth and health,  
And fame's more precious breath ;  
And every gaudy circumstance,  
That doth the pomp of life advance,  
At the approach of death !

The cunning of astrologers  
Observes each motion of the stars,  
Placing all knowledge there ;  
And lovers in their mistress' eyes  
Contract those wonders of the skies,  
And seek no higher sphere.

The wand'ring pilot sweats to find  
The causes that produce the wind,  
Still gazing on the pole :  
The politician scorns all art,  
But what doth pride and power impart  
And swells the ambitious soul.

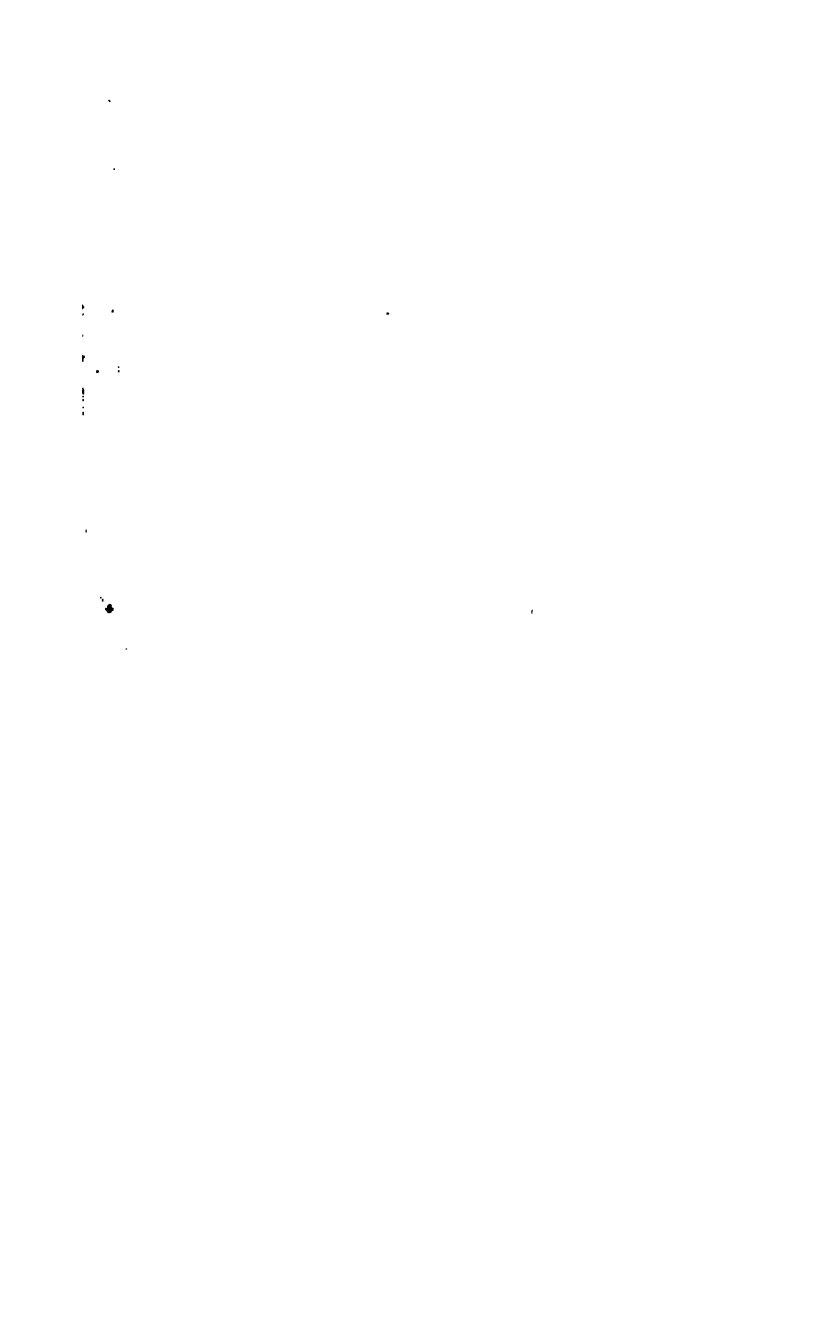
But he, whom heavenly fire doth warm  
And 'gainst these powerful follies arm,  
Doth soberly disdain  
All these fond human mysteries,  
As the deceitful and unwise  
Distempers of our brain.

He as a burden bears his clay,  
Yet vainly throws it not away  
On every idle cause :  
But, with the same untroubled eye,  
Can or resolve to live or die,  
Regardless of the applause.

My God ! if 'tis thy great decree  
That this must the last moment be  
Wherein I breathe this air ;  
My heart obeys, joy'd to retreat  
From the false favours of the great,  
And treachery of the fair.

When thou shalt please this soul to enthrone  
Above impure corruption,  
What should I grieve or fear,  
To think this breathless body must  
Become a loathsome heap of dust,  
And ne'er again appear ?

For in the fire when ore is tried,  
And by that torment purified,  
Do we deplore the loss ?  
And, when thou shalt my soul refine,  
That it thereby may purer shine,  
Shall I grieve for the dross ?



## FRANCIS DAVISON.

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FRANCIS DAVISON is chiefly known as editor of and principal author to the "Poetical Rhapsody," a valuable collection of miscellaneous verses, first published in 1602. The two first pleasing specimens of his poetical abilities, here given, are in his "Divine Poems."



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## FRANCIS DAVISON.

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### REPENTANCE.

THOUGH late, my heart, yet turn at last,  
And shape thy course another way ;  
Tis better lose thy labour past,  
Than follow on to sure decay :  
What though thou long have stray'd awry ?  
In hope of grace, for mercy cry.

Though weight of sin doth press thee down,  
And keep thee grovelling on the ground ;  
Though black Despair, with angry frown,  
Thy wit and judgment quite confound ;  
Though time and wit have been misspent ;  
Yet grace is left, if thou repent.

Weep then, my heart ; weep still, and still ;  
Nay, melt to floods of flowing tears ;  
Send out such shrieks as heaven may fill,  
And pierce thine angry Judge's ears ;  
And let thy soul, that harbours sin,  
Bleed streams of blood to drown it in.

Then shall thine angry Judge's face  
To cheerful looks itself apply ;  
Then shall thy soul be fill'd with grace,  
And fear of death constrain'd to fly :  
Even so, my God ! oh, when ? how long ?  
I would—but sin is too, too strong.

I strive to rise—sin keeps me down ;  
I fly from sin—sin follows me :  
My will doth reach at glory's crown—  
Weak is my strength, it will not be :  
See, how my fainting soul doth pant !  
Oh let thy strength supply my want.

---

#### SAPPHICS UPON THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

HATRED eternal, furious revenging,  
Merciless raging, bloody persecuting,  
Scandalous speeches, odious revilings,  
Causeless abhorring ;  
Impious scoffings by the very abjects,  
Dangerous threatening by the priests anointed,  
Death full of torment in a shameful order,  
Christ did abide here.  
He, that in glory was above the angels,  
Changed his glory for an earthly carcass,  
Yielded his glory to a sinful outcast,  
Glory refusing.  
Me, that in bondage many sins retained,  
He for his goodness—for his goodness only—  
Brought from hell torments to the joys of heaven,  
Not to be number'd ;

dead in offences, by his aid revived,  
ricken'd in spirit by the grace he yieldeth :  
and then his praises, to the world's amazement  
Thankfully singing.

---

## GOD MY REFUGE.

## PSALM XIII.

HEAR, O Lord and God ! my cries ;  
Mark my foes' unjust abusing ;  
And illuminate mine eyes,  
Heavenly beams in them infusing ;

Lest my woes, too great to bear,  
And too infinite in number,  
Rock me soon, 'twixt hope and fear,  
Into death's eternal slumber ;

Lest my foes their boasting make,  
" Spite of right on him we trample ;"  
And a pride in mischief take  
Hearten'd by my sad example.

As for me I'll ride secure  
At thy mercy's sacred anchor,  
And undaunted will endure  
Fiercest storms of wrong and rancour.

These black clouds will overblow,  
Sunshine shall have his returning,  
And my grief-wrung heart, I know,  
Into mirth shall change his mourning.

Therefore I'll rejoice and sing  
Hymns to God, in sacred measure,  
Who to happy pass will bring  
My just hopes, at his good pleasure.

---

#### THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.

God, who doth all nature hold  
In his fold,  
Is my Shepherd kind and heedful;  
Is my Shepherd, and doth keep  
Me, his sheep,  
Still supplied with all things needful.

He feeds me in fields, which been  
Fresh and green,  
Mottled with spring's flowery painting;  
Through which creep, with murmuring crooks,  
Crystal brooks,  
To refresh my spirit fainting.

When my soul, from heaven's way,  
Went astray,  
With earth's vanities seduced,  
For his name's sake kindly He,  
Wandering me  
To his holy fold reduced.

Though I stray through death's dark vale,  
Where his pale  
Shades on every side enfold me,  
Dreadless, having Thee for guide,  
Should I 'bide,  
For thy rod and staff uphold me.

Thou, my board with messes large,  
Dost surcharge ;  
My bowls full of wine thou pourest,  
And before mine enemies'  
Envious eyes,  
Balm upon mine head thou showerest.

Neither dures thy bounteous grace  
For a space,  
But it knows nor bound, nor measure :  
So my days, to my life's end,  
Shall I spend  
In thy courts with heavenly pleasure.

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## RICHARD CRASHAW.

DIED 1650.

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comparative ignorance which prevails respecting the merits of this Author, whose delicate fancy, tenderness, and singular of diction are alike admirable, will, it is hoped, be sufficient excuse for recurring to his productions in the present work; even though he is now brought before the reader principally in the character of a translator. In simplicity and force, the subjoined version from "Marino" is superior to the part of Crashaw's original compositions. Limits were set to the play of his "thick-coming fancies." The two poems which follow the translation have been highly commended by authorities, from which it would be presumption to appeal. The verses "On a Prayer Book," having, we are told, been praised by Coleridge as "one of the greatest poems in the age," while the "Epitaph on Mr. Ashton," was highly valued by Pope.



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

## RICHARD CRASHAW.

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### HEROD.

The first Book of the "Sospetto d'Herode" of Marino.

SE, now the servant of soft loves no more,  
late is thy theme; and Herod, whose unblest  
and (so what dares not jealous greatness?) tore  
thousand sweet babes from their mother's  
breast;

blooms of martyrdom. O be a door  
of language to my infant lips, ye best  
confessors; whose throats answering his swords,  
be forth your blood for breath, spoke souls for  
words.

Now the bottom of the great abyss,  
here where one centre reconciles all things;  
world's profound heart pants; there placed is  
Mischief's old master; close about him clings  
a world's knot of embracing snakes, that kiss  
his correspondent cheeks: these loathsome  
strings

bind the perverse prince in eternal ties  
bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

The judge of torments, and the king of tears,  
He fills a burnished throne of quenchless fire;  
And for his old fair robes of light, he wears  
A gloomy mantle of dark flames : the tire  
That crowns his hated head on high appears ;  
Where seven tall horns (his empire's pride)  
aspire,  
And, to make up hell's majesty, each horn  
Seven crested hydras horribly adorn.

His eyes, the sullen dens of death and night,  
Startle the dull air with a dismal red ;  
Such his fell glances as the fatal light  
Of staring comets, that look kingdoms dead :  
From his black nostrils, and blue lips, in spite  
Of hell's own stink, a worser stench is spread :  
His breath hell's lightning is ; and each deep  
groan  
Disdains to think that heav'n thunders alone.

His flaming eyes' dire exhalation,  
Unto a dreadful pile gives fiery breath ;  
Whose unconsum'd consumption preys upon  
The never-dying life of a long death.  
In his sad house of slow destruction,  
His shop of flames, he fries himself, beneath  
A mass of woes : his teeth for torment gnash,  
While his steel sides sound with his tail's strong  
lash.

Three rigorous virgins, waiting still behind,  
Assist the throne of th' iron-sceptered king :  
With whips of thorns and knotty vipers twin'd  
They rouse him, when his rank thoughts need a  
sting :

Their locks are beds of uncomb'd snakes, that wind  
About their shady brows in wanton rings.  
Thus reigns the wrathful king; and while he reigns,  
His sceptre and himself both he disdains.

Disdainful wretch ! how hath one bold sin cost  
Thee all the beauties of thy once bright eyes !  
How hath one black eclipse cancell'd and crost  
The glories that did gild thee in thy rise !  
Proud morning of a perverse day ! how lost  
Art thou unto thyself, thou too self-wise  
Narcissus ! foolish Phæton ! who, for all  
Thy high-aim'd hopes, gain'dst but a flaming  
fall.

From death's sad shades to the life-breathing air  
This mortal enemy to mankind's good  
Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,  
To become beautiful in human blood.  
Where Jordan melts his crystal, to make fair  
The fields of Palestine, with so pure a flood ;  
There does he fix his eyes ; and there detect  
New matter, to make good his great suspect.

He calls to mind the old quarrel, and what spark  
Set the contending sons of heav'n on fire :  
Oft in his deep thought he revolves the dark  
Sybils' divining leaves ; he does inquire  
Into th' old prophecies, trembling to mark  
How many present prodigies conspire  
To crown their past predictions : both he lays  
Together, in his pond'rous mind both weighs.

Heaven's gold-winged herald, late he saw  
To a poor Galilean virgin sent ;

How low the bright youth bow'd, and with what  
awe

Immortal flow'rs to her fair hand present.  
He saw the old Hebrew's womb neglect the law  
Of age and barrenness, and her babe prevent  
His birth, by his devotion who began  
Betimes to be a saint before a man.

He saw rich nectar-thaws, release the rigour  
Of th' icy north; from frost-bound Atlas' hands  
His adamantine fetters fall; green vigour  
Gladding the Scythian rocks and Lybian sands:  
He saw a vernal smile sweetly disfigure  
Winter's sad face, and through the flow'r'y lands  
Of fair Engaddi honey-sweating fountains  
With manna, milk, and balm, new broach the  
mountains.

He saw how in that blest day-bearing night,  
The heav'n-rebuked shades made haste away;  
How bright a dawn of angels with new light  
Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a day  
Of which the morning knew not: mad with spite  
He marked how the poor shepherds ran to pay  
Their simple tribute to the Babe, whose birth  
Was the great business both of heav'n and earth.

He saw a threefold sun, with rich increase.  
Make proud the ruby portals of the east;  
He saw the temple, sacred to sweet peace,  
Adore her prince's birth, flat on her breast;  
He saw the falling idols all confess  
A coming deity: he saw the nest  
Of pois'nous and unnatural loves, earth-nurs'd,  
Touched with the world's true antidote to burst.

saw heav'n blossom with a new-born light,  
 On which, as on a glorious stranger gaz'd  
 the golden eyes of night; whose beam made  
 bright

The way to Bethlehem, and as boldly blaz'd,  
 (or ask'd leave of the sun) by day as night;  
 By whom, (as heav'n's illustrious hand-maid,)

rais'd,  
 three kings (or what is more) three wise men  
 went

eastward to find the world's true orient.

tuck with these great concurrences of things,  
 Symptoms so deadly unto death and him,  
 in would he have forgot what fatal strings  
 Eternally bind each rebellious limb:

shook himself, and spread his spacious wings,  
 Which like two bosom'd sails embrace the dim  
 air with a dismal shade; but all in vain—  
 sturdy adamant is his strong chain.

while thus heav'n's highest councils, by the low  
 Foot-steps of their effects he trac'd too well,  
 toss'd his troubled eyes, embers that glow  
 Now with new rage, and wax too hot for hell:  
 With his foul claws he fenc'd his furrowed brow,  
 And gave a ghastly shriek, whose horrid yell  
 ran trembling through the hollow vaults of night,  
 while his twisted tail he gnaw'd for spite.

t, on the other side, fain would he start  
 Above his fears, and think it cannot be:  
 studies Scripture, strives to sound the heart,  
 And feel the pulse of every prophecy;

He knows (but knows not how, or by what art)  
The heav'n-expecting ages hope to see  
A mighty babe, whose pure, unspotted birth,  
From a chaste virgin womb should bless the earth.

But these vast mysteries his senses smother,  
And reason (for what's faith to him?) devour:  
How she that is a maid should prove a mother,  
Yet keep inviolate her virgin flower;  
How God's eternal Son should be man's brother,  
Poseth his proudest intellectual power;  
How a pure spirit should incarnate be,  
And life itself wear death's frail livery.

That the great angel-blinding Light should shrink  
His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye;  
That the unmeasur'd God so low should sink,  
As pris'ner in a few poor rags to lie;  
That from his mother's breast he milk should drink  
Who feeds with nectar heav'n's fair family;  
That a vile manger his low bed should prove,  
Who in a throne of stars thunders above:

That he whom the sun serves should faintly peep  
Through clouds of infant flesh; that he, the  
old  
Eternal Word, should be a child, and weep;  
That he who made the fire should fear the cold;  
That heav'n's high Majesty his court should keep  
In a clay-cottage, by each blast control'd;  
That glory's self should serve our griefs and fears,  
And free eternity submit to years:

And further, that the Law's Eternal Giver,  
Should bleed in his own law's obedience,

And to the circumcising knife deliver  
Himself, the forfeit of his slave's offence ;  
That the unblemished Lamb, blessed for ever,  
Should take the mark of sin, and pain of sense :  
These are the knotty riddles, whose dark doubt  
Entangles his lost thoughts, past getting out.

While new thoughts boil'd in his enraged breast,  
His gloomy bosom's darkest character  
Was in his shady forehead seen express'd :  
The forehead's shade in grief's expression there,  
Is what in sign of joy among the bless'd  
The face's lightning, or a smile is here.  
These stings of care, that his strong heart oppress'd,  
A desperate, " Oh me !" drew from his deep breast.

" Oh me !" thus bellow'd he, " Oh me ! what great  
Portents before mine eyes their powers advance ?  
And serves my purer sight, only to beat  
Down my proud thought, and leave it in a  
trance ?  
Frown I ; and can great nature keep her seat,  
And the gay stars lead on their golden dance ?  
Can his attempts above still prosperous be,  
Auspicious still, in spite of hell and me ?

" He has my heaven, (what would he more ?) whose  
bright  
And radiant sceptre this bold hand should bear ;  
And for the never-fading fields of light,  
My fair inheritance, he confines me here,  
To this dark house of shades, horror, and night,  
To draw a long-liv'd death ; where all my cheer  
Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,  
That mankind's torment waits upon my tears.



“ Dark, dusky man he needs would single forth  
To make the partner of his own pure ray:  
And should we, pow’rs of heaven, spirits of worth,  
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?  
It shall not be, said I; and clomb the north,  
Where never wing of angel yet made way.  
What, though I miss’d my blow? yet I struck high,  
And to dare something is some victory.

“ Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest  
Hell from me too, and sack my territories?  
Vile human nature, means he to invest  
(O my despite!) with his divinest glories?  
And rising with rich spoils upon his breast,  
With his fair triumphs fill all future stories?  
Must the bright arms of Heav’n rebuke these eyes,  
Mock me, and dazzle my dark mysteries?

“ Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves  
Of stars that gild the morn, in charge were  
given?  
The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves?  
The fairest, and the first-born smile of heav’n?  
Look, in what pomp the mistress planet moves,  
Rev’reently circled by the lesser seven,  
Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes  
Oppress’d the common people of the skies.

“ Ah, wretch! what boots thee to cast back thine  
eyes,  
Where dawning hope no beam of comfort shows;  
While the reflection of thy forepast joys  
Renders thee double to thy present woes?  
Rather make up to thy new miseries,  
And meet the mischief that upon thee grows:—

If hell must mourn, heav'n sure shall sympathize;  
What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

"And yet, whose force fear I? have I so lost  
Myself? my strength too with my innocence?  
Come, try who dares—Heav'n—Earth—whate'er  
dost boast

A borrowed being, make thy bold defence.  
Come, thy Creator too: what, though it cost  
Me yet a second fall? we'd try our strengths:  
Heav'n saw us struggle once; as brave a fight  
Earth now shall see, and tremble at the sight."

Thus spoke the impatient prince, and made a  
pause:

His foul hags rais'd their heads, and clapp'd their  
hands;

And all the powers of hell in full applause  
Flourish'd their snakes, and toss'd their flaming  
brands.

"We," said the horrid sisters, "wait thy laws,  
The obsequious handmaids of thy high com-  
mands;

Be it thy part, hell's mighty lord, to lay  
On us thy dread commands—ours to obey.

"What thy Alecto, what these hands can do,  
Thou mad'st bold proof upon the brow of heav'n,  
Nor shouldst thou bate in pride, because that  
now

To these, thy sooty kingdoms, thou art driven:  
Let heaven's Lord chide above, louder than thou,

In language of his thunder, thou art even  
With him below; here thou art lord alone,  
Boundless and absolute—hell is thine own.

" If usual wit and strength will do no good,  
Virtues of stones, nor herbs; use stronger  
charms—

Anger, and love, best hooks of human blood :

If all fail, we'll put on our proudest arms,  
And pouring on heav'n's face the sea's huge flood,  
Quench his curl'd fires; we'll wake with our  
alarms

Ruin, where'er she sleeps at nature's feet,  
And crush the world till his wide corners meet."

Replied the proud king, " O my crown's defence!  
Stay of whose strong hopes! you, of whose brave  
worth

The frightened stars took faint experience,  
When 'gainst the thunder's mouth we marched  
forth,—

Still you are prodigal of your love's expense  
In our great projects, both 'gainst heaven and  
earth :

I thank you all, but one must single out—  
Cruelty—she alone shall cure my doubt."

Fourth of the cursed knot of hags is she,  
Or rather all the other three in one;  
Hell's shop of slaughter she does oversee,  
And still assist the execution :  
But chiefly there does she delight to be,  
Where hell's capacious cauldron is set on;  
And while the black souls boil in their own gore,  
To hold them down, and look that none seeth o'er.

Thrice howl'd the caves of night, and thrice the  
sound,  
Thund'ring upon the banks of those black lakes,

Rung through the hollow vaults of hell profound :

At last her list'ning ears the noise o'ertakes ;

She lifts her sooty lamps, and, looking round,

A gen'ral hiss from the whole tire of snakes  
Rebounding, through hell's inmost caverns came,  
In answer to her formidable name.

'Mongst all the palaces in hell's command,

No one so merciless as this of hers.

The adamantine doors for ever stand

Impenetrable, both to prayers and tears ;

The walls' inexorable steel, no hand

Of time or teeth of hungry ruin fears :

Their ugly ornaments are the bloody stains

Of ragged limbs, torn skulls, and dash'd out brains.

There has the purple Vengeance a proud seat,

Whose ever-brandish'd sword is sheath'd in  
blood :

About her Hate, Wrath, War, and Slaughter  
sweat,

Bathing their hot limbs in life's precious flood.

There rude impetuous Rage does storm and fret ;

And there, as master of this murd'ring brood,  
Swinging a huge scythe, stands impartial Death,  
With endless business almost out of breath.

For hangings and for curtains, all along

The walls, (abominable ornaments!)

Are tools of wrath, anvils of torments hung,

Fell executioners of foul intents ;

Nails, hammers, hatchets sharp, and halters strong,

Swords, spears, with all the fatal instruments  
Of sin and death, twice dipp'd in the dire stains  
Of brothers' mutual blood, and fathers' brains.

The tables furnish'd with a cursed feast,  
Which Harpies, with lean Famine, feed upon,  
Unfill'd for ever. Here among the rest,  
Inhuman Erisichthon too makes one;  
Tantalus, Atreus, Progne, here are guests;  
Wolvish Lycaon' here a place hath won:  
The cup they drink in is Medusa's scull,  
Which mix'd with gall and blood they quaff brim  
full.

The foul queen's most abhorred maids of honour,  
Medæa, Jezabel, many a meagre witch,  
With Circe, Scylla, stand to wait upon her;  
But her best housewives are the Parcæ, which  
Still work for her, and have their wages from her;  
They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch;  
Her cruel clothes of costly threads they weave,  
Which short-cut lives of murder'd infants leave.

The house is hears'd about with a black wood,  
Which nods with many a heavy-headed tree;  
Each flower's a pregnant poison, tried and good;  
Each herb, a plague; the wind's sighs timed be  
By a black fount, which weeps into a flood:  
'Through the thick shades obscurely might you  
see

Minotaurs, Cyclopes, with a dark drove  
Of Dragons, Hydras, Sphinxes, fill the grove.

Here Diomed's horses, Phereus' dogs appear,  
With the fierce lions of Therodamas;  
Busiris has his bloody altar here;  
Here Sylla his severest prison has;  
The Lestrigonians here their table rear;  
Here strong Procrustes plants his bed of brass;

Here cruel Sciron boasts his bloody rocks,  
And hateful Scinis his so feared oaks.

Whatever schemes of blood, fantastic frames  
Of death, Mezentius, or Geryon drew ;  
Phalaris, Ochus, Ezzelinus, names  
Mighty in mischief, with dread Nero too,—  
Here they are all, here all the swords or flames  
Assyrian tyrants, or Egyptian knew :  
Such was the house, so furnish'd was the hall,  
Whence the fourth Fury answer'd Pluto's call.

Scarce to this monster could the shady king  
The horrid sum of his intentions tell,  
But she (swift as the momentary wing  
Of lightning, or the words he spoke) left hell :  
She rose, and with her to our world did bring  
Pale proof of her fell presence; the air too  
well,  
With a chang'd countenance, witness'd the fight,  
And poor fowls intercepted in their flight.

Heav'n saw her rise, and saw Hell in the sight.  
The fields' fair eyes saw her, and saw no more,  
But shut their flow'ry lids for ever : Night  
And Winter strow her way ; yea, such a sore  
Is she to nature, that a general fright,  
An universal palsy, spreading o'er  
The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,  
Had not her thick snakes hid them from the sun.

Now had the Night's companion from her den,  
Where all the busy day she close doth lie,  
With her soft wing wip'd from the brows of men  
Day's sweat ; and by a gentle tyranny,

And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them  
Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye  
Of sorrow, with a soft and downy hand,  
Sealing all breasts in a Lethæan band ;

When the Erinnyes her black pinions spread,  
And came to Bethlehem, where the cruel king  
Had now retir'd himself, and borrowed  
His breast awhile from care's unquiet sting :  
Such as at Thebes' dire feast she show'd her head,  
Her sulphur-breathed torches brandishing,  
Such to the frightened palace now she comes,  
And with soft feet searches the silent rooms.

By Herod—————now was borne  
The sceptre, which of old great David sway'd ;  
Whose right, by David's lineage so long worn,  
Himself a stranger too, his own had made ;  
And from the head of Judah's house quite torn  
The crown, for which upon their necks he laid  
A sad yoke, under which they sigh'd in vain,  
And looking on their lost state sigh'd again.

Up through the spacious palace passed she,  
To where the king's proudly-reposed head  
(If any can be soft to tyranny  
And self-tormenting sin) had a soft bed.  
She thinks not fit such he her face should see,  
As it is seen by hell, and seen with dread :  
To change her face's style she doth devise,  
And in a pale ghost's shape to spare his eyes.

Herself awhile she lays aside, and makes  
Ready to personate a mortal part.  
Joseph the king's dead brother's shape she takes ;

What he by nature was, is she by art.  
She comes to th' king, and with her cold hand  
    slakes

His spirits, the sparks of life, and chills his heart,  
Life's forge: feign'd is her voice, and false too be  
Her words—"Sleep'st thou, fond man? Sleep'st  
    thou?" said she.

"So sleeps a pilot whose poor bark is press'd  
    With many a merciless o'er-mastering wave;  
For whom, as dead, the wrathful winds contest  
    Which of them deep'st shall dig her wat'ry  
    grave.

Why dost thou let thy brave soul lie suppress'd  
    In death-like slumbers, while thy dangers crave  
Awaking eye and hand? look up and see  
The Fates ripe in their great conspiracy.

"Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrew's royal  
    stem

(That old dry stock) a despair'd branch is  
    sprung,  
A most strange babe? who here, conceal'd by  
    them,

In a neglected stable lies, among  
Beasts and base straw? already is the stream  
    Quite turn'd: the ingrateful rebels this their  
    young

Master (with voice free as the trump of fame)  
Their new king, and thy successor proclaim.

"What busy motions, what wild engines stand  
    On tiptoe in their giddy brains? they have fire  
Already in their bosoms; and their hand



Already reaches at a sword : they hire  
Poisons to speed thee ; yet through all the land  
What one comes to reveal what they conspire ?  
Go now, make much of these ; wage still their wars,  
And bring home on thy breast more thankless scars.

“ Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,  
That thy firm hand for ever might sustain  
A well-poised sceptre ? does it now seem good  
Thy brother's blood be spilt—life spent—in vain ?  
'Gainst thy own sons and brothers thou hast stood  
In arms, when lesser cause was to complain :  
And now cross fates a watch about thee keep,  
Canst thou be careless now, now canst thou sleep ?

“ Where art thou, man ? what cowardly mistake  
Of thy great self, hath stol'n king Herod from  
thee ?

O call thyself home to thyself ; wake, wake,  
And fence the hanging sword Heav'n throws  
upon thee :

Redeem a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake  
Thyself into a shape that may become thee.  
Be Herod, and thou shalt not miss from me  
Immortal stings to thy great thoughts, and thee.”

So said, her richest snake, which to her wrist  
For a beseeeming bracelet she had tied,  
(A special worm it was, as ever kiss'd  
The foamy lips of Cerberus) she applied  
To the king's heart : the snake no sooner hiss'd,  
But Virtue heard it, and away she hied ;  
Dire flames diffuse themselves through every vein :  
This done, home to her hell she hied again.

He wakes, and with him (ne'er to sleep) new fears :

His sweat-bedewed bed had now betray'd him,  
To a vast field of thorns ; ten thousand spears

All pointed in his heart seem'd to invade him :  
So mighty were th' amazing characters

With which his feeling dream had thus dismay'd  
him,

He his own fancy-framed foes defies ;

In rage, " My arms ! give me my arms !" he cries.

As when a pile of food-preparing fire,

The breath of artificial lungs embraves,

The cauldron-prison'd waters strait conspire,

And beat the hot brass with rebellious waves :

He murmurs and rebukes their bold desire ;

Th' impatient liquor frets, and foams, and raves ;

Till his o'erflowing pride suppress the flame,

Whence all his high spirits and hot courage came ;—

So boils the fired Herod's blood-swoll'n breast,

Not to be slak'd but by a sea of blood :

His faithless crown he feels loose on his crest,

Which on false tyrant's head ne'er firmly stood ;

The worm of jealous envy and unrest,

To which his gnawed heart is the growing food,

Makes him impatient of the ling'ring light,

Hate the sweet peace of all-composing night.

A thousand prophecies, that talk strange things,

Had sown of old these doubts in his deep breast ;

And now of late came tributary kings,

Bringing him nothing but new fears from th'  
East,

More deep suspicions, and more deadly stings ;

With which his fev'rous cares their cold increas'd :

And now his dream (hell's firebrand) still more  
    bright,  
Show'd him his fears, and kill'd him with the sight.

No sooner therefore shall the morning see,  
    (Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of day,)  
But all his counsellors must summon'd be,  
    To meet their troubled lord without delay :  
Heralds and messengers immediately  
    Are sent about ; who, posting every way  
To the heads and officers of every band,  
Declare who sends, and what is his command.

Why art thou troubled, Herod ? what vain fear  
    Thy blood-revolving breast to rage doth move ;  
Heaven's King, who doffs himself weak flesh to  
    wear,

Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love ;  
Nor would he this thy fear'd crown from thee tear,  
    But give thee a better with himself above.  
Poor jealousy ! why should he wish to prey  
Upon thy crown, who gives his own away.

Make to thy reason, man, and mock thy doubts ;  
    Look how below thy fears their causes are :  
Thou art a soldier, Herod, send thy scouts ;  
    See how he's furnish'd for so fear'd a war.  
What armour does he wear ? a few thin clouts.  
    His trumpets ? tender cries : his men to dare  
So much ? rude shepherds : what his steeds ? alas,  
Poor beasts ! a slow ox, and a simple ass.

---

ON A PRAYER BOOK SENT TO MRS. M. R.

Lo here a little volume, but great book, '  
 (Fear it not, sweet,  
 It is no hypocrite,)  
 Much larger in itself than in its look.  
 It is, in one rich handful, heaven and all  
 Heaven's royal hosts encamp'd, thus small;  
 To prove that true schools used to tell,  
 A thousand angels in one point can dwell.

It is love's great artillery,  
 Which here contracts itself and comes to lie  
 Close couch'd in your white bosom, and from  
 thence,  
 As from a snowy fortress of defence,  
 Against the ghostly foe to take your part,  
 And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.  
 It is the armoury of light;  
 Let constant use but keep it bright,  
 You'll find it yields  
 To holy hands and humble hearts,  
 More swords and shields  
 Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.

Only be sure,  
 The hands be pure  
 That hold these weapons, and the eyes  
 Those of turtles, chaste and true,  
 Wakeful and wise :  
 Here is a friend shall fight for you ;  
 Hold but this book before your heart,  
 Let prayer alone to play his part.

But, oh, the heart  
That studies this high art,  
Must be a sure housekeeper,  
And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong,  
Mercy will come ere long,  
And bring her bosom full of blessings,—  
Flowers of never-fading graces,—  
To make immortal dressings  
For worthy souls whose wise embraces  
Store up themselves for him, who is alone  
The Spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's Son.

But if the noble Bridegroom, when he comes,  
Shall find the wand'ring heart from home,  
Leaving her chaste abode,  
To gad abroad,—  
Amongst the gay mates of the god of flies  
To take her pleasures, and to play  
And keep the devil's holiday,—  
To dance in the sunshine of some smiling  
But beguiling  
Sphere of sweet and sugar'd lies,  
Some slippery pair,  
Of false, perhaps as fair,  
Flattering but forswearing eyes,—  
Doubtless some other heart  
Will get the start,  
And stepping in before,  
Will take possession of the sacred store  
Of hidden sweets, and holy joys,  
Words which are not heard with ears,  
(These tumultuous shops of noise,)  
Effectual whispers whose still voice,

he soul itself more feels than hears ;—  
 morous languishments, luminous trances,

Sights which are not seen with eyes,  
 spiritual and soul-piercing glances,

Whose pure and subtle lightning flies  
 ome to the heart, and sets the house on fire,  
 nd melts it down in sweet desire,

Yet doth not stay  
 o ask the window's leave to pass that way ;  
 elicious deaths, soft exhalations  
 f soul, dear and divine annihilations,

A thousand unknown rites  
 Of joys and rarified delights ;—  
 n hundred thousand loves and graces,

And many a mystic thing,  
 Which the divine embraces  
 f the dear Spouse of spirits with them will bring,

For which it is no shame,  
 hat dull mortality must not know a name :—

f all this hidden store  
 f blessings, and ten thousand more,

If when he come  
 e find the heart from home,  
 Doubtless he will unload  
 himself some otherwhere ;

And pour abroad  
 His precious sweets,  
 n the fair soul whom first he meets.

, fair ! O, fortunate ! O, rich ! O, dear !

O ! happy and thrice happy she,  
 Dear silver-breasted dove,

Whoe'er she be,  
 Whose early love,

With winged vows,  
 Makes haste to meet her morning Spouse,  
 And close with his immortal kisses!  
 Happy soul! who never misses  
 To improve that precious hour;  
 And every day  
 Seize her sweet prey,  
 All fresh and fragrant as he rises,  
 Dropping with a balmy shower,  
 A delicious dew of spices.

Oh, let that happy soul hold fast  
 Her heavenly armful: she shall taste  
 At once ten thousand paradises;  
 She shall have power  
 To rifle and deflower  
 The rich and roseal spring of those rare sweets,  
 Which with a swelling bosom there she meets;  
 Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures  
 Of pure inebriating pleasures.  
 Happy soul! she shall discover  
 What joy, what bliss,  
 How many heavens at once it is,  
 To have a God become her lover.



#### AN EPITAPH UPON MR. ASHTON.

THE modest front of this small floor,  
 Believe me, reader, can say more  
 Than many a braver marble can—  
 “Here lies a truly honest man;”  
 One whose conscience was a thing  
 That troubled neither church nor king.

One of those few that, in this town,  
Honour all preachers, hear their own.  
Sermons he heard; yet not so many  
As left no time to practise any :  
He heard them reverently, and then  
His practice preached them o'er again.  
His parlour-sermons rather were  
Those to the eye, than to the ear :  
His prayers took their price and strength,  
Not from the loudness, nor the length.  
He was a Protestant at home;  
Not, only in despite of Rome :  
He loved his father, yet his zeal  
Tore not off his mother's veil.  
To the Church he did allow her dress,  
True beauty to true holiness.  
Peace, which he loved in life, did lend  
Her hand to bring him to his end :  
When age and death call'd for the score,  
No surfeits were to reckon for ;  
Death tore not (therefore) but sans strife  
Gently untwined his thread of life.  
What remains, then, but that thou  
Write these lines, reader, in thy brow,  
And by his fair example's light,  
Burn in thy imitation bright.  
So while these lines can but bequeath  
A life perhaps unto his death,  
His better epitaph shall be,  
His life still kept alive in thee.



1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the city of New York.

2. The second part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the city of New York.

3. The third part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the city of New York.

4. The fourth part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the city of New York.

## WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

BORN 1611; DIED 1643.

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THE early death of this brilliant young man put a period to a career of the highest promise. His diligence was equal to the acuity of his parts; he was thought equally admirable as a wit and a preacher: the wits, the courtiers, and the divines of his time joined in his praise while living; and all who could feel, or wished to be thought to feel, for the departure of learning and genius, were emulous to hang a garland upon his tomb. The writings of CARTWRIGHT possess ease, sweetness, and playfulness of fancy; but, judging them with the impartial coolness of humorous criticism, it is impossible not to ascribe a considerable portion of their effect upon his contemporaries to the prejudice created in favour of the *poet*, by the fascinating temper and conversation which were universally acknowledged in the *man*. Like most of the wits of those times, Cartwright wrote for the stage.



## WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

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### CONSIDERATION.

FOOL that I was, that little of my span  
Which I have sinn'd, until it styles me man,  
I counted life till now ; henceforth I'll say,  
'Twas but a drowsy ling'ring or delay :  
Let it forgotten perish, let none tell  
What I then was—to live is to live well.  
Off then, thou old man, and give place unto  
The Ancient of Days ! Let him renew  
Mine age like to the eagle's, and endow  
My breast with innocence ; that he whom thou  
Hast made a man of sin, and subtly sworn  
A vassal to thy tyranny, may turn  
Infant again, and having all of child,  
Want wit hereafter to be so beguil'd.  
O Thou, that art the way ! direct me still  
In this long tedious pilgrimage ; and till  
Thy voice be born, lock up my looser tongue—  
He only is best grown that's thus turned young.

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## CONFESSION.

I do confess, O God ! my wandering fires  
Are kindled, not from zeal, but loose desires ;  
My ready tears, shed from instructed eyes,  
Have not been pious griefs, but subtleties ;  
And only sorry that sins miss, I owe  
To thwarted wishes all the sighs I blow :  
My fires thus merit fire ; my tears the fall  
Of showers provoke ; my sighs for blasts do call  
O, then, descend in fire ! but let it be  
Such as snatch'd up the prophet ; such as we  
Read of in Moses' bush ; a fire of joy,  
Sent to enlighten, rather than destroy.  
O, then, descend in showers ! but let them be  
Showers only, and not tempests ; such as we  
Feel from the morning's eye-lids ; such as feed,  
Not choke, the sprouting of the tender seed.  
O, then descend in blasts ! but let them be  
Blasts only, and not whirlwinds ; such as we  
Take in for health's sake ; soft and easy breaths,  
Taught to convey refreshments, and not deaths.  
So shall the fury of my fires assuage,  
And that turn fervour which was brutish rage ;  
So shall my tears be then untaught to feign,  
And the diseased waters healed again ;  
So shall my sighs not be as clouds to invest  
My sins with might, but winds to purge my  
breast.

## ALEXANDER ROSSE—

NAME which the well-known ludicrous rhyme in Hudibras made a familiar by-word to many who little suspect that who bore it was a learned and estimable divine, and a most e metaphysician. ROSSE was one of King Charles the t's Chaplains. He wrote many books, in Latin and English—in prose and verse. The two little poems which w are taken from his "Mel Heliconium ; or poetical Honey ered out of the Weeds of Parnassus"—a well-intended and niously executed attempt to spiritualize, and impart a stian sense and application to the Greek and Roman My-gy.



## ALEXANDER ROSSE.

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### AURORA.

#### A MEDITATION.

As fair Aurora from old Tithon's bed  
Flies out with painted wings, and them doth  
spread

Upon the firmament ;  
So from the heaven's golden cabinet  
Out flies a morning all with roses set,

Of graces redolent ;  
Whose presence did revive the hearts of those  
Whom night of sin and error did enclose  
Within her darkest cell.

This Morning in a purple chariot rides,  
Drawn by four milk-white steeds; the reins he  
guides

In spite of death and hell :  
Christ is this Morning, who triumphantly  
On the bright chariot of his word doth fly :

The four white horses are  
The four evangelists, whose light doth run  
As swift as doth Aurora, or the sun,  
Or morn, or any star.



'Tis he, that eagle-like our youth renews,  
And in us all infirmities subdues :

'Tis he whose radiant wings  
Display'd abroad, have chas'd away the night,  
And usher'd in the day which mental light

And true contentment brings.—

Oh Thou, whose face doth gild the canopy,  
That doth infold fire, air, and earth, and sea,

Extend thy glorious rays

On me ! Oh let me see that countenance  
Which may dispel the night of ignorance !—  
So shall I sing thy praise.

### BACCHUS.

#### A MEDITATION.

If you would a monarch see  
All array'd, in majesty,  
Who triumphed first, and wore  
Such a crown as none before  
Could attain to—Christ is he,  
Who triumphing on a tree  
Kill'd the snake with his two stings,  
Death and sin, and captiv'd kings,  
And the Titans, who combine  
Heaven itself to undermine.  
This is he whose eloquence  
Doth surpass all human sense ;  
From whose lips, as from a still,  
Drops of nectar down did rill ;  
When our hearts with fear did pine,  
We found out that pleasant wine

Which hath made us laugh, and sing  
Hallelujahs to our King.  
He flung overboard and drown'd  
All the pirates that him bound ;  
When they had his body torn  
With their whips and crown of thorn,  
When they thought he had been slain,  
He reviv'd and rose again.  
Hecatée, queen of the night,  
Held him not, for all her might ;  
But this uncontrolled Prince  
Burst her gates, and got out thence.  
O, thou only God of wine,  
Comfort this poor heart of mine,  
With that nectar of thy blood  
Which runs from thee like a flood !  
On thy fruitless servant pour  
From thy veins a crimson shower :  
Let that dew of rubies, which  
Fell from thee, my soul enrich ;  
Let me taste of that sweet sap  
Which distill'd from this crush'd grape :  
'Twas for me this grape was press'd—  
Drink, my soul, and take thy rest.

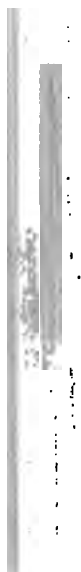
1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

## HENRY MORE.

BORN 1614; DIED 1687.

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Among the greatest ornaments of the literature of the church in England are the works of those theologians of the 17th century, who, from having investigated and explained the analogy between Christianity and the ideal philosophy of the Greeks, and the name of Platonic Divines. Such were Cudworth, Joseph Beaumont, Norris, and others—ripe scholars and men; but, perhaps, the most remarkable of them all Henry More. With talents peculiarly fitted to secure distinction and success in the times in which he lived, he was ambitious only of retirement and a free leisure; refusing preferment in the church, and devoting himself to a life of study and contemplation. His “Mystery of Godliness,” “Mystery of Iniquity,” “Philosophical Collections,” and other laborious productions, though little to the taste of modern readers, once enjoyed a great degree of popularity. His *Thyologia*, or *Life of the Soul*, and other philosophical poems, are metaphysical treatises in verse, generally dry and technical enough; yet not wholly unenlivened by gleams of fancy and bursts of poetic feeling.



## HENRY MORE.

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### THE PHILOSOPHER'S DEVOTION.

SING aloud; his praise rehearse  
Who hath made the universe.  
He the boundless heavens has spread  
All the vital orbs has kned;<sup>1</sup>  
He that on Olympus high  
Tends his flock with watchful eye;  
And this eye has multiplied  
Midst each flock for to reside.  
Thus, as round about they stray,  
Toucheth each with out-stretch'd ray:  
Nimbly they hold on their way,  
Shaping out their night and day.  
Never slack they; none respire,  
Dancing round their central fires.

In due order as they move,  
Echoes sweet be gently drove  
Thorough heaven's vast hollowness,  
Which unto all corners press—  
Music, that the heart of Jove  
Moves to joy and sportful love;

<sup>1</sup> *Kneaded*—made, compounded.

Fills the listening sailor's ears,  
Riding on the wandering spheres.  
Neither speech nor language is,  
Where their voice is not transmiss.

God is good, is wise, is strong,  
Witness all the creature-throng;  
Is confess'd by every tongue—  
All things—back from whence they sprung,  
As the thankful rivers pay  
What they borrowed of the sea.

Now, myself, I do resign;  
Take me whole, I all am thine.  
Save me, God! from self-desire,  
Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire;  
Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire:  
Let not lust my soul bemire.

Quit from these, thy praise I'll sing,  
Loudly sweep the trembling string.  
Bear a part, O wisdom's sons!  
Freed from vain religions.  
Lo! from far I you salute,  
Sweetly warbling on my lute.  
India, Egypt, Araby,  
Asia, Greece, and Tartary,  
Carmel-tracts and Lebanon,  
With the mountains of the moon,  
From whence muddy Nile doth run;  
Or, wherever else you won,  
Breathing in one vital air;—  
One we are though distant far.

Rise at once—let's sacrifice:  
Odours sweet perfume the skies.

See how heavenly lightning fires  
 Hearts inflamed with high aspires ;  
 All the substance of our souls  
 Up in clouds of incense rolls !  
 Leave we nothing to ourselves  
 Save a voice—what need we else ?  
 Or an hand to wear and tire  
 On the thankful lute or lyre.  
     Sing aloud ; his praise rehearse  
 Who hath made the universe.

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## CUPID'S CONFLICT.

UPON a day, as best did please my mind,  
 Walking abroad amidst the verdant field,  
 Scattering my careful thoughts i' th' wanton wind ;  
 The pleasure of my path so far had till'd<sup>1</sup>  
     My feeble feet that without timely rests  
     Uneath<sup>2</sup> it were to reach my wonted nest.

In secret shade, far moved from mortal's sight,  
 In lowly dale my wandering limbs I laid  
 On the cool grass, where nature's pregnant wit  
 A goodly bower of thickest trees had made :  
     Amongst the leaves the cheerful birds did fare,  
     And sweetly carrol'd to the echoing air.

Hard at my feet ran down a crystal spring,  
 Which did the cumb'rous pebbles hoarsely chide  
 For standing in the way. Though murmuring,  
 The broken stream his course did rightly guide ;

<sup>1</sup> *Enticed.*<sup>2</sup> *Difficult.*



And strongly pressing forward with disdain,  
The grassy floor divided into twain.

The place awhile did feed my foolish eye,  
As being new ; and eke mine idle ear  
Did listen oft to such wild harmony ;  
And oft my curious fancy would compare  
How well agreed the brook's low muttering base,  
With the birds' trebles perch'd on higher place.

But sense's objects soon do glut the soul,  
Or rather weary with their emptiness ;  
So I, all heedless how the waters roll,  
And mindless of the mirth the birds express,  
Into myself 'gin softly to retire,  
After hid heavenly pleasures to inquire.

While I this enterprize do entertain,  
Lo ! on the other side, in thickest bushes,  
A mighty noise ! with that a naked swain  
With blue and purple wings strait rudely rushes :  
He leaps down light upon the flowery green :  
Like sight before mine eyes had never seen.

At's snowy back the boy a quiver wore,  
Right fairly wrought and gilded all with gold ;  
A silver bow in his left hand he bore,  
And in his right a ready shaft did hold.  
Thus armed stood he, and betwixt us tway,  
The labouring brook did break his toilsome way.

The wanton lad, whose sport is others' pain,  
Did charge his bended bow with deadly dart ;  
And drawing to the head with might and main,  
With fell intent he aim'd to hit my heart ;

But even as he shot his arrows still  
In their mid course dropt down into the rill.

Of wondrous virtues that in waters been,  
Is needless to rehearse; all books do ring  
Of those strange rarities: but where was seen  
Such virtue as resided in this spring?

The novelty did make me much admire,  
But stirred the hasty youth to rageful ire.

As heedless fowls that take their perilous flights  
Over that bane of birds, Averno lake,  
Do drop down dead, so dead his shafts did light  
Amid this stream; which presently did slake  
Their fiery points, and all their feathers wet;  
Which made the youngster godling inly fret.

Thus, lustful Love (this was that love I ween,)  
Was wholly changed to consuming ire,  
And eath' it was, sith they're so near akin,  
They be both born of one rebellious sire.

But he suppress'd his wrath, and by and by  
For feather'd darts he winged words let fly.

"Vain man!" said he, "and would thou wer'st not  
vain,

That hid'st thyself in solitary shade,  
And spill'st thy precious youth in sad disdain,  
Hating this life's delights! Hath God thee made  
Part of this world, and wilt not thou partake  
Of this world's pleasure for its Maker's sake?

"Unthankful wretch! God's gifts thus to reject,  
And maken nought of nature's goodly dower,

That moulders still away through thy neglect,  
And dying, fades like unregarded flower :

This life is good ; what's good thou must improve :

The highest improvement of this life is love.

“ Had I—but O that envious destiny,  
O Stygian vow, or thrice accursed charm,  
Should in this place free passage thus deny  
Unto my shafts as messengers of harm !

Had I but once transfixt thy froward breast,  
How wouldst thou then”—I staid not for the  
rest ;

But thus, half angry, to the boy replied :

“ How wouldst thou then my soul of sense bereave !  
I blinded, the more blind should choose my guide !  
How wouldst thou then my muddied mind deceive  
With fading shows, that, in my error vile,  
Base lust I love should term ; vice, virtue style !

“ How should my wicked rhymes then idolize  
Thy wretched power, and with impious wit  
Impute thy base-born passions to the skies,  
And my soul's sickness count an heavenly fit :

My weakness, strength ; my wisdom, to be  
caught ;

My bane, my bliss ; mine ease, to be o'er-  
wrought.

“ How often through my fondly feigning mind,  
And frantic fancy, in my mistress' eye  
Should I a thousand fluttering Cupids find,  
Bathing their busy wings ? How oft espy,  
Under the shadow of her eye-brows fair,  
Ten thousand graces sit all naked-bare ?

“ Thus haunted should I be with such feat<sup>1</sup> fiends,  
A pretty madness were my portion due ;  
Foolish myself I would not hear my friends ;  
Should deem the true for false, the false for true ;  
    My way all dark, more slippery than ice,  
    My attendants Anger, Pride, and Jealousies.

“ Unthankful then to God, I should neglect  
All the whole world for one poor sorry wight,  
Whose pestilent eye, into my heart project,  
Would burn like poisonous comet in my sprite.  
    Aye me ! how dismal then would prove that day,  
    Whose only light sprang from so fatal ray !

“ Who seeks for pleasure in this mortal life  
By diving deep into the body base,  
Shall lose true pleasure ; but who gainly strive  
Their sinking soul above this bulk to place,  
    Enlarged delight they certainly shall find,  
    Unbounded joys to fill their boundless mind.

“ When I myself from mine ownself do quit,  
And each thing else, then an all-spreading love  
To the vast universe my soul doth fit,  
Makes me half equal to all-seeing Jove ;  
    My mighty wings high-stretch'd then clapping  
    light,  
    I brush the stars and make them shine more  
    bright.

“ Then all the works of God with close embrace,  
I dearly hug in my enlarged arms ;  
All the hid paths of Heavenly Love I trace,  
And boldly listen to his secret charms ;

<sup>1</sup> Dexterous.

Then clearly view I where true light doth rise,  
And where eternal night low-pressed lies.

“ Thus lose I not by leaving small delight,  
But gain more joy, while I myself suspend  
From this and that; for then, with all unite,  
I all enjoy, and love that love commands.  
That all is more than loves the partial soul,  
Whose petty loves the impartial fates controul.”

“ Ah, son !” said he (and laughed very loud,)  
“ That trick’st thy tongue with uncouth strange  
disguise,  
Extolling highly that with speeches proud,  
To mortal men that human state denies ;  
And rashly blaming what thou never knew,  
I let men experienced speak, if they’ll speak true.

“ Had I once lanc’d thy froward flinty heart,  
And curdled blood had thaw’n with living fire,  
And prick’d thy drowsy spirit with gentle smart,  
How wouldst thou wake to kindly sweet desire !  
Thy soul fill’d up with overflowing pleasures,  
Would dew thy lips with honey-dropping  
measures.

“ Then wouldst thou carrol loud, and sweetly sing  
In honour of my sacred deity,  
That all the woods and hollow hills would ring,  
Re-echoing thy heavenly harmonies ;  
And eke the hardy rocks, with full rebounds,  
Would faithfully return thy silver sounds.

“ Next unto me would be thy mistress fair,  
Whom thou might setten out with goodly skill,

Her peerless beauty and her virtues rare ;  
That all would wonder at thy graceful quill ;  
And lastly, in us both, thyself shouldst raise,  
And crown thy temples with immortal bays.

“ But now thy riddles all men do neglect,  
Thy rugged lines of all do live forlorn ;<sup>1</sup>  
Unwelcome rhymes, that rudely do detect  
The reader's ignorance : men holden scorn  
To be so often nonplus'd, or to spell,  
And on one stanza a whole age to dwell.

“ But if thy haughty mind, forsooth, would deign  
To stoop so low to hearken to my lore,  
Then wouldst thou with twin lovers not disdain  
To adorn the outside, set the best before ;  
Nor rub nor wrinkle would thy verses spoil,  
Thy rhymes should run as glib and smooth as oil.”

“ If that be all,” said I, “ thy reasons slight  
Can never move my well-established mind ;  
Full well I wot always the present sprite,  
Or life that doth possess the soul, doth blind,  
Shutting the windows 'gainst broad open day,  
Lest fairer sights its ugliness bewray.

“ The soul then loves that disposition best,  
Because no better comes unto her view ;  
The drunkard, drunkenness ; the sluggard, rest ;  
The ambitious honour and obeisance due :  
So all the rest do love their vices base,  
'Cause Virtue's beauty comes not into place.

“ And looser Love, 'gainst Chastity divine  
Would *shut the door*, that he might sit alone :

<sup>1</sup> Neglected.

Then wholly should my mind to his incline,  
And waxen strait, (since larger love was gone ;)  
That paltry sprite of low contracting lust,  
Would fit my soul as if 'twere made for't  
just.

“ Then should I with my fellow bird or brute,  
So strangely metamorphos'd either neigh,  
Or bellow loud ; or, if't may better suit,  
Chirp out my joy perch'd upon higher spray ;  
My passions fond with impudence rehearse,  
Immortalize my madness in a verse.

“ This is the sum of thy deceiving boast,  
That I vain lewdness highly should admire,  
When I the sense of better things have lost,  
And changed my heavenly heat for hellish fire.  
Passion is blind, but Virtue's piercing eye  
Approaching danger can from far espy.

“ And what thou dost pedantiely object,  
Concerning my rude, rugged, uncouth style,  
As childish toy, I manfully neglect,  
And at thy hidden snares do inly smile :  
How ill, alas ! with wisdom it accords,  
To sell my living sense for lifeless words !

“ My thought's the fittest measure of my tongue ;  
Wherefore I'll use what's most significant,  
And rather than my inward meaning wrong,  
Or my full-shining notion trimly scant,  
I'll conjure up old words out of their grave ;  
Or call fresh foreign force in, if need crave.

“ The meaner mind works with more nicety,  
As spiders wont to work their idle web ;

But braver spirits do all things gallantly,  
Of lesser failings not at all afraid :  
    So Nature's careless pencil, dipp'd in light,  
    With sprinkled stars hath spattered the night.

“ And if my notions, clear though rudely  
    thrown,  
And loosely scattered in my poesy, <sup>1</sup>  
May lend men light, till the dead night be gone,  
And morning fresh with roses strew the sky—  
    It is enough : I meant no trimmer frame,  
    Or by nice needlework to seek a name.

“ Vain man ! that seekest name amongst earthly  
    men,  
Devoid of God and all good virtuous lere ; <sup>1</sup>  
Who groping in the dark do nothing ken,  
But mad with griping care their souls do tear,  
    Or burst with hatred, or with envy pine,  
    Or burn with rage, or melt out at their eyne.

“ Thrice happy he whose name is writ above,  
And doeth good, though gaining infamy ;  
Requiteth evil turns with hearty love,  
And recks not what befalls him outwardly ;  
    Whose worth is in himself, whose only bliss  
    In his pure conscience that doth nought amiss ;

“ Who placeth pleasure in his purged soul,  
And virtuous life his treasure doth esteem ;  
Who can his passions master and controul,  
And that true lordly manliness doth deem ;  
    Who from this world himself hath clearly quit,  
    Counts nought his own but what lives in his spirit.

<sup>1</sup> Learning.



“ So when his spirit from this vain world shall flit,  
It bears all with it whatsoe’er was dear  
Unto itself, passing in easy fit,  
As kindly ripen’d corn comes out of the ear.  
Thus mindless of what idle men will say,  
He takes his own, and stilly goes his way.

“ But the retinue of proud Lucifer,  
Those blustering poets that fly after fame,  
And deck themselves like the bright morning-star—  
Alas! it is but all a crackling flame;  
For death will strip them of that glorious plume,  
That airy bliss will vanish into fume.

“ For can their careful ghosts from limbo make  
Return, or listen from the bowed sky,  
To hear how well their learned lines do take?  
Or, if they could, is heaven’s felicity  
So small, as by men’s praise to be increas’d,  
Hell’s pain no greater than hence to be eas’d?

“ Therefore once dead, in vain shall I transmit  
My shadow to gazing posterity;  
Cast far behind me I shall never see ’t,  
On heaven’s fair sun having fast fix’d mine eye;  
Nor while I live heed I what man doth praise  
Or underprize mine unaffected lays.”

“ What moves thee, then,” said he “ to take the  
pains,  
And spenden time, if thou contemn’st the fruit—  
Sweet fruit of fame, that fills the poet’s brains  
With high conceit, and feeds his fainting wit?  
How pleasant ’tis in honour here to live,  
And dead, thy name for ever to survive!

" Or is thy abject mind so basely bent  
As of thy muse to maken merchandize ?  
(And well I wot this is no strange intent : )  
The hopeful glimpse of gold from chattering pies,  
From daws and crows and parrots oft hath  
    wrung  
An unexpected Pegaseian song."

" Foul shame on him !" quoth I, " that shameful  
    thought  
Doth entertain within his dunghill breast !  
Both God and nature hath my spirits wrought  
To better temper, and of old hath blest  
    My lofty soul with more divine aspires,  
    Than to be touch'd with such vile low desires.

" True virtue to herself's the best reward,  
Rich with her own, and full of lively spirit,  
Nothing cast down for want of due regard,  
Or 'cause rude men acknowledge not his merit :  
    She knows her worth and stock from whence she  
    sprung,  
    Spreads fair without the warmth of earthly dung ;

" Dew'd with the drops of heaven shall flourish  
    long ;  
As long as day and night do share the sky ;  
And though that day and night should fail, yet  
    strong  
And steady, fixed on eternity,  
    Shall bloom for ever : so the soul shall speed  
    That loveth virtue for no worldly meed.

" Though sooth to say, the worldly meed is due  
To her *more than* to all the world beside ;

Men ought do homage with affections true,  
And offer gifts, for God doth here reside :  
The wise and virtuous soul is his own seat ;  
To such what's given God himself doth get

“ But earthly minds, whose sight's sealed up with  
mud,  
Discern not this flesh-clouded Deity,  
Nor do acknowledge any other good  
Than what their mole-warp hands can feel and  
try,  
By grasping touch ; thus (worth of them unseen)  
Of nothing worthy that true worth they ween.

“ Wherefore the prudent lawgivers of old,  
Even in all nations, with right sage foresight,  
Discovering from far how clam and cold  
The vulgar wight would be to yield what's right  
To virtuous learning, did by law design  
Great wealth and honour to that worth divine.”

“ But nought's by law to Poesy due,” said he ;  
“ Nor doth the solemn statesman's head take care  
Of those that such impertinent pieces be  
Of common-weals. Thou'd better then to spare  
Thy useless vein. Or tell else what may move  
Thy busy muse such fruitless pains to prove.”

“ No pains, but pleasure to do the dictates dear  
Of inward living nature. What doth move  
The nightingale to sing so sweet and clear,  
The thrush or lark, that mounting high above,  
Chants her shrill notes to heedless ears of  
corn,  
Heavily hanging in the dewy morn.

" When life can speak, it cannot well withhold  
To express its own impressions and bid life ;  
Or joy or grief, that smothered lie untold,  
Do vex the heart and wring with restless strife.

Then are my labours no true pains, but ease ;  
My soul's unrest they gently do appease.

" Besides, that is not fruitless that no gains  
Brings to myself ; I others' profit deem  
Mine own : and if at these my heavenly flames  
Others receive light, right well I ween  
My tune's not lost. Art thou now satisfied ?"  
Said I ; to which the scoffing boy replied—

" Great hope indeed the rhymes should men  
enlight,  
That be with clouds and darkness all o'ercast ;  
Harsh style and harder sense void of delight,  
The reader's wearied eye in vain do waste :  
And when men win thy meaning with much  
pain,  
Thy uncouth sense they coldly entertain.

" For wot'st thou not that all the world is dead  
Unto that genius that moves in thy vein  
Of poetry ! but like by like is fed.  
Sing of my trophies in triumphant strain,  
Then correspondent life, thy powerful verse  
Shall strongly strike, and with quick passion  
pierce ;

The tender fry of lads and lasses young,  
With thirsty care thee compassing about,  
Thy nectar-dropping muse, thy sugar'd song,  
Will swallow down with eager hearty draught ;

Relishing truly what thy rhymes convey,  
And highly praising thy soul-smiting lay.

“ The mincing maid her mind will then bewray,  
Her heart-blood flaming up into her face ;  
Grave matrons will wax wanton, and betray  
Their unresolvedness in their wonted grace ;  
    Young boys and girls would feel a froward  
        spring,  
And former youth to old thou back wouldst  
    bring.

“ All sexes, ages, orders, occupations,  
Would listen to thee with attentive ear,  
And moved with thy sweet persuasions,  
Thy pipe would follow with full merry cheer :  
    While thou thy lively voice didst loud advance,  
    Their tickled blood for joy would inly dance.

“ But now, alas ! poor solitary man,  
In lonesome desert thou dost wander wide,  
To seek and serve thy disappearing Pan,  
Whom no man living in the world hath eyed :  
    For Pan is dead ; but I am still alive,  
    And live in men who honour to me give.

“ They honour also those that honour me  
With sacred songs ; but thou now sing'st to trees,  
To rocks, to hills, to caves that senseless be,  
And mindless quite of thy hid mysteries,  
    In the void air thy idle voice is spread ;  
    Thy muse is music to the deaf or dead.”

“ Now, out alas !” said I, “ and we'll away ;  
The tale thou tellest I confess too true.”

Fond man so doteth on this living clay,  
His carcass dear, and doth its joys pursue,  
That of his precious soul he takes no keep;  
Heaven's love, and reason's light lie fast  
asleep.

" This body's life, vain shadow of the soul,  
With full desire they closely do embrace;  
In fleshly mud, like swine, they wallow and roll;  
The loftiest mind is proud but of the face,  
Or outward person; if men but adore  
That walking sepulchre, cares for no more.

" This is the measure of man's industry,  
To vexen somebody, and getten grace  
To's outward presence; though true majesty,  
Crown'd with that heavenly light and lively rays  
Of holy wisdom and seraphic love,  
From his deformed soul he far remove.

" Slight knowledge and less virtue serves his turn  
For this design. If he had trod the ring  
Of peddling arts, in usual pack-horse form  
Keeping the road; oh! then 'tis a learned  
thing;  
If any chanced to write or speak what he  
Conceives not, 't were a foul discourtesy.

To cleanse the soul from sin, and still diffide  
Whether our reason's eye be clear enough  
To intromit true light, that fain would glide  
Into purged hearts—this way's too harsh and  
rough:  
Therefore the clearest truths may well seem dark,  
When slothful men have eyes so dim and dark.

These be our times ; but if my mind's presage  
Bear any moment, they can ne'er last long ;  
A three-branch'd flame will soon sweep clean the  
stage

Of this old dirty dross, and all wax young :  
My words, into this frozen air I throw,  
Will then grow vocal at that general thaw."

" Nay, now thou'rt perfect mad," said he, with  
scorn,

And full of foul derision quit the place :  
The sky did rattle with his wings ytorn,  
Like to rent silk ; but I in the mean space  
Sent after him this message by the wind,—  
" Be't so, I'm mad ; yet sure I am thou'rt blind."

By this the outstretch'd shadows of the trees  
Pointed me homeward, and with one consent  
Foretold the day's descent. So strait I rise,  
Gathering my limbs from off the green pavement,  
Behind me leaving then the sloping light.

## PATRICK CAREY.

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name of CAREY is but recently added to our list of

The small volume which establishes his claim to that  
action was published in 1819, by Sir Walter Scott, from  
an MS. copy known to exist. The date is 1651. Carey  
is to have been a loyalist and high-churchman.





## PATRICK CAREY.

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### CHRIST IN THE CRADLE, IN THE GARDEN, AND IN HIS PASSION.

#### I.

Look, how he shakes for cold !  
How pale his lips are grown !  
Wherein his limbs to fold,  
Yet mantle has he none.  
His pretty feet and hands  
(Of late more pure and white  
Than is the snow  
That pains them so,)  
Have lost their candour quite.  
His lips are blue,  
(Where roses grew,)  
He's frozen everywhere :  
All the heat he has,  
Joseph, alas !  
Gives in a groan, or Mary in a tear.

---

## II.

Look, how he glows for heat !  
What flames come from his eyes !  
Tis blood that he does sweat,  
Blood his bright forehead dyes.  
See, see ! it trickles down :  
Look, how it showers again !  
Through every pore  
His blood runs o'er  
And empty leaves each vein.  
His very heart  
Burns in each part ;  
A fire his breast doth rear :  
For all this flame,  
To cool the same,  
He only breathes a sigh, and weeps a tear.

## III.

What bruises do I see !  
What hideous stripes are those !  
Could any cruel be  
Enough, to give such blows ?  
Look, how they bind his arms,  
And vex his soul with scorns !  
Upon his hair  
They make him wear  
A crown of piercing thorns.  
Through hands and feet  
Sharp nails they beat ;  
And now the cross they rear :  
Many look on ;  
But only John  
Stands by to sigh ; Mary to shed a tear.

## IV.

Why did he quake for cold ?  
 Why did he glow for heat ?  
 Dissolve that frost he could,  
 He could call back that sweat.  
 Those bruises, stripes, bonds, taunts,  
 Those thorns which thou didst see,  
 Those nails, that cross,  
 His own life's loss—  
 Why, O why suffered he ?  
 'Twas for thy sake :—  
 Thou, thou didst make  
 Him all those torments bear :  
 If then his love  
 Do thy soul move,  
 Sigh out a groan, weep down a melting tear.

---

## NULLA FIDES.

OR God's sake, mark that fly :  
 See what a poor, weak, little thing it is.  
 When thou hast mark'd and scorn'd it; know that  
     this,  
 his little, poor, weak fly  
 has kill'd a pope; can make an emperor die.

behold yon spark of fire :  
 how little hot, how near to nothing 'tis !  
 When thou hast done despising, know that this,  
 his contemn'd spark of fire  
 has burnt whole towns; can burn a world entire.

That crawling worm there see :  
Ponder, how ugly, filthy, vile, it is.  
When thou hast seen and loath'd it, know that this  
This base worm thou dost see,  
Has quite devour'd thy parents—shall eat thee.

Honour, the world, and man,  
What trifles are they ! since most true it is  
That this poor fly, this small spark, this  
So much abhorr'd worm, can  
Honour destroy—burn worlds—devour up man.

---

#### DIRIGE VIAS MEAS, DOMINE !

OPEN thyself, and then look in ;  
Consider what thou mightst have been,  
And what thou art now made by sin.

Asham'd o' the state to which thou'rt brought,  
Detest and grieve for each past fault ;  
Sigh, weep, and blush for each foul thought.

Fear, but despair not, and still love ;  
Look humbly up to God above,  
And him thou'lt soon to pity move.

Resolve on that which prudence shows ;  
Perform what thou dost well propose ;  
And keep i' the way thou once hast chose.

Vice, and what looks like vicious, shun ;  
Let use make good acts easily done :  
Have zeal, as when thou hadst first begun.

Hope strongly, yet be humble still ;  
Thy good is God's ; what's thine, is ill :  
Do thus, and thee affect he will.

Pray, when with others ; when alone,  
To scorn, or praise, be as a stone :  
Forget thyself, and all, but ONE.

Remove what stands 'twixt God and thee :  
Use not thy fancy, him to see :  
One with his will make thy will be.

Look purely on God when thou dost well ;  
But not on heaven, much less on hell :  
Thoul't get him thus in thee to dwell.

Useless our Master we do serve ;  
Our labours no reward deserve ;  
Yet happy who these rules observe.

---

EXPRIMETUR.

Who, without horror, can that house behold  
(Though ne'er so fair) which is with tombstones  
made ;  
Whose walls, fraught with inscriptions writ of old,  
Say still—here underneath somebody's laid.  
Though such translated church-yards shine with  
gold,  
Yet they the builder's sacrilege upbraid ;  
And the wrong'd ghosts, there haunting uncontrol'd,  
Follow each one his monumental shade.  
But they, that by the poor man's downfall rise,

Have sudden epitaphs carv'd on their chests;  
As—Here the widow, here the orphan lies.  
Who sees their wealth, their avarice detests;  
Whilst the injur'd for revenge urge heaven wi  
cries,  
And, through its guilt, the oppressor's mind ne  
rests.

## VICE BRUTALIZES.

WHAT use has he made of his soul  
Who (still on vices bent)  
Ne'er strove his passions to control ;  
But humouring them his life has spent ?  
Pray tell me, if I can  
Call such a very thing as that is, *man* ?  
For since that just as sense has bid,  
It do, or leave ; it wrought, or ceas'd ;  
And would not hear when reason chid,  
Or her commands regard the least ;  
It might have liv'd even as it did,  
And yet have been a beast.

Had it a lion been, just so  
It would roar out and fume;  
Were it a peacock, it would go  
Just thus, admiring its own plume;  
Or if it were a goat,  
Thus only on base pleasures it would dote.  
More than this thing, the ravenous hog  
Searches not, where his maw to fill;  
Nor at a stranger's hound, the dog  
O' the house more snarl or envy will,

Than this odd thing (though apt to cog)  
Repine at others still.  
The crow, that hoards up all she finds ;  
The ant, that still takes pains,  
Do nothing more than he who minds  
But how to fill his bag with gains.  
The snail and sluggard be  
Within alike, though in shape they disagree,  
Call not that thing then, man; even as  
Thou wouldst not injure, by the same,  
Man who like God created was—  
God who for man's sake man became :  
But, since so much o' the beast it has,  
Call it by its own name.





## SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

BORN 1616; DIED 1702.

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THIS gentleman suffered much from his devotion to the cause of royalty, during the civil wars. His literary reputation appears to have rested more on his translations, than on his original poems: in the latter, however, we find considerable elegance of verse and beauty of thought, but vitiated, after the fashion of the time, by glittering conceits. What is, unhappily, not usual, the sacred pieces of SHERBURNE are distinguished from his lighter effusions by a superior and more spirited style.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

## SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

---

### TO THE ETERNAL WISDOM.

O THOU eternal Mind ! whose wisdom sees,  
And rules our changes by unchanged decrees ;  
As with delight on thy grave works we look,  
Say, art thou too with our light follies took ?  
For when thy bounteous hand, in liberal showers  
Each way diffused, thy various blessings pours,  
We catch at them with strife, as vain to sight  
As children, when for nuts they scrambling fight.  
This snatching at a sceptre, breaks it ; he,  
That broken does ere he can grasp it, see ;  
The poor world seeming like a ball, that lights  
Betwixt the hands of powerful opposites :  
Which, while they cantonise in their bold pride,  
They but an immaterial point divide.  
O whilst for wealthy spoils these fight, let me,  
Though poor, enjoy a happy peace with thee !

---

## ON THE INNOCENTS SLAIN BY HEROD.

Go, blessed innocents ! and freely pour  
 Your souls forth in a purple shower ;  
 And, for that little earth each shall lay down,  
 Purchase a heavenly crown.

Nor of original pollution fear  
 The stains should to your bloods adhere ;  
 For yours now shed, ere long shall in a flood  
 Be wash'd of better blood.

---

 EPIGRAM,

ON MARY MAGDALEN WASHING THE FEET OF CHRIST.

THE proud Egyptian queen her Roman guest  
 (To express her love—in height of state and pleasure)

With pearl dissolv'd in gold did feast—  
 Both food and treasure.

And now, dear Lord ! thy lover, on the fair  
 And silver tables of thy feet, behold !

Pearl in her tears, and in her hair  
 Offers thee gold.

---

 CONSCIENCE.

INTERNAL Cerberus ! whose griping fangs,  
 That gnaw the soul, are the mind's secret pangs ;

hou greedy vulture ! that dost gorging tire  
 'n hearts corrupted by impure desire ;  
 ubtle and buzzing hornet ! that dost ring  
 . peal of horror, ere thou giv'st the sting ;  
 he soul's rough file, that smoothness does impart !  
 he hammer, that does break the stony heart !  
 'he worm that never dies ! the " thorn within,"  
 'hat pricks and pains ! the whip and scourge of  
     sin !

'he voice of God in man ! which, without rest,  
 lost softly cry within a troubled breast—  
 To all temptations is that soul set free,  
 'hat makes not to itself a curb of me."

---

**"AND THEY LAID HIM IN A MANGER."**

HAPPY crib ! that wert alone,  
 To my God—bed, cradle, throne !  
 Whilst thy glorious vileness I  
 View with divine fancy's eye,  
 Sordid filth seems all the cost,  
 State, and splendour, crowns can boast.

See, heaven's sacred Majesty  
 Humbled beneath poverty ;  
 He whose hands the heavens display'd,  
 And the world's foundations laid,  
 From the world almost exil'd,  
 Of all ornaments despoil'd !  
 Perfumes bathe him not new-born ;  
 Persian mantles not adorn ;  
 Nor do the rich roofs look bright  
 With the jasper's orient light.

Where, O royal Infant, be  
 The ensigns of thy majesty ?

Thy Sire's equallizing state,  
And thy sceptre that rules fate ?  
Where's thy angel-guarded throne,  
Whence thy laws thou didst make known,  
Laws which heaven and earth obey'd ?—  
These—oh these—aside he laid ;  
Would the emblem be of pride,  
By humility outvied.

---

### THE FOUNTAIN.

STRANGER, whoe'er thou art, that stoop'st to taste  
These sweeter streams, let me arrest thy haste ;  
Nor of their fall  
The murmurs (though the lyre  
Less sweet be) stand to admire :  
But as you shall  
See from this marble tun  
The liquid crystal run,  
And mark withal  
How fix'd the one abides,  
How fast the other glides ;  
Instructed thus, the difference learn to see  
'Twixt mortal life and immortality.

## ABRAHAM COWLEY.

BORN 1618; DIED 1667.

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COWLEY is commonly cited as having carried to their highest point the peculiarities of that class of poets—disciples of the school of Petrarch—who sought to be remarkable rather for refinement than good sense, and made the expression of natural feeling secondary to the sparkling of elaborate wit, and the windings of perplexed ingenuity. His native powers were, notwithstanding, such as to afford his works a fair chance of regaining, from time to time, among the fluctuations of the public taste, a considerable share of their great original popularity. If, as has been asserted, Cowley's genius was "a meteor," it at least shone with an intense light; nor will its reflection wholly pass away from the poetical heavens. He had a vivid imagination, a clear intellect, and a rich command of language. His prose essays are, perhaps, the most valuable of what he gave to the world; and the least esteemed are his dramas. Cowley was distinguished by a love of virtue; and a disposition to those retired and meditative habits which are favourable to piety and the acquisition of truth, appears conspicuous in his writings.



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee. The names are listed in alphabetical order, and the addresses are listed below each name. The list is as follows:

Name	Address
Mr. A. B. C.	123 Main St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. D. E. F.	456 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Mr. G. H. I.	789 Third Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. J. K. L.	101 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. M. N. O.	202 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. P. Q. R.	303 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. S. T. U.	404 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. V. W. X.	505 Ninth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Y. Z. A.	606 Tenth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. B. C. D.	707 Eleventh Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. E. F. G.	808 Twelfth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. H. I. J.	909 Thirteenth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. K. L. M.	1010 Fourteenth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. N. O. P.	1111 Fifteenth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Q. R. S.	1212 Sixteenth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. T. U. V.	1313 Seventeenth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. W. X. Y.	1414 Eighteenth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Z. A. B.	1515 Nineteenth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. C. D. E.	1616 Twentieth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. F. G. H.	1717 Twenty-first Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. I. J. K.	1818 Twenty-second Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. L. M. N.	1919 Twenty-third Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. O. P. Q.	2020 Twenty-fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. R. S. T.	2121 Twenty-fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. U. V. W.	2222 Twenty-sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. X. Y. Z.	2323 Twenty-seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. A. B. C.	2424 Twenty-eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. D. E. F.	2525 Twenty-ninth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. G. H. I.	2626 Thirtieth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. J. K. L.	2727 Thirty-first Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. M. N. O.	2828 Thirty-second Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. P. Q. R.	2929 Thirty-third Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. S. T. U.	3030 Thirty-fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. V. W. X.	3131 Thirty-fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Y. Z. A.	3232 Thirty-sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. B. C. D.	3333 Thirty-seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. E. F. G.	3434 Thirty-eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. H. I. J.	3535 Thirty-ninth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. K. L. M.	3636 Fortieth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. N. O. P.	3737 Forty-first Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Q. R. S.	3838 Forty-second Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. T. U. V.	3939 Forty-third Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. W. X. Y.	4040 Forty-fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Z. A. B.	4141 Forty-fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. C. D. E.	4242 Forty-sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. F. G. H.	4343 Forty-seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. I. J. K.	4444 Forty-eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. L. M. N.	4545 Forty-ninth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. O. P. Q.	4646 Fiftieth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. R. S. T.	4747 Fifty-first Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. U. V. W.	4848 Fifty-second Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. X. Y. Z.	4949 Fifty-third Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. A. B. C.	5050 Fifty-fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. D. E. F.	5151 Fifty-fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. G. H. I.	5252 Fifty-sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. J. K. L.	5353 Fifty-seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. M. N. O.	5454 Fifty-eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. P. Q. R.	5555 Fifty-ninth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. S. T. U.	5656 Sixtieth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. V. W. X.	5757 Sixty-first Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Y. Z. A.	5858 Sixty-second Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. B. C. D.	5959 Sixty-third Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. E. F. G.	6060 Sixty-fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. H. I. J.	6161 Sixty-fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. K. L. M.	6262 Sixty-sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. N. O. P.	6363 Sixty-seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Q. R. S.	6464 Sixty-eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. T. U. V.	6565 Sixty-ninth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. W. X. Y.	6666 Seventieth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Z. A. B.	6767 Seventy-first Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. C. D. E.	6868 Seventy-second Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. F. G. H.	6969 Seventy-third Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. I. J. K.	7070 Seventy-fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. L. M. N.	7171 Seventy-fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. O. P. Q.	7272 Seventy-sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. R. S. T.	7373 Seventy-seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. U. V. W.	7474 Seventy-eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. X. Y. Z.	7575 Seventy-ninth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. A. B. C.	7676 Eightieth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. D. E. F.	7777 Eighty-first Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. G. H. I.	7878 Eighty-second Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. J. K. L.	7979 Eighty-third Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. M. N. O.	8080 Eighty-fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. P. Q. R.	8181 Eighty-fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. S. T. U.	8282 Eighty-sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. V. W. X.	8383 Eighty-seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Y. Z. A.	8484 Eighty-eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. B. C. D.	8585 Eighty-ninth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. E. F. G.	8686 Ninetieth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. H. I. J.	8787 Ninety-first Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. K. L. M.	8888 Ninety-second Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. N. O. P.	8989 Ninety-third Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Q. R. S.	9090 Ninety-fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. T. U. V.	9191 Ninety-fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. W. X. Y.	9292 Ninety-sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Z. A. B.	9393 Ninety-seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. C. D. E.	9494 Ninety-eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. F. G. H.	9595 Ninety-ninth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. I. J. K.	9696 One Hundred Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. L. M. N.	9797 One Hundred and First Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. O. P. Q.	9898 One Hundred and Second Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. R. S. T.	9999 One Hundred and Third Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. U. V. W.	10000 One Hundred and Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

## ABRAHAM COWLEY.

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### REASON :

#### THE USE OF IT IN DIVINE MATTERS.

OME blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may  
Be led by others a right way ;  
They build on sands, which if unmov'd they find,  
'Tis but because there was no wind.  
Less hard 'tis not to err ourselves, than know  
If our forefathers err'd or no.  
Then we trust men concerning God, we then  
Trust not God concerning men.

isions and inspirations some expect,  
Their course here to direct.  
Like senseless chymists their own wealth destroy,  
Imaginary gold to enjoy.  
No stars appear to drop to us from sky,  
And gild the passage as they fly ;  
But when they fall, and meet the opposing ground,  
What but a sordid slime is found ?

Sometimes their fancies they 'bove reason set,  
And fast, that they may dream of meat.

Sometimes ill spirits their sickly souls delude,  
And bastard forms obtrude.  
So Endor's wretched sorceress, although  
She Saul through his disguise did know,  
Yet when the devil comes up disguis'd, she cries,  
" Behold, the gods arise !"

In vain, alas ! these outward hopes are tried ;  
Reason within's our only guide.  
Reason which (God be prais'd) still walks, for all  
Its old original fall.  
And since itself the boundless Godhead join'd  
With a reasonable mind,  
It plainly shows that mysteries divine  
May with our reason join.

The holy book, like the eighth sphere, does shine  
With thousand lights of truth divine :  
So numberless the stars, that to the eye  
It makes but all one galaxy.  
Yet reason must assist too, for in seas  
So vast and dangerous as these,  
Our course by stars above we cannot know,  
Without the compass too below.

Though reason cannot through faith's myst'ries see,  
It sees that there and such they be ;  
Leads to heav'n's door, and there does humbly keep,  
And there through chinks and key-holes peep.  
Though it, like Moses, by a sad command  
Must not come into th' Holy Land,  
Yet thither it infallibly does guide,  
And from afar 'tis all descried.

## THE ECSTASY.

LEAVE mortality, and things below ;  
 have no time in compliments to waste,  
     Farewell to ye all in haste,  
     For I am call'd to go.

A whirlwind bears up my dull feet,  
 The officious clouds beneath them meet,  
     And lo ! I mount, and lo !  
 How small the biggest parts of earth's proud tittle  
     show !

Where shall I find the noble British land ?  
 O ! I at last a northern speck espy,  
     Which in the sea does lie,  
     And seems a grain o' th' sand !  
 For this will any sin, or bleed ?  
 Of civil wars is this the meed ?  
     And is it this, alas ! which we,  
 h, irony of words ! do call Great Britannie ?

pass'd by th' arched magazines, which hold  
 h' eternal stores of frost, and rain, and snow ;  
     Dry and secure I go,  
     Nor shake with fear, or cold.  
 Without affright or wonder  
 I meet clouds charg'd with thunder,  
     And lightnings in my way  
 like harmless lambent fires about my temples play.

Now into a gentle sea of rolling flame  
 I'm plung'd, and still mount higher there,  
     As flames mount up through air,  
     So perfect, yet so tame,

So great, so pure, so bright a fire  
Was that unfortunate desire,  
My faithful breast did cover,  
Then, when I was of late a wretched mortal lover.

Through several orbs which one fair planet bear,  
Where I behold distinctly as I pass  
The hints of Galileo's glass,  
I touch at last the spangled sphere.  
Here all the extended sky  
Is but one galaxy,  
'Tis all so bright and gay,  
And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect day.

Where am I now ? angels and God is here :  
An unexhausted ocean of delight  
Swallows my senses quite,  
And drowns all what, or how, or where.  
Not Paul, who first did thither pass,  
And this great world's Columbus was,  
The tyrannous pleasure could express ;  
Oh, 'tis too much for man ! but let it ne'er be less.

The mighty 'Elijah mounted so on high,  
That second man, who leap'd the ditch where all  
The rest of mankind fall,  
And went not downwards to the sky.  
With much of pomp and show,  
As conquering kings in triumph go,  
Did he to heav'n approach,  
And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was his  
coach.

'Twas gaudy all, and rich in every part,  
Of essences of gems, and spirit of gold

Was its substantial mould ;  
 Drawn forth by chymic angels' art.  
 Here with moon-beams 'twas silver'd bright,  
 There double-gilt with the sun's light,  
 And mystic shapes cut round in it,  
 Figures that did transcend a vulgar angel's wit.

The horses were of temper'd lightning made,  
 'All that in heav'n's beauteous pastures feed  
 The noblest, sprightly'st breed,  
 And flaming manes their necks array'd.  
 They all were shod with diamond,  
 Not such as here are found,  
 But such light solid ones as shine  
 In the transparent rocks o' th' heav'nly crystalline.

Thus mounted the great prophet to the skies ;  
 Astonish'd men, who oft had seen stars fall,  
 Or that which so they call,  
 Wonder'd from hence to see one rise.  
 The soft clouds melted him a way,  
 The snow and frosts which in it lay  
 Awhile the sacred footsteps bore,  
 The wheels and horses' hoofs hiss'd as they past  
 them o'er.

He past by th' moon and planets, and did fright  
 All the worlds there, which at this meteor gaz'd,  
 And their astrologers amaz'd  
 With th' unexampled sight.  
 But where he stopp'd will ne'er be known,  
 Till Phœnix nature, aged grown,  
 To a better being do aspire,  
 And mount herself, like him, to eternity in fire.

## CHRIST'S PASSION.

FROM A GREEK ODE.

ENOUGH, my muse, of earthly things,  
And inspirations but of wind,  
Take up thy lute and to it bind  
Loud and everlasting strings;  
And on them play, and to them sing  
The happy mournful stories,  
The lamentable glories  
Of the great crucified King.  
Mountainous heap of wonders! which dost rise  
Till earth thou joinest with the skies!  
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,  
To be half seen by mortal eye.  
How shall I grasp this boundless thing?  
What shall I play? What shall I sing?  
I'll sing the mighty riddle of mysterious love,  
Which neither wretched men below, nor blessed  
spirits above,  
With all their comments can explain,  
How all the whole world's Life to die did not disdain.  
I'll sing the searchless depths of the compassion  
divine,  
The depths unfathom'd yet  
By reason's plummet, and the line of wit;—  
Too light the plummet, and too short the line;—  
How the Eternal Father did bestow  
His own Eternal Son as ransom for his foe.  
I'll sing aloud, that all the world may hear  
The triumph of the buried Conqueror.  
How hell was by its pris'ner captive led,  
And the great slayer, Death, slain by the Dead.

Methinks I hear of murder'd men the voice,  
 Mixed with the murderers' confused noise,  
     Sound from the top of Calvary :  
 My greedy eyes fly up the hill, and see  
 Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the three ;  
     Oh how unlike the others he !  
 Look how he bends his gentle head with blessings  
     from the tree !  
 His gracious hands, ne'er stretch'd but to do  
     good,  
     Are nail'd to the infamous wood :  
 And sinful man does fondly bind  
 his arms, which he extends to embrace all human  
     kind.

unhappy man, canst thou stand by, and see  
     All this, as patient as he ?  
 Since he thy sins does bear,  
 Make thou his sufferings thine own,  
 And weep, and sigh, and groan,  
 And beat thy breast, and tear  
     Thy garments and thy hair,  
 And let thy grief, and let thy love  
     Through all thy bleeding bowels move.  
 dost thou not see thy Prince in purple clad all o'er,  
 Not purple brought from the Sidonian shore,  
     But made at home with richer gore ?  
 dost thou not see the roses, which adorn  
     The thorny garland, by him worn ?  
 Dost thou not see the livid traces  
     Of the sharp scourge's rude embraces ?  
 If yet thou feelest not the smart  
     Of thorns and scourges in thy heart,  
     If that be yet not crucified,  
 look on *his hands*, look on his feet, look on his side.



Open, oh ! open wide the fountains of thine eyes,  
And let them call  
Their stock of moisture forth where'er it lies,  
For this will ask it all.  
'Twould all (alas !) too little be,  
Though thy salt tears came from a sea :  
Canst thou deny him this, when he  
Has open'd all his vital springs for thee ?  
Take heed ; for by his side's mysterious flood  
May well be understood,  
That he will still require some waters to his blood.

---

## THE GARDEN.

WHEN God did man to his own likeness make,  
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,  
By the great Potter's art refin'd,  
Could the divine impression take ;  
He thought it fit to place him where  
A kind of heav'n too did appear,  
As far as earth could such a likeness bear :  
That man no happiness might want,  
Which earth to her first mother could afford,  
He did a garden for him plant,  
By the quick hand of his omnipotent Word.  
As the chief help and joy of human life,  
He gave him the first gift ; first, ev'n before a wife.

For God, the universal architect,  
'T had been as easy to erect  
A Louvre, or Escorial, or a tower  
That might with heav'n communication hold,  
As Babel vainly thought to do of old :

He wanted not the skill or power,  
In the world's fabric those were shown,  
And the materials were all his own.  
But well he knew what place would best agree  
With innocence, and with felicity :  
And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain,  
If any part of either yet remain ;  
If any part of either we expect,  
This may our judgment in the search direct :  
God the first garden made, and the first city, Cain.

O blessed shades ! O gentle, cool retreat  
From all the immoderate heat,  
In which the frantic world does burn and sweat !  
This does the lion-star, Ambition's rage,  
This Avarice, the dog-star's thirst, assuage :  
Ev'rywhere else their fatal pow'r to see,  
They make and rule man's wretched destiny :  
They neither set, nor disappear,  
But tyrannize o'er all the year ;  
Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.  
The birds that dance from bough to bough,  
And sing above in ev'ry tree,  
Are not from fears and cares more free,  
Than we who lie, or sit, or walk below,  
And should by right be singers too.  
What prince's quire of music can excel  
That which within this shade does dwell ;  
To which we nothing pay, or give ?  
They, like all other poets, live  
Without reward, or thanks for their obliging  
pains ;  
Tis well if they become not prey :  
The whistling winds add their less artful strains,  
And a grave bass the murm'ring fountains play .

When Epicurus to the world had taught,  
That pleasure was the chiefest good,  
(And was perhaps i' th' right, if rightly understood,)  
His life he to his doctrine brought,  
And in a garden's shade that sov'reign pleasure  
sought :

Whoever a true epicure would be,  
May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.  
Vitellius's table, which did hold  
As many creatures as the ark of old,  
That fiscal table, to which ev'ry day  
All countries did a constant tribute pay,  
Could nothing more delicious afford  
Than nature's liberality,  
Help'd with a little art and industry,  
Allows the meanest gard'ner's board.

The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,  
For which the grape or melon he would lose,  
Though all the inhabitants of sea and air  
Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare ;  
Yet still the fruits of earth we see  
Plac'd the third story high in all her luxury.

But with no sense the garden does comply,  
None courts, or flatters, as it does, the eye :  
When the great Hebrew king did almost strain  
The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain,  
His royal southern guest to entertain ;  
Though she on silver floors did tread,"  
With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,  
To hide the metal's poverty ;  
Though she look'd up to roofs of gold,  
And nought around her could behold  
But silk and rich embroidery,  
And Babylonian tapestry,

And wealthy Hiram's princely dye :  
 Though Ophir's starry stones met ev'rywhere her  
     eye ;

Though she herself, and her gay host, were dress'd  
 With all the shining glories of the East ;  
 When lavish art her costly work had done,

The honour and the prize of bravery  
 Was by the garden from the palace won ;  
 And ev'ry rose and lily there did stand,

Better attir'd by Nature's hand :  
 The case thus judg'd against the king we see,  
 Why one that would not be so rich, though wiser  
     far than he.

For does this happy place only dispense

Such various pleasures to the sense ;

Here health itself does live,  
 That salt of life, which does to all a relish give ;  
 As standing pleasure, and intrinsic wealth,  
 The body's virtue, and the soul's good fortune—  
     health,

The tree of life, when it in Eden stood,

Did its immortal head to heaven rear,

Lasted a tall cedar till the flood ;

Now a small thorny shrub it does appear,

Nor will it thrive too everywhere :

It always here is freshest seen,

'Tis only here an evergreen.

If through the strong and beauteous fence

Of temperance and innocence,

And wholesome labours, and a quiet mind,

Any diseases passage find,

They must not think here to assail  
 The land unarmed, or without a guard ;  
 They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,

Before they can prevail :  
 Scarce any plant is growing here,  
**Which** against death some weapon does not bear.

**Where** does the wisdom and the pow'r divine  
**In a** more bright and sweet reflection shine ?  
**Where** do we finer strokes and colours see  
**Of the** Creator's real poetry,

Than when we with attention look  
**Upon** the third day's volume of the book ?  
**If we** could open and intend our eye,

We all, like Moses, should espy  
**Ev'n** in a bush the radiant Deity.  
**But** we despise these his inferior ways,  
**(Though** no less full of miracle and praise,)

Upon the flow'rs of heaven we gaze ;  
**The** stars of earth no wonder in us raise.

Though these perhaps do, more than they,  
 The life of mankind sway.

Although no part of mighty nature be  
 More stor'd with beauty, pow'r, and mystery ;  
 Yet, to encourage human industry,  
 God has so order'd that no other part  
 Such space, and such dominion leaves for art.

We nowhere art do so triumphant see,  
 As when it grafts or buds the tree :  
 In other things we count it to excel,  
 If it a docile scholar can appear  
 To nature, and but imitate her well :  
 It overrules, and is her master here.  
 It imitates her Maker's power divine,  
 And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does  
 refine ;  
 It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore

To its blessed state of paradise before :  
 Who would not joy to see his conqu'ring hand  
 O'er all the vegetable world command ?  
 And the wild giants of the wood receive  
     What law he's pleas'd to give ?

Methinks I see great Diocletian walk  
 In the Salonian garden's noble shade,  
 Which by his own imperial hands was made :  
 I see him smile (methinks) as he does talk  
 With the ambassadors, who came in vain

    To entice him to a throne again.

" If I, my friends," (said he,) " should to you show  
 All the delights which in these gardens grow ;  
 'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay,  
 Than 'tis that you should carry me away :

    And trust me not, my friends, if ev'ry day

    I walk not here with more delight,  
 Than ever, after the most happy fight,  
 In triumph, to the capitol, I rode,  
 To thank the gods, and to be thought, myself al-  
     most a god."

---

#### VANITY OF RICHES.

WHY dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must  
     quit,

    Or, what is worse, be left by it ?

Why dost thou load thyself, when thou'rt to fly,  
     Oh man ordain'd to die ?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,  
     Thou who art underground to lie ?

Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,  
For death, alas! is sowing thee.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;  
A mighty husband<sup>1</sup> thou wouldst seem;  
Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while  
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

Officious fool! thou needs must meddling be  
In business that concerns not thee!  
For when to future years thou extend'st thy cares,  
Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were  
Children again, for age prepare;  
Provisions for long travel they design,  
In the last point of their short line.

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards  
The stock which summer's wealth affords;  
In grasshoppers, which must in autumn die,  
How vain were such an industry!

Of pow'r and honour the deceitful light  
Might half excuse our cheated sight,  
If it of life the whole small time would stay,  
And be our sunshine all the day;—

Like lightning that, begot but in a cloud,  
(Though shining bright, and speaking loud,)  
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,  
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

Oh scene of fortune, which dost fair appear  
Only to men that stand not near!

<sup>1</sup> A great economist.

roud poverty, that tinsel brav'ry wears;  
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

e prudent, and the shore in prospect keep;  
In a weak boat trust not the deep:  
lac'd beneath envy, above envying rise;  
Pity great men, great things despise.

'he wise example of the heav'nly lark,  
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark;—  
bove the clouds let thy proud music sound,  
Thy humble nest build on the ground.





## ROBERT HERRICK.

BORN 1591.

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HERRICK, though not originally designed for the church, nor of a temper suited to the sacred profession, took orders, and held a living in Devonshire; being ejected from which, he laid aside the habit, and with it, apparently, the restraints of a clergyman; but resumed his gown after the restoration.

To the curious in our poetical literature his writings are well known; for the general reader it is to be desired, notwithstanding the fascination of his style and the melodious movement of his verse, that they should remain in their present obscurity. Happily they are likely, as a whole, so to remain; for no other age but his own could tolerate the grossness of many of them.



## ROBERT HERRICK.

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### TO FIND GOD.

WEIGH me the fire ; or canst thou find  
A way to measure out the wind ;  
Distinguish all those floods that are  
Mixt in that watery theatre,  
And taste thou them as saltless there,  
As in their channel first they were.  
Tell me the people that do keep  
Within the kingdoms of the deep ;  
Or fetch me back that cloud again,  
Beshiver'd into seeds of rain.  
Tell me the motes, dusts, sands, and spears  
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears ;  
Show me that world of stars, and whence  
They noiseless spill their influence :  
This if thou canst, then show me Him  
That rides the glorious cherubim.

---

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast, to keep  
The larder lean,  
And clean  
From fat of beeves and sheep ?

Is it, to quit the dish  
Of flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter with fish ?

Is it, to fast  
'rag'd to go,  
Or show  
A downcast look, or sour ?

No : 'tis a fast, to dole  
The sheaf of wheat  
And meat  
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife;  
From old debate,  
And hate,  
To circumsise thy life :

To show a heart grief-rent;  
To starve thy sin—  
Not bin ;  
And that 's to keep thy Lent.

---

## TO GOD, IN HIS SICKNESS.

WHAT though my harp and viol be  
Both hung upon the willow-tree ?  
What though my bed be now my grave,  
And for my house I darkness have ?  
What though my healthful days are fled,  
And I lie number'd with the dead ?  
Yet I have hope, by thy great power,  
To spring—though now a wither'd flower.

---

## HUMILITY.

HUMBLE we must be, if to heaven we go ;  
High is the roof there, but the gate is low :  
Whene'er thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye—  
Grace is increased by humility.

---

## NO COMING TO GOD WITHOUT CHRIST.

GOOD and great God ! how should I fear  
To come to thee, were Christ not there !  
Could I but think, He would not be  
Present, to plead my cause for me,  
To hell I'd rather run, than I  
Would see thy face, and He not by.

---

ROBERT HERRICK.

A PRAYER.

I'll hope no more,  
For things that will not come,  
And if they do, they prove but cumbersome :  
Wealth brings much woe ;  
And, since it fortunes so,  
'Tis better to be poor  
Than to be rich and  
Or overburdened with store.

Pale Care, avaunt !  
I'll learn to be content  
With that small stock, thy bounty gave or lent.  
What may conduce  
To my most healthful use,  
Almighty God ! me grant ;  
But that, or this,  
That hurtful is,  
Deny thy suppliant.

---

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,  
When temptations me oppress,  
And when I my sins confess,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,  
Sick in heart and sick in head,  
And with doubts disquieted,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drown'd in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the passing-bell doth toll,  
And the furies, in a shoal,  
Come to fright my parting soul,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the priest his last hath pray'd,  
And I nod to what is said,  
'Cause my speech is now decay'd,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When, God knows, I'm toss'd about,  
Either with despair or doubt,  
Yet before the glass be out,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the Tempter me pursu'th  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And half-damns me with untruth,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries  
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,  
And all terrors me surprise,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is reveal'd,  
And that open'd which was seal'd,  
When to Thee I have appeal'd,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.



PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION.<sup>1</sup>

For those my unbaptized rhymes,  
 Writ in my wild unhallow'd times;  
 For every sentence, clause, and word,  
 That's not inlaid with Thee, my Lord,  
 Forgive me, God; and blot each line  
 Out of my book, that is not thine.  
 But if, 'mongest all thou find'st here *one*  
 Worthy to stand in;  
 That one, *o* Lord, shall be  
 The glory of my *work* and me.

<sup>1</sup> In these lines he seems to refer to the licentious character of many of his poems.

## HENRY VAUGHAN.

BORN 1614; DIED 1695.

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THIS truly "sacred" poet was styled by himself and his contemporaries, "the Silurist," from having been born on the banks of the Esk, in Brecknockshire, a part of Britain once inhabited by the Silures.

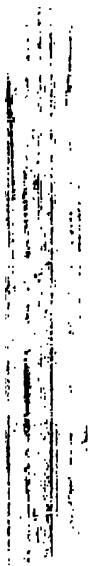
With less delicacy of feeling, as well as of intellectual perception, there is much in Vaughan not unworthy of George Herbert—the same fervour and tenderness of piety; the same concentrated earnestness, but expressed in a terser style. His principal works are, "Olor Iscanus, a collection of some select Poems;" "Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations," and "The Mount of Olives, or Salutory Meditations."

Vaughan is said, by those contemporary panegyrists, who admired not only the beauty of his verse, but the "charming rigour" of his subjects to have

"Restor'd the golden age, when verse was law."<sup>1</sup>

This praise, at least, is his—that he devoted his powers, without reserve, to the worthiest objects.—"O si sic omnes!"

<sup>1</sup> Katherine Phillips.



## HENRY VAUGHAN.

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### THE RAINBOW.

**STILL** young and fine! but what is still in view  
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new;  
How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye  
Thy burning, flaming arch did first descry;  
When Zerah, Nahor, Haram, Abram, Lot,  
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot,  
Did, with intentive looks, watch every hour  
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower.

When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and  
fair;

Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;  
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours  
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure  
tie

Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye!  
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,  
Distant and low, I can in thine see Him,  
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,  
And *minds the covenant* betwixt All and One.

## HEAVEN IN PROSPECT.

THEY are all gone into a world of light,  
And I alone sit lingering here ;  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,  
Like stars upon some gloomy grove ;  
Or those faint beams in which the hill is drest  
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days ;  
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope, and high humility,  
High as the heavens above !  
These are your walks, and you have show'd them  
me  
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just,  
Shining nowhere but in the dark,  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust ;  
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's-nest, m  
know  
At first sight if the bird be flown ;  
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,  
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels, in some brighter sphere,  
 all to the soul when man's soul were;  
 O some strange thoughts transcending our mortal  
 themes,  
 And into glory peep.

'A star were confined into a wall;  
 Her captive flame must needs be still;  
 But when the hand that lock'd it up is gone,  
 He'd shine through all the space.

Father of eternal life, and all  
 created glories under time;  
 Resume thy spirit from this world of toil  
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which thus and so  
 Thy perspective, still, as they pass;  
 Or else remove me hence into that hill,  
 Where I shall need no glass.

### THE SEARCH.

'Tis now clear day: I see a star  
 Bud in the bright east, and disclose  
 The pilgrim-way; all night have I  
 Spent in a roving ecstasy  
 To find my Saviour; I have been  
 As far as Bethlehem, and have seen  
 His inn and cradle: being there,  
 I met the wise men; asked them where  
 He might be found, or what star cou  
 Now point him out, grown up a man?

To Egypt hence I fled, ran o'er  
All her parch'd bosom to Nile's shore,  
Her yearly nurse: came back; inquir'd  
Among the doctors, and desir'd  
To see the temple; but was shown  
A little dust, and for the town  
A heap of ashes, where some said  
A small bright sparkle was a bed,  
Which would one day (beneath the pole)  
Awake, and then refine the whole.  
Tir'd here, I come to Sychar; thence  
To Jacob's well, bequeathed since  
Unto his sons; (where often they  
In those calm golden evenings lay  
Watering their flocks, and having spent  
Those white days, drove home to the tent  
Their well-fleec'd train;) and here (O fate!)

I sit, where once my Saviour sate;  
The angry spring in bubbles swell'd,  
Which broke in sighs still, as they fill'd;  
And whisper'd, Jesus had been there,  
But Jacob's children would not hear.  
Loath hence to part, at last I rise,  
But with the fountain in my eyes;  
And here a fresh search is decreed—  
He must be found where he did bleed.  
I walk the garden, and there see  
Ideas of his agony,  
And moving anguishments that set  
His bless'd face in a bloody sweat:  
I climb'd the hill, perus'd the cross,  
Hung with my gain, and his great loss;  
Never did tree bear fruit like this,  
Balsam of souls, the body's bliss!

But, O his grave ! where I saw lent  
(For he had none) a monument,  
An undefil'd, and new-hew'd one,  
But there was not the corner-stone.  
Sure, then, said I, my quest is vain,  
He'll not be found, where he was slain ;  
So mild a Lamb can never be  
'Midst so much blood and cruelty :  
I'll to the wilderness, and can  
Find beasts more merciful than man ;  
He liv'd there safe, 'twas his retreat  
From the fierce Jew, and Herod's heat ;  
And forty days withstood the fell  
And high temptations of hell.  
With seraphins there talked he,  
His Father's flaming ministry ;  
He heav'nd their walks, and with his eyes  
Made those wild shades a paradise :  
Thus was the desert sanctified  
To be the refuge of his bride :  
I'll thither then ; see, it is day,  
The sun's broke through to guide my way.  
But as I urg'd thus, and writ down  
What pleasures should my journey crown ;  
What silent paths, what shades and cells,  
Fair virgin-flowers, and hallow'd wells,  
I should rove in, and rest my head  
Where my dear Lord did often tread,  
Sug'ring all danger with success,  
Methought I heard one singing thus :—  
" Search well another world ; who studies this,  
Travels in clouds, seeks manna where none is."

---



## THE SHOWER.

**T**WAS so—I saw thy birth : that drowsy lake  
**F**rom her faint bosom breath'd thee, the disease  
**O**f her sick waters and infectious ease ;  
     **B**ut now, at even,  
     **T**oo gross for heaven,  
**T**hou fall'st in tears, and weep'st for thy mistake.

**A**h ! it is so with me ! oft have I press'd  
**H**eaven with a lazy breath, but fruitless this  
**P**ierc'd not ; love only can with quick access  
     **U**nlock the way,  
     **W**hen all else stray—

**T**he smoke and exhalations of the breast.

**Y**et, if as thou doest melt, and with thy train  
**O**f drops make soft the earth, my eyes could weep  
**O**'er my hard heart, that's bound up, and asleep ;  
     **P**erhaps at last  
     (Some such showers past,)

**M**y God would give a sunshine after rain.

---

 THE RETREAT.

**H**APPY those early days, when I  
**S**hin'd in my angel-infancy !  
**B**efore I understood this place  
**A**ppointed for my second race ;  
**O**r taught my soul to fancy ought  
**B**ut a white celestial thought ;

When yet I had not walked above  
A mile or two from my first love ;  
And looking back, at that short space,  
Could see a glimpse of his bright face ;  
When on some gilded cloud or flower  
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,  
And in those weaker glories spy  
Some shadows of eternity ;  
Before I taught my tongue to wound  
My conscience with a sinful sound ;  
Or had the black art to dispense  
A several sin to every sense ;  
But felt through all this fleshly dress ,  
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back  
And tread again that ancient track !  
That I might once more reach that plain,  
Where first I left my glorious train ;  
From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees  
That shady city of palm-trees ;  
But, ah ! my soul with too much stay  
Is drunk, and staggers in the way.  
Some men a forward motion love,  
But I by backward steps would move ;  
And when this dust falls to the urn,  
In that state I came, return.

---

### THE STORM.

SEE the use ; and know my blood  
Is not a sea,  
But a shallow, bounded flood,  
Though red as he ;

Yet have I flows as strong as his,  
And boiling streams that rave  
With the same curling force and hiss,  
As doth the mountain'd wave.

But when his waters billow thus,  
Dark storms and wind  
Incite them to that fierce discuss,  
Else not inclined;  
Thus the enlarg'd, enraged air  
Uncalms these to a flood,  
But still the weather that's most fair,  
Breeds tempests in my blood.

Lord, then round me with weeping clouds,  
And let my mind  
In quick blasts sigh beneath those shrouds

A spirit-wind;  
So shall that storm purge this recluse  
Which sinful ease made foul,  
And wind and water to thy use  
Both wash and wing my soul.

---

PEACE.

My soul, there is a country  
Far beyond the stars,  
Where stands a winged sentry  
All skilful in the wars:  
There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles;  
And one born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous file.

He is thy gracious friend,  
And, O my soul, awake !  
Did in pure love descend  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flower of peace,  
The rose that cannot wither, !  
Thy fortress and thy ease.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges ;  
For none can thee secure,  
But one who never changes,  
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

---

## ROM. VIII. VER. 15.

For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God."

AND do they so ? have they a sense  
Of ought but influence ?  
Can they their heads lift, and expect,  
And groan too ? why the elect  
Can do no more : my volumes said  
They were all dull and dead ;  
They judged them senseless, and their state  
Wholly inanimate.  
Go, go, seal up thy looks,  
And burn thy books.

I would I were a stone, or tree,  
Or flower, by pedigree ;  
Or some poor highway herb, or spring  
To flow, or bird to sing !

Then should I, tied to one sure state,  
 All day expect my date ;  
 But I am sadly loose, and stray,  
 A giddy blast each way :  
 O let me not thus range !—  
 Thou canst not change.

Sometimes I sit with thee, and tarry  
 An hour or so, then vary.  
 Thy other creatures in this scene  
 Thee only aim, and mean ;  
 Some rise to seek thee, and with heads  
 Erect peep from their beds ;  
 Others, whose birth is in the tomb,  
 And cannot quit the womb,  
 Sigh there, and groan for thee,  
 Their liberty.

O let not me do less ! shall they  
 Watch, while I sleep or play ?  
 Shall I thy mercies still abuse  
 With fancies, friends, or news ?  
 O brook it not ! thy blood is mine,  
 And my soul shall be thine ;  
 O brook it not ! why wilt thou stop  
 After whole showers one drop ?  
 Sure, thou wilt joy to see  
 Thy sheep with thee.

---

#### UNPROFITABLENESS.

How rich, O Lord ! how fresh thy visits are !  
 'Twas but just now my bleak leaves hopeless hung

Sullied with dust and mud ;  
 Each snarling blast shot through me, and did share  
 Their youth and beauty ; cold showers nipt and  
 wrung

Their spiciness and blood ;  
 But since thou didst in one sweet glance survey  
 Their sad decays, I flourish, and once more

Breathe all perfumes and spice ;  
 Smell a dew like myrrh, and all the day  
 Wear in my bosom a full sun ; such store

Hath one beam from thy eyes.  
 But, ah, my God ! what fruit hast thou of this ?  
 What one poor leaf did ever I let fall

To wait upon thy wreath ?  
 Thus thou all day a thankless weed dost dress,  
 And when th' hast done, a stench or fog is all  
 The odour I bequeath.

#### CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

AWAKE, glad heart ! get up, and sing !  
 It is the birth-day of thy King ;

Awake ! awake !

The sun doth shake  
 Light from his locks, and all the way  
 Breathing perfumes, doth spice the day.

Awake ! awake ! hark, how th' wood rings ;  
 Winds whisper, and the busy springs

A concert make :

Awake, awake !

Man is their high-priest, and should rise  
 To offer up the sacrifice.

I would I were some bird or star,  
 Flutt'ring in woods, or lifted far  
     Above this inn  
     And road of sin !  
 Then either star or bird should be  
 Shining, or singing still to thee.

I would I had in my best part  
 Fit rooms for thee ! or that my heart  
     Were so clean as  
     Thy manger was !  
 But I am all filth and obscene ;  
 Yet, if thou wilt, thou canst make clean.

~~Sweet Jesus, will thou, let me know  
 This lamer heart and still thy doer ;  
     Cure him, ease him,  
     O release him !  
 And let once more, by mystic birth,  
 The Lord of life be born in earth.~~

---

### SUNDAYS.

BRIGHT shadows of true rest ! some shoots of bliss  
     Heaven once a week ;  
 The next world's gladness pre-possessed in this ;  
     A day to seek ;  
 Eternity in time ; the steps by which  
 We climb above all ages ; lamps that light  
 Man through his heap of dark days ; and the rich  
 And full redemption of the whole week's flight :

he pulleys unto headlong man ; time's bower ;  
     The narrow way ;  
 ransplanted paradise ; God's walking hour ;  
     The cool o' th' day ;  
 he creatures' Jubilee ; God's parle with dust ;  
 leaven here ; man on those hills of myrrh and  
     flowers ;  
 ngels descending ; the returns of trust ;  
 gleam of glory after six days' showers :  
 he church's love-feasts ; time's prerogative  
     And interest,  
 educted from the whole ; the combs, and hive,  
     And home of rest ;  
 he milky way chalk'd out with suns ; a clue  
 hat guides through erring hours, and in full story  
 . taste of heaven on earth ; the pledge and cue  
 f a full feast, and the out-courts of glory.

---

### THE DAWNING.

H ! what time wilt thou come ? when shall that  
     cry,  
 " The Bridegroom's coming !" fill the sky ?  
 Shall it in the evening run  
 When our words and works are done ?  
 Or will thy all-surprising light  
     Break at midnight ;  
 When either sleep, or some dark pleasure,  
 Possesseth mad man without measure ?  
 Or shall these early fragrant hours  
     Unlock thy bowers ;



And with their blush of light-dewy face  
 Thy locks crown'd with eternity?  
 Indeed, it is the only time when  
 That with thy glory doth best chime.  
 All now are stirring, every field

Full hymns doth yield :  
 The whole creation shakes off night,  
 And for thy shadow looks the light :  
 Stars now vanish without number ;  
 Sleepy planets set and slumber ;  
 The puffy clouds disband and scatter ;  
 All expect some sudden matter,  
 Not one beam triumphs, but from far  
 That morning star.

O, at what time, never thou  
 (Unknown to us,) the heavens wilt bow ;  
 And, with thy angels in the van,  
 Descend to judge poor careless man ;  
 Grant, I may not like puddle lie  
 In a corrupt security ;  
 Where, if a traveller water crave,  
 He finds it dead and in a grave ;  
 But as this restless vocal spring  
 All day and night doth run, and sing ;  
 And though here born, yet is acquainted  
 Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted :  
 So let me all my busy age  
 In thy free services engage ;  
 And though (while here) of force I must  
 Have commerce sometimes with poor dust ;  
 And in my flesh, though vile and low,  
 As this doth in her channel flow ;  
 Yet let my course, my aim, my love,  
 And chief acquaintance be above.

So when that day and hour shall come  
 In which thyself will be the sun,  
 Thou'lt find me dressed, and on my way,  
 Watching the break of thy great day.

---

## THE WORLD.

saw Eternity the other night,  
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,  
     All calm as it was bright ;  
 And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,  
     Driven by the spheres,  
 Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world  
     And all her train were hurl'd.  
 The doting lover in his quaintest strain  
     Did there complain ;  
 Near him his lute, his fancy, and his flights—  
     Wits so our delights—  
 With gloves and knots the silly snares of pleasure ;  
     Yet his dear treasure,  
 All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour  
     Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and  
     woe,  
 Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there so slow  
     He did nor stay nor go :  
 Condemning thoughts (like sad eclipses) scowl  
     Upon his soul ;  
 And clouds of crying witnesses without  
     Pursued him with one shout.  
 Yet digg'd the mole, and lest his ways be found  
     Work'd underground,  
 Where he did clutch his prey—but one did see  
     *That policy ;*

Churches and altars fed him; perjuries  
 Were guests and flies;  
 It rained about him blood and tears, but he  
 Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust  
 Sate pining all his life there—did scarce trust  
 His own hands with the dust;  
 Yet would not place one piece above, but lives  
 In fear of thieves:  
 Thousands there were as frantic as himself,  
 And hugg'd each one his self:  
 The downright epicure placed heaven in sense,  
 And storied pretence;  
 While others, slipp'd into a wide excess,  
 Said little less:  
 The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,  
 Who think them brave;  
 And poor despised truth sat counting by  
 Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,  
 And sing and weep, soar'd up into the ring;  
 But most would use no wing.  
 O fools! (said I,) thus to prefer dark night  
 Before true light;  
 To live in grots and caves, and hate the day  
 Because it shows the way—  
 The way which from this dead and dark abode  
 Leads up to God;  
 A way where you might tread the sun, and be  
 More bright than he.  
 But as I did their madness so discuss,  
 One whisper'd thus:  
 "This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide  
 But for his bride."

## JOHN QUARLES.

BORN 1624; DIED 1665.

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HE was the son of the more celebrated poet, Francis Quarles. His writings prove him to have been little, if at all, inferior to his father in genius or piety, and unquestionably his superior in taste. They are, principally, "Regale Lectum Miseriæ, or a Kingly Bed of Misery;" "Fons Lachrymarum, or a Fountain of Tears;" "Divine Meditations;" and, "Triumphant Chastity, or Joseph's Self-conflict."

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, which appears to be a record of some kind. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are in a more formal, printed style. The list is organized into columns, with names in the first column and dates in the second column. The names are mostly male, and the dates range from the 18th to the 19th century.

## JOHN QUARLES.

---

### GOD'S LOVE TO MAN.

He that can break a rocky heart in twain,  
And reunite it, if he please, again ;  
He that can part the boiling waves, and stand  
Upon the seas, as on the dryest land ;  
He whose celestial power can make the graves  
To open, and command their slumbering slaves  
To rise—nay more, to stand—nay more, to walk—  
Nay more, (if more than this may be,) to talk ;  
He that can make a whale to entertain  
Jonah, and to cast him forth again ;  
He whose almighty power can unlock  
The flinty bowels of a scragged rock,  
And make her headlong gushing streams abound,  
To wash the bosom of the thirsty ground ;  
He that can transmutate, by power divine,  
The poorest water into richest wine ;  
He that can curb rude Boreas, and assuage  
The lawless passion of the ocean's rage ;  
He that can rain down manna, to supply  
The craving stomachs of mortality ;

He that can, like an all-commanding God,  
Make almonds flourish from a sapless rod;  
He that can make the sun and moon stand still,  
Or run, according to his sacred will;  
He that preserv'd a Daniel from the paws  
Of lions, and can muzzle up their jaws;  
He that can make the greedy ravens carry  
Food to his servants—their wing'd commissary;  
He that can, with an unresisted hand,  
Dash fire into ice, and countermand  
The wanton flames, and charm them, that they  
dare

But burn his servants' cords, and not their hair;  
He that can cause ten thousand to be fed  
With two small fishes and five loaves of bread;  
He that can clothe himself with fire, and name  
Himself I AM, and make a bush to flame

Without consuming; he that can convert  
A rod into a serpent, and not hurt;  
He that can make his visage shine so bright  
That not a Moses can behold the light;  
He that can strike a hand with leprosy,  
And cure it in the twinkling of an eye;  
He that can in a moment cut and break  
Tongue-tying cords, and make the dumb to speak;  
He that can out of unregarded stones  
Raise unto Abraham many little ones;  
He that can heal the cripple with a touch,  
And free him from the thralldom of his crutch;  
He that can cure the deaf, and can expel  
A thousand devils in despite of hell;  
He that can perfect what he first begun—  
Expects that man should say, "Thy will be done!"  
Consider, man, and thou shalt find it true,  
Heaven can do all, but what he will not do!

Think not, because thou art of low estate,  
That he will scorn to love, or love to hate;  
Remember Dives, whose unsumm'd-up store  
Improv'd so much, until he prov'd as poor  
As ever Job was :—Job ! unhappy I  
To speak it : he was rich in poverty.  
Heaven made poor Job so rich, that Satan's  
wealth

Could purchase nothing from him, but his health,  
And that corporeal too : he could not boast  
His bargain, for 'twas Job that purchas'd most.

Even as the sun (which every day surrounds  
The sublime globe, and pries into the bounds  
Of this dark centre) lets his beams reflect  
Upon a mole-hill, with as much respect  
As on a mountain—for his glorious beams  
Shine always with equivalent extremes,—  
Even so the great and powerful Three in One,  
That sits upon his all-enlight'ning throne,  
Does not deny to let his mercies crown  
The poorest peasant with as much renown  
As the most stateliest emperor ; though he  
Invests his body with more dignity,  
Yet he's but earth, and must at last decay,  
For prince and peasant go the self-same way ;  
There's no distinction—one infused breath  
Made them alike, and both must live, in death  
Or everlasting life ; both must commence  
Divines in heaven—there's no pre-eminence,  
But all equality ; all must express  
With equal joy their equal happiness.  
Rouse up, dull man, and let thy waken'd soul  
Be vigilate ! oh, let thy thoughts enrol  
The love of God ; engrave it in thy breast,  
That his resounding tongue may read thee blest !



Oh, let thy sighs, like pens—and let thy tears,  
Like ink, inscribe the love, the indulgent cares  
Of thy Creator; that himself may find,  
Within the unblotted volume of thy mind,  
Himself recorded: so will he embrace  
Thy spotless soul, and fill thee with his grace.  
Incline thine ears, and let thy heart rejoice,  
To hear the strains of his harmonious voice.  
Hearken,—and thou shalt hear his prophets sing  
The admired mercies of the glorious King:—  
“ Thus saith the great and everlasting One,  
That rules the heavens and governs earth alone,  
Thus saith the Lord, that takes delight to dwell  
Among his saints—that formed Israel,  
Created Jacob—let thy sorrows flee  
Out of thy breast: I have redeemed thee.  
’Twas I that made thy clouded vision shine,  
And call’d thee by my name, for thou wert mine  
I will be with thee when thy feet shall wade  
Thorough the waters, I will be thy aid:  
I’ll make thee walk through rivers, and the waves  
Shall prove ambitious to become thy slaves;  
And when thou walkest through the raging fire,  
The unruly flames shall not presume to aspire  
Or kindle on thy garments. I alone,  
The Lord thy God, and Israel’s Holy One,  
And thy dear Saviour, that was always true,  
Gave Egypt, Seba, Ethiopia too,  
To ransom thee; for thou wert my delight,  
And always precious in my favouring sight:  
Honours were heaped upon thee, and thou wert  
The tender love of my affecting heart;  
Therefore even I, well pleased with thee, will  
give  
People for thy dear sake, that thou mayst live.

Fear not, for I am with thee, and will stand  
 In thy defence: and my all-grasping hand  
 Shall bring thy seed from the remotest places,  
 And fill thee with my satisfying graces.  
 My tongue shall call unto the north, and say  
 Unto the south, 'Give,'—and they shall obey:  
 'Bring from afar my sons and daughters all;  
 Hear my loud voice, be active when I call.  
 I have created them; and I proclaim,  
 They shall be call'd and honoured by my name.  
 I'll usher forth the blind, and make them see  
 The splendent glories of my majesty:  
 I'll cure the deaf, and make their hearts rejoice  
 To hear the echoes of my warbling voice.'"  
 'Thus hath our God untied the tongues, and broke  
 His prophets' lips—thus have his prophets spoke.  
 And wilt thou be, O man, so much obdure,  
 As not to credit him that will assure  
 Perpetual happiness? Thou canst not ask  
 That which he cannot give: do but unmask  
 Thy shame-fac'd soul, that so thou mayst descry  
 Jehovah's mercies with a faithful eye;  
 Descant upon his promises; advise  
 With thine own thoughts; let wisdom make thee  
 wise.

---

Go, rally all  
 Thy thoughts together, and discreetly fall  
 Into a serious study. Let thy mind  
 Be absolute, and really inclined  
 To meditation. Contradict the rage  
 Of thine own passions. Labour to assuage  
 The fire of lust, that so thou mayst behold  
 With more serenity, how manifold  
 His mercies are. Think what he did endure,  
 Before his wounds had perfected thy cure.

Remember how undauntedly he stood,  
And sweat himself into a crimson flood  
To ransom thee; remember how his woes  
Were asperated by his raging foes;  
Remember how his sacred temples wore  
A spiry crown; remember how it tore  
His sublime front; remember how they broach'd  
His breast with spears, and shamefully reproach'd  
His spotless fame; remember how they nail'd  
His spreading hands; remember how they  
scal'd

His ivory walls; remember how they spawl'd  
Upon his face; remember how they bawl'd  
And banded at his agony, whilst he  
Prov'd patient martyr to their tyranny;  
Remember, when he came unto the brink  
Of death, they gave him vinegar to drink.

Here's love, O man, that does as far transcend  
Thy thoughts as thy deserts, that Heaven should  
send

His Son and Heir to be incarnated  
And suffer death for thee, that wert as dead  
As sin could make thee: 'twas for thy offence  
He died—ah! how, how canst thou recompense  
Such high-bred favours? After thou art fed,  
Wilt thou contemn the hand that gave thee bread?  
Wouldst thou not love that friend that should be-  
stow

A superannuated crust, and show  
Respect unto thee, when the ebbing tide  
Of fortune runs so low, that thou mayst ride  
Upon the sands of poverty? Fond man,  
Strive to be grateful: study how to scan  
The mercies of thy God; remember how  
He feeds thy soul with manna; learn to bow

The unruly thoughts ; with admiration think  
 How often, and how much embittered drink  
 Thy Saviour drank—with what a doleful cry  
 He begg'd of God to let that cup pass by ;  
 But knowing that his pleasure must be done,  
 He prov'd himself a most obedient Son.  
 And wilt thou not, coy wretch ! drink one poor  
                   sup  
 Of bitter drink for him, that drank a cup  
 To sweeten thine ?

---

## DIVINE EJACULATION.

GREAT God, whose sceptre rules the earth,  
 Distil thy fear into my heart,  
 That being rapt with holy mirth  
   I may proclaim how good thou art :  
 Open my lips, that I may sing  
 Full praises to my God, my King.

Great God, thy garden is defac'd,  
 The weeds thrive there, thy flowers decay ;  
 O call to mind thy promise past,  
 Restore thou them, cut these away :  
 Till then let not the weeds have power  
 To starve or stint the poorest flower.

In all extremes, Lord, thou art still  
 The mount whereto my hopes do flee ;  
 O make my soul detest all ill,  
 Because so much abhor'd by thee :  
 Lord, let thy gracious trials show  
 That I am *just*, or make me so.

JOHN QUARLES.

Mountain, desert, beast, and tree  
To that heavenly voice of thine,  
All that voice not startle me,  
Nor stir this stone—this heart of mine?  
And, till thou new-bore mine ear,  
If voice is lost, I cannot hear.

Thou art in of light and living breath,  
Thy mercies never fail nor fade,  
Thou art that hath no death,  
Thou art that with light that hath no shade;  
Appoint the remnant of my days  
To see thy power, and sing thy praise.

Lord God of gods, before whose throne  
Stand storms and fire, O what shall we  
Return to heaven, that is our own,

When all the world belongs to thee?  
We have no offering to impart,  
But praises, and a wounded heart.

O thou that sit'st in heaven, and see'st  
My deeds without, my thoughts within,  
Be thou my prince, be thou my priest—  
Command my soul, and cure my sin:  
How bitter my afflictions be  
I care not, so I rise to thee.

What I possess, or what I crave  
Brings no content, great God, to me,  
If what I would, or what I have  
Be not possest and blest in thee:  
What I enjoy, oh make it mine  
In making me—that have it—thine.

When winter-fortunes cloud the brows  
Of summer-friends,—when eyes grow strange,—  
When plighted faith forgets its vows,  
When earth and all things in it change,—  
O Lord, thy mercies fail me never—  
Where once thou lovs't, thou lovs't for ever.

Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,  
Into whose secrets none can dive,  
Whose mercy none can apprehend,  
Whose justice none can feel—and live,  
What my dull heart cannot aspire  
To know, Lord, teach me to admire.



## FRANCIS TAYLOR.

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THE extract which follows is from "Grapes from Canaan, or Believer's present Taste of Future Glory," by FRANCIS TAYLOR, 1658;" a small volume of occasionally rude, but spirited verse.





## FRANCIS TAYLOR.

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### DESIRE OF HEAVEN.

O, LONG to be installed in the throne  
Of endless glory ; let thy spirit groan  
After a full and plenary possession  
Of blessedness transcending all expression.  
Be like the bird of paradise, which, (they say,)  
Being entangled in the snare, straightway  
Begins to strive, and never giveth o'er  
Till she enjoy her freedom as before.  
Sing Simeon's swan-like song at his decease—  
“ Lord, let thy servant now depart in peace.”  
Welcome the messenger of death, which brings  
Most joyful tidings from the King of kings ;  
Which tells the saints of an approaching crown  
Of matchless glory, honour, and renown.  
Death is the chariot, which without delay  
Saints to their Father's house bears swift away.  
Death is to humble penitents no less  
Than a short entrance into happiness,  
Death is the saints' ascension-day to bliss ;  
Their marriage-day with Jesus Christ it is.  
Death is the charter of their liberty,  
The period of their pain and misery :

Death gives them an immunity from sin,  
And frees them from the fears they once were in:  
Death is the bane of woe, the grave of vice,  
The portal opening into Paradise;  
Where grace, that in the bud was here below,  
Into the flower of glory straight shall blow;  
Where saints' immortal souls, made more divine,  
Shall with the diamonds of perfection shine:  
Where they, to their unspeakable delight,  
Of God himself shall have a perfect sight;  
Where in their wills there shall a likeness be  
To God, in holiness and purity;  
Where, having shot the gulf of death, they shall  
Wear on their heads a crown imperial;  
Where the rich caskets of their souls shall be  
O'erlaid with glory's best embroidery;  
Where no contaminating tincture e'er  
Shall their unspotted purity besmear;  
Where God himself unto the saints shall be  
A spring of life to perpetuity;  
Where they shall in the fragrant bosom lie  
Of their Beloved, to eternity;  
Where the enamel of their glory shall  
Never wear off, nor soiled be at all;  
Where they a glorious kingdom shall receive,  
Of which no power on earth can them bereave;  
Where they their safety shall behold from all  
Insulting foes, and their eternal thrall;  
Where they shall be partakers of that joy  
Which will them satisfy, but never cloy;  
Where Baca unto Beracha<sup>1</sup> shall be  
Converted—mourning into melody.

<sup>1</sup> Baca—weeping; Beracha—blessing. See Ps. lxxxiv. 6,  
and 2 Chron. xx. 26.

Where brinish tears shall never dim their eyes,  
Nor shall their ears be frighted more with cries;  
Where sorrows ne'er shall damp their hearts again,  
Nor shall their senses be disturb'd with pain;  
Where length of years, without the least decay  
Of strength, they shall enjoy; yea, where for aye  
They shall be blessed with the love of many,  
And need not fear the jealousy of any;  
Where for their labour a "Quietus est"  
Each saint shall have, and ever be at rest:  
Where life and immortality they shall  
Have for their death in Christ, and Christ for all.

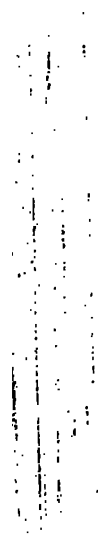


1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

## NATHANAEL EATON.

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EATON wrote commentaries on some parts of the sacred writings, and other theological works. The following small poems are from his book, *De Fastis Anglicis*, 1661 ; a volume of verse not deficient in power, but marked with the faulty peculiarities of style common in that age.





## NATHANAEL EATON. .

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### NEW YEAR'S DAY.

'Tis custom, Lord, this day to send  
A gift to every vulgar friend ;  
And shall I find no gift for thee,  
That art the best of friends to me ?  
There's nothing which my thoughts survey—  
My life, my soul, the light, the day—  
But they are all thy gifts to me ;  
And shall I find no gift for thee ?  
Yea, Lord ; behold I here confer  
My life, my soul, and whatsoe'er  
Thy liberal hand hath given to me,  
Back as a new-year's gift, on thee.  
Said I, a gift ? Ah ! 'tis not so :  
Alas both men and angels know,  
That all these things thy Christ hath bought,  
And therefore I can give thee nought.

---

## ON GOOD FRIDAY.

HE's dead ! Insult, infernal powers, the dread  
 Messias, Jesus, whom you fear'd, is dead !  
 But stay ! rejoice not neither—it is from  
 His death that your great empire's fall doth come.  
 Twas a strange combat this ; wherein to slay  
 The foe you fought with, was to lose the day :  
 Yet thus it was : the field had been your own,  
 Had you not your great champion overthrown ;  
 But through his sides yourselves accurs'd you slew,  
 And he being ruined by you ruin'd you.

---

 ASCENSION.

COME down, blest Saviour ! 'tis no sin to pray  
 Thee down, I hope, upon Ascension-day :  
 So to descend, as I would have thee do,  
 Is not indeed to fall, but mount unto  
 A zenith which thou ne'er before could'st gain—  
 Even my proud heart, which rebel lusts have ta'en,  
 And mann'd against thee—this, my God, is it  
 That I would have thee come and see, and get.  
 Get this strong-hold into thy hands, and make  
 Her high-rais'd bulwarks at thy storming shake,  
 And droop their heads ; make my stout thoughts  
                   to fall  
 Prostrate before thy glorious feet, and all  
 The powers within me to lie low, and be  
 Subject, henceforth, unto no king but thee.  
 Do this, dear Lord, and my glad soul shall say,  
 To me thou ne'er ascendedst till to-day.

## ON ST. GEORGE.

SEE here, in George's portraiture, a true  
Description of what Christians ought to do :  
No civil wars, no brothers' blood imbrues  
His righteous hands, he no such foes pursues ;  
The cross his ensign is, his faith his shield,  
His sword the Scripture, his own heart the field,  
His enemy the dragon—him alone  
He thinks it worth his while to set upon :—  
O God, that we, who George our champion call,  
Save such as these would fight no fights at all !

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## FIRST OF MAY.

SUCH due respect the Romans to their grave  
And hoary elders, though but heathens, gave,  
That next their guardian deities they set  
Their names upon this month's fair frontelet ;  
Which it keeps still unraz'd, and, to this day,  
From those grand Majors is surnamed *May*.  
Age crown'd with wisdom high regards doth claim ;  
" Ancient of days," is God's own glorious name ;  
Whose more especial stamp doth seem to be  
Engrav'd upon their snowy sovereignty :  
Yet such is our foul sin—Oh, woe the while !—  
We slight the duty, though we own the style.

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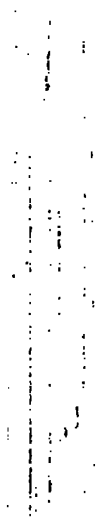
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## THOMAS FLATMAN.

BORN 1633; DIED 1688.

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THE judicious reader will infer from the subjoined poems by **FLATMAN**, that this writer, if unworthy of all the praise lavished on him by his contemporaries, as little deserves the severe and contemptuous censures which more recent critics have passed upon his pretensions to the character of a poet.



## THOMAS FLATMAN.

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### A THOUGHT OF DEATH.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN on my sick bed I languish,  
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,  
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,  
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,  
My soul just now about to take her flight  
Into the regions of eternal night ;  
Oh tell me, you  
That have been long below,  
What shall I do—  
What shall I think—when cruel death appears,  
That may extenuate my fears ?  
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,  
Be not fearful : come away !  
Think with thyself, that now thou shalt be free,  
And find thy long-expected liberty !

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<sup>1</sup> Plainly the prototype of Pope's "Dying Christian;" and perhaps derived from the same source—the well-known verses of Adrian.

## HYMN FOR THE MORNING.

AWAKE, my soul ! awake, mine eyes !  
Awake, my drowsy faculties !  
Awake, and see the new-born light  
Spring from the darksome womb of night !  
Look up, and see the unwearied sun  
Already has his race begun :  
The pretty lark is mounted high,  
And sings her mattins in the sky.  
Arise, my soul ! And thou, my voice,  
In songs of praise early rejoice !  
O great Creator ! heavenly King !  
Thy praises ever let me sing !  
Thy power has made, thy goodness kept  
This fenceless body while I slept ;  
Yet one day more has given me,  
From all the powers of darkness free.  
O keep my heart from sin secure,  
My life unblameable and pure ;  
That, when the last of all my days is come,  
Cheerful and fearless I may wait my doom.

---

## FOR THE EVENING.

SLEEP ! downy Sleep ! come, close mine eyes,  
Tir'd with beholding vanities !  
Sweet slumbers, come, and chase away  
The toils and follies of the day ;



On your soft bosom will I lie,  
 Forget the world, and learn to die.  
 O Israel's watchful Shepherd ! spread  
 Tents of angels round my bed ;  
 Let not the spirits of the air,  
 While I slumber, me ensnare ;  
 But save thy suppliant free from harms,  
 Clasp'd in thine everlasting arms.  
 Clouds and thick darkness are thy throne,  
 Thy wonderful pavilion :  
 Oh, dart from thence a shining ray,  
 And then my midnight shall be day !  
 Thus, when the morn, in crimson drest,  
 Breaks through the windows of the east,  
 My hymns of thankful praise shall rise,  
 Like incense, or the morning sacrifice !

---

DEATH.

Oh, the sad day  
 When friends shall shake their heads and say  
     Of miserable me,  
 Hark how he groans, look how he pants for breath,  
 See how he struggles with the pangs of death !  
     When they shall say of these poor eyes—  
         How hollow and how dim they be !  
     Mark how his breast does swell and rise  
         Against his potent enemy !  
 When some old friend shall step to my bedside,  
 Touch my chill face, and then shall gently glide,  
 And when his next companions say—

"How does he do? What hopes!" shall turn  
away

Answering only, with uplifted hand,

Who can his fate withstand?

Then shall a gasp or two do more

Than e'er my rhetoric could before—

Persuade the peevish world to trouble me no more!

## JOHN NORRIS.

BORN 1657 ; DIED 1711.

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IN the union of learning, and acuteness, metaphysical and logical, with sublime piety, few have equalled "Norris of Bemerton"—for so he is styled, from having, during many years, held the living of that village, illustrious also as the retreat of the pious and accomplished George Herbert. The catalogue of Mr. Norris's writings is very numerous : among the chief are, "Miscellanies;" "Reason and Religion;" "Christian Blessedness;" "Practical Discourses," and, "A Philosophical Discourse concerning the Immortality of the Soul."

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## JOHN NORRIS.

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### AN HYMN UPON THE TRANSFIGURATION.

**HAIL**, King of glory, clad in robes of light !  
Outshining all we here call bright !  
Hail, light's divinest galaxy !  
Hail, express image of the Deity !  
Could now thy amorous spouse thy beauties view,  
How would her wounds all bleed anew !  
Lovely thou art all o'er and bright,  
Thou Israel's glory, and thou Gentiles' light.

**But** whence this brightness, whence this sudden  
day ?  
Who did thee thus with light array ?  
Did thy divinity dispense  
To its consort a more liberal influence ?  
Or did some curious angel's chymic art  
The spirits of purest light impart,  
Drawn from the native spring of day,  
And wrought into an organized ray ?

**Howe'er** 'twas done, 'tis glorious and divine,  
Thou dost with radiant wonders shine.

The sun with his bright company,  
Are all gross meteors, if compared to thee.  
Thou art the fountain whence their light does flow,  
But to thy will thine own dost owe.  
For (as at first) thou didst but say,  
‘Let there be light,’ and straight sprang forth this  
wondrous day.

Let now the eastern princes come, and bring  
Their tributary offering.  
There needs no star to guide their flight,  
They’ll find thee now, great King, by thine own  
light.  
And thou, my soul, adore, love, and admire,  
And follow this bright guide of fire.  
Do thou thy hymns and praises bring,  
Whilst angels, with veil’d faces, anthems sing.

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#### THE THIRD CHAPTER OF JOB PARAPHRASED.

CURS’D, ever curs’d be that unhappy day,  
When first the sun’s unwelcome ray  
I saw with trembling eyes, being newly come  
From the dark prison of the womb;  
When first to me my vital breath was lent,  
That breath which now must all in sighs be spent.

Let not the sun his cheering beams display  
Upon that wretched, wretched day;  
But mourn in sables, and all over shroud  
His glories in a sullen cloud.  
Let light to upper regions be confin’d,  
And all below as black as is my mind.

Curs'd be the night which first began to lay  
The groundwork of this house of clay :  
Let it not have the honour to appear  
In the retinue of the year ;  
Let all the days shun its society,  
Hate, curse, abandon it, as much as I.

Let Melancholy call that night her own,  
Then let her sigh, then let her groan ;  
A general grief throughout all nature spread,  
With folded arms and drooping head.  
All harps be still, or tun'd to such a strain  
As fiends may hear, and yet not ease their pain.

Let neither moon nor stars, with borrow'd light,  
Checker the blackness of that night ;  
But let a pure unquestion'd darkness rear  
Her sooty wings all o'er the air,  
Such as once on th' abyss of chaos lay,  
Not to be pierc'd by stars, scarce by the edge of  
day.

Why was there, then—ah, why—a passage free  
At once for life and misery ?  
Why did I not uncloister'd from the womb  
Take my next lodging in a tomb ?  
Why with such cruel tenderness and care  
Was I nurs'd up to sorrow and despair ?

For now in sweet repose might I have lain,  
Secure from any grief or pain ;  
Untouch'd with care, my bed I should have made  
In death's cool and refreshing shade :  
I should have slept now in a happy place,  
All calm and silent as the empty space.

There, where great emperors their heads lay down,  
Tir'd with the burden of a crown;  
There, where the mighty, popular, and great  
Are happy in a dear retreat;  
Enjoy that solid peace which here in vain,  
In grotts and shady walks they sought t' obtain:

None of hell's agents can or dare molest  
This awful sanctuary of rest:  
No prisoners' sighs, no groanings of the slave,  
Disturb the quiet of the grave.  
From toil and labour here they ever cease,  
And keep a sabbath of sweet rest and peace.

Why then does Heaven on mortals life bestow,  
When 'tis thus overtax'd with woe?  
Why am I forc'd to live against my will,  
When all the good is lost in ill?  
My sighs flow thick, my groans sound from afar,  
Like falling waters to the traveller.

---

#### THE INFIDEL.

FAREWELL, fruition, thou grand cruel cheat,  
Which first our hopes dost raise, and then defeat;  
Farewell, thou midwife, to abortive bliss,  
Thou mystery of fallacies.  
Distance presents the object fair,  
With charming features, and a graceful air;  
But when we come to seize the inviting prey,  
Like a shy ghost, it vanishes away.

So to the unthinking boy the distant sky  
Seems on some mountain's surface to rely:



He with ambitious haste climbs the ascent,  
 Curious to touch the firmament;  
 But when, with an unwearied pace,  
 Arriv'd he is at the long-wish'd-for place,  
 With sighs the sad defeat he does deplore—  
 His heaven is still as distant as before.

And yet 'twas long e'er I could throughly see  
 This grand impostor's frequent treachery:  
 Though often fool'd, yet I should still dream on  
 Of pleasure in reversion:  
 Though still he did my hopes deceive,  
 His fair pretensions I would still believe.  
 Such was my charity, that though I knew  
 And found him false, yet I would think him true.

But now he shall no more with shows deceive,  
 I will no more enjoy, no more believe;  
 The unwary juggler has so often shown  
 His fallacies, that now they're known.—  
 Shall I trust on? the cheat is plain;  
 I will not be imposed upon again;  
 I'll view the bright appearance from afar,  
 But never try to catch the falling star.

---

#### THE CHOICE.

*Stet quicunque volet potens  
 Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.*

No, I shan't envy him, whoe'er he be,  
 That stands upon the battlements of state!  
 Stand there who will for me,  
 I'd rather be secure than great.

Of being so high the pleasure is but small,  
But long the ruin, if I chance to fall.

Let me in some sweet shade serenely lie,  
Happy in leisure and obscurity!

    Whilst others place their joys  
    In popularity and noise,  
Let my soft minutes glide obscurely on,  
Like subterraneous streams, unheard, unknown.

Thus, when my days are all in silence past,  
A good plain countryman I'll die at last.

    Death cannot choose but be  
    To him a mighty misery,  
Who to the world was popularly known,  
And dies a stranger to himself alone.

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#### THE MEDITATION.

It must be done, my soul, but 'tis a strange,  
    A dismal and mysterious change,  
When thou shalt leave this tenement of clay,  
And to an unknown somewhere wing away;  
When time shall be eternity, and thou  
Shalt be thou know'st not what, and live thou  
    know'st not how.

Amazing state! No wonder that we dread  
    To think of death, or view the dead.  
Thou'rt all wrapp'd up in clouds, as if to thee  
Our very knowledge had antipathy.  
Death could not a more sad retinue find—  
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind.

me courteous ghost, tell this great secrecy,  
 What 'tis you are, and we must be.  
 You warn us of approaching death, and why  
 say we not know from you what 'tis to die?  
 At you, having shot the gulf, delight to see  
 succeeding souls plunge in with like uncertainty.

When life's close knot, by writ from destiny,  
 Disease shall cut, or age untie;  
 When after some delays, some dying strife,  
 The soul stands shivering on the ridge of life;  
 With what a dreadful curiosity  
 Does she launch out into the sea of vast eter-  
 nity!

When the spacious globe was delug'd o'er,  
 And lower holds could save no more,  
 On the utmost bough the astonish'd sinners stood,  
 And view'd th' advances of th' encroaching flood;  
 'Ertopp'd at length by th' element's increase,  
 With horror they resign'd to the untried abyss.

#### HYMN TO DARKNESS.

WAIL, thou most sacred, venerable thing!  
 What muse is worthy thee to sing?  
 See, from whose pregnant, universal womb  
 All things, even light, thy rival, first did come.  
 What dares he not attempt that sings of thee,  
 Thou first and greatest mystery?  
 Who can the secrets of thy essence tell?  
 Thou, like the light of God, art inaccessible.

Before great Love this monument did raise,  
 This ample theatre of praise;  
 Before the folding circles of the sky  
 Were tun'd by him who is all harmony;  
 Before the morning stars their hymn began,  
 Before the council held for man,  
 Before the birth of either time or place,  
 Thou reign'st unquestion'd monarch in the empty  
 space.

Thy native lot thou didst to light resign,  
 But still half of the globe is thine:  
 Here with a quiet, but yet awful hand;  
 Like the best emperors thou dost command.  
 To thee the stars above their brightness owe,  
 And mortals their repose below;  
 To thy protection fear and sorrow flee,  
 And those that weary are of light, find rest in thee.

Though light and glory be the Almighty's throne,  
 Darkness is his pavilion;  
 From that his radiant beauty, but from thee  
 He has his terror and his majesty:  
 Thus, when he first proclaimed his sacred law,  
 And would his rebel subjects awe,  
 Like princes on some great solemnity,  
 H' appear'd in's robes of state, and clad himself  
 with thee.

The bless'd above do thy sweet umbrage prize,  
 When, cloy'd with light, they veil their eyes;  
 The vision of the Deity is made  
 More sweet and beatific by thy shade;  
 But we, poor tenants of this orb below,  
 Don't here thy excellencies know

Till death our understandings does improve,  
And then our wiser ghosts thy silent night-walks  
love.

But thee I now admire, thee would I choose  
For my religion, or my muse.  
'Tis hard to tell whether thy reverend shade  
Has more good votaries or poets made :  
From thy dark caves were inspirations given,  
And from thick groves went vows to Heaven.  
Hail, then, thou muse's and devotion's spring,  
'Tis just we should adore, 'tis just we should thee  
sing.

---

#### THE COMPLAINT.

WELL, 'tis a dull perpetual round,  
Which here we silly mortals tread ;  
Here's nought, I'll swear, worth living to be found,  
I wonder how 'tis with the dead.  
Better, I hope, or else, ye powers divine,  
Unmake me ; I my immortality resign.

Still to be vex'd by joys delay'd,  
Or by fruition to be cloy'd ;  
Still to be wearied in a fruitless chase,  
Yet still to run, and lose the race ;  
Still our departed pleasures to lament,  
Which yet, when present, gave us no content :—

Is this the thing we so extol,  
For which we would prolong our breath ?  
Do we for this long life a blessing call,  
And tremble at the name of death ?

JOHN NORRIS.

we are, to think by that we gain  
as well retain'd as lost with pain.

for this that we adore  
sicians, and their art implore ?  
ess nature's liberal supply  
elps against mortality ?  
but vain the tree of life to boast,  
W     leading, wherein it grew, is lost.

Ye powers, w     you man create  
With such in     lesire ?  
If you'd endow     o more estate,  
You shoul     e him less aspire :  
But now our     vex and cheat  
With real hul     , and fa     stic meat.

---

THE SIXTY-THIRD CHAPTER OF ISAIAH PARA-  
PHRASED TO THE SIXTH VERSE.

A PINDARIC ODE.

STRANGE scene of glory ! am I well awake ;  
Or is't my fancy's wild mistake ?  
It cannot be a dream ; bright beams of light  
Flow from the vision's face, and pierce my tender  
sight—

No common vision this ; I see  
Some marks of more than human majesty.

Who is this mighty Hero, who,  
With glories round his head, and terror in his  
brow ?

From Bozrah, lo ! he comes : a scarlet dye  
O'erspreads his clothes, and does outvie

The blushes of the morning sky.  
Triumphant and victorious he appears,  
And honour in his looks and habit wears :  
How strong he treads, how stately does he go !

Pompous and solemn is his pace,  
And full of majesty, as is his face.

Who is this mighty Hero, who ?  
'Tis I who to my promise faithful stand ;  
I who the powers of death, hell, and the grave  
Have foil'd with this all-conquering hand ;  
I who most ready am, and mighty too to save.

Why wear'st thou then this scarlet dye ?

Say, mighty Hero, why ?

Why do thy garments look all red,  
Like them that in the wine-vat tread ?

The wine-press I alone have trod ;  
That vast unwieldy frame, which long did stand  
Unmov'd, and which no mortal force could e'er  
command,

That ponderous mass I ply'd alone,  
And with me to assist were none ;  
A mighty task it was, worthy the Son of God.  
Angels stood trembling at the dreadful sight,  
Concern'd with what success I should go through

The work I undertook to do ;

Enrag'd I put forth all my might,  
And down the engine press'd ; the violent force  
Disturb'd the universe, put nature out of course :  
The blood gush'd out in streams, and checker'd  
o'er

My garments with its deepest gore ;  
With ornamental drops bedeck'd I stood,  
And writ my victory with my enemy's blood.

The day, the signal day is come  
When of my enemies I must vengeance take ;  
The day when death shall have its doom,  
And the dark kingdom with its powers shall shake.  
Fate in her calendar mark'd out this day with red ;  
She folded down the iron leaf, and thus she said :  
" This day, if ought I can divine be true,  
Shall for a signal victory  
Be celebrated to posterity :  
Then shall the Prince of light descend,  
And rescue mortals from th' infernal fiend,  
Break through his strongest forts, and all his host  
subdue."  
This said, she shut the adamantine volume close,  
And wish'd she might the crowding years trans-  
pose ;  
So much she long'd to have the scene display,  
And see the vast event of this important day.

And now, in midst of the revolving years,  
This great, this mighty One appears :  
The faithful traveller, the sun,  
Has number'd out the days, and the set period  
run.  
I look'd, and to assist was none :  
My angelic guards stood trembling by,  
But durst not venture nigh.  
In vain, too, from my Father did I look  
For help ; my Father me forsook.  
Amaz'd I was to see  
How all deserted me.  
I took my fury for my sole support,  
And with my single arm the conquest won.  
Loud acclamations fill'd all heaven's court :



The hymning guards above,  
Strain'd to an higher pitch of joy and love,  
The great Jehovah prais'd, and his victorious Son.

---

## THE ELEVATION.

TAKE wing, my soul, and upwards bend thy flight,  
To thy originary fields of light ;  
Here's nothing, nothing here below  
That can deserve thy longer stay ;  
A secret whisper bids thee go  
To purer air, and beams of native day :  
Th' ambition of the tow'ring lark outvie,  
And like him sing as thou dost upward fly.

How all things lessen which my soul before  
Did with the grovelling multitude adore !  
Those pageant glories disappear,  
Which charm and dazzle mortals' eyes :  
How do I in this higher sphere,  
How do I mortals, with their joys despise !  
Pure, uncorrupted element I breathe,  
And pity their gross atmosphere beneath.

How vile, how sordid here those trifles show,  
That please the tenants of that ball below !  
But, ha ! I've lost the little sight ;  
The scene's remov'd, and all I see  
Is one confus'd dark mass of night.  
What nothing was, now nothing seems to be :  
How calm this region, how serene, how clear :  
*Sure I some strains of heavenly music hear.*

On, on; the task is easy now and light,  
No steams of earth can here retard thy flight;  
    Thou need'st not now thy strokes renew;  
    'Tis but to spread thy pinions wide,  
    And thou with ease thy seat wilt view,  
Drawn by the bent of the etherial tide.  
'Tis so, I find; how sweetly on I move,"  
Not lett by things below, and help'd by those  
    above!

But see, to what new region am I come?  
I know it well, it is my native home.  
    Here led I once a life divine,  
    Which did all good—no evil—know:  
    Ah! who would such sweet bliss resign  
For those vain shows which fools admire below?  
'Tis true; but don't of folly past complain,  
But joy to see these blest abodes again.

A good retrieve. But, lo! while thus I speak,  
With piercing rays th' eternal day does break;  
    The beauties of the face divine  
    Strike strongly on my feeble sight:  
    With what bright glories does it shine!  
'Tis one immense and ever-flowing light.  
Stop here, my soul; thou canst not bear more  
    bliss,  
Nor can thy now rais'd palate ever relish less.

---

THE REPLY.

SINCE you desire of me to know  
Who's the wise man, I'll tell you who:—

Not he whose rich and fertile mind  
Is by the culture of the arts refin'd ;  
Who, as the chaos of disorder'd thought,  
By reason's light to form and method brought ;  
    Who with a clear and piercing sight,  
Can see through niceties as dark as night ;  
    You err, if you think this is he,  
Though seated on the top of the Porphyrian tree.

Nor is it he to whom kind Heaven  
A secret cabala has given  
To unriddle the mysterious text  
Of nature, with dark comments more perplex ;  
Or to decipher her clean-writ and fair,  
But most confounding, puzzling character ;  
    That can through all her windings trace  
This slippery wanderer, and unveil her face ;  
    Her inmost mechanism view,  
Anatomize each part, and see her through and  
    through.

Nor he that does the science know,  
Our only certainty below,  
That can from problems dark and nice,  
Deduce truths worthy of a sacrifice ;  
Nor he that can confess the stars and see  
What's writ in the black leaves of destiny ;  
    That knows their laws, and how the sun  
His daily and his annual stage does run,  
    As if he did to them dispense  
Their motions, and there sate supreme intelligence.

Nor is it he (although he boast  
Of wisdom, and seem wise to most)

Yet 'tis not he whose busy pate  
Can dive into the deep intrigues of state;  
That can the great leviathan control,  
Manage and rule't, as if he were its soul:  
The wisest king thus gifted was,  
And yet did not in these true wisdom place.  
Who then is by the wise man meant?  
He that can want all this, and yet can be content.

---

## THE IMPATIENT.

WHAT envious laws are those of Fate,  
Which fix a gulf (bless'd souls) 'twixt us and you!  
How 'twould refresh and cheer our mortal state,  
When our dejected looks confess  
The emptiness of earthly bliss,  
Could we in this black night your brighter glories  
view.

Vain comfort, when I thus complain,  
To hear the wise and solemn gravely say,  
Your grief and curiosity restrain;  
Death will ere long this bar remove,  
And bring you to the bless'd above;  
Till then with this great prospect all your longings  
stay.

But, ah, the joy peculiar here  
Does from the greater excellence arise;  
'Twill be worth nothing in an equal sphere.  
Let me your noble converse have,  
Bless'd spirits, on this side the grave—  
I shall hereafter be as great as you, as wise.

Besides, when plung'd in bliss divine  
I shall not taste, nor need this lesser joy.  
What comfort then does from this prospect shine !  
    'Tis just as if in depth of night,  
    You rob a traveller of his light ;  
And promise to restore't when 'tis clear day.

---

## SECOND CHAPTER OF THE CANTICLES.

## VERSES 10—13.

'Twas my beloved spake :  
I know his charming voice ; I heard him say,  
Rise up, my love, my fairest one ; awake,  
    Awake and come away.

The winter all is past,  
And stormy winds that with such rudeness blew,  
The heavens are no longer overcast,  
    But try to look like you.

The flowers their sweets display,  
The birds in short preludiums tune their throat ;  
The turtle in low murmurs does essay  
    Her melancholy note.

The fruitful vineyards make  
An odorous smell, the fig looks fresh and gay :  
Arise, my love, my fairest one ; awake,  
    Awake and come away.

---

## THE RESIGNATION.

LONG have I view'd, long have I thought,  
And held with trembling hand this bitter draugh  
'Twas now just to my lips applied ;  
Nature shrank in, and all my courage died.

But now resolv'd and firm I'll be,  
Since, Lord, 'tis mingled, and reach'd out by t

Since 'tis thy sentence I should part  
With the most precious treasure of my heart,  
I freely that and more resign ;  
My heart itself, as its delight, is thine ;  
My little all I give to thee—  
Thou gav'st a greater gift, thy Son, to me.

He left true bliss and joys above,  
Himself he emptied of all good, but love ;  
For me he freely did forsake  
More good than he from me can ever take.  
A mortal life for a divine  
He took, and did at last even that resign.

Take all, great God, I will not grieve,  
But still will wish that I had still to give.  
I hear thy voice ; thou bid'st me quit ,  
My paradise, I bless and do submit.  
I will not murmur at thy word,  
Nor beg thy angel to sheath up his sword.

---

## SUPERSTITION.

I CARE, not, though it be  
y the preciser sort thought popery ;  
We poets can a licence show  
For every thing we do :  
ear then, my little saint, I'll pray to thee.

If now thy happy mind,  
midst its various joys, can leisure find  
To attend to any thing so low  
As what I say or do,  
egard, and be what thou wast ever—kind.

Let not the bless'd above  
ngross thee quite, but sometimes hither rove :  
Fain would I thy sweet image see,  
And sit and talk with thee ;  
or is it curiosity, but love.

Ah, what delight 't would be,  
ouldst thou sometimes by stealth converse with  
me !  
How should I thy sweet commerce prize,  
And other joys despise !  
ome, then—I ne'er was yet denied by thee.

I would not long detain  
hy soul from bliss, nor keep thee here in pain ;  
Nor should thy fellow-saints e'er know  
Of thy escape below ;  
efore thou'rt miss'd, thou shouldst return again.

Sure, heaven must needs thy love  
As well as other qualities improve ;  
Come then, and recreate my sight  
With rays of thy pure light ;  
'Twill cheer my eyes more than the lamps above.

But if fate's so severe  
As to confine thee to thy blissful sphere,  
(And by thy absence I shall know  
Whether thy state be so,)  
Live happy, but be mindful of me there.

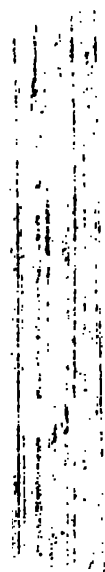


## JOHN MASON.

DIED 1694.

---

AMONG the numerous later writers of Hymns few have equalled this pious nonconformist. He was the grandfather of the more popular author of the "Essay on Self-Knowledge." Towards the close of his life he became the victim of some strange delusions, in regard to the imaginary millennial reign of our Lord upon earth, not altogether unlike those which have been revived in our own times. This circumstance, however, ought not to prejudice the reader against his poems, which are remarkable for a pure and sound, though high-toned devotion.



## JOHN MASON.

---

### A SONG OF PRAISE FOR CREATION.

THOU wast, O God, and thou wast blest,  
Before the world begun ;  
Of thine eternity possesst  
Before Time's glass did run.  
Thou needest none thy praise to sing,  
As if thy joy could fade :  
Couldst thou have needed any thing,  
Thou couldst have nothing made.

Great and good God, it pleased thee  
Thy Godhead to declare ;  
And what thy goodness did decree,  
Thy greatness did prepare :  
Thou spak'st, and heaven and earth appear'd,  
And answer'd to thy call ;  
As if their Maker's voice they heard,  
Which is the creatures' all.

Thou spak'st the word, most mighty Lord,  
Thy word went forth with speed :  
Thy will, O Lord, it was thy word,  
*Thy word it was thy deed.*

Thou brought'st forth Adam from the ground,  
And Eve out of his side :  
Thy blessing made the earth abound  
With there two multiplied.

Those three great leaves, heaven, sea, and land,  
Thy name in figures show ;  
Brutes feel the bounty of thy hand,  
But I my Maker know.  
Should not I here thy servant be,  
Whose creatures serve me here ?  
My Lord, whom should I fear but thee,  
Who am thy creatures' fear !

To whom, Lord, should I sing, but thee,  
The maker of my tongue ?

Lo ! other lords would seize on me,  
But I to thee belong.

As waters haste unto their sea,  
And earth unto its earth,  
So let my soul return to thee,  
From whom it had its birth.

But, ah ! I'm fallen in the night,  
And cannot come to thee :

Yet speak the word, " Let there be light"—  
It shall enlighten me :

And let thy word, most mighty Lord,  
Thy fallen creature raise :

O make me o'er again, and I  
Shall sing my Maker's praise.

---

## A SONG OF PRAISE FOR PROVISION.

COME, let us praise our Master's hand,  
Which gives us daily bread :  
Thy house, my Lord, is full of guests,  
Thy table richly spread.  
Earth is thy table, where thy guests  
Do daily sit and feed :  
Thy hand carves every one his part,  
And suffers none to need.

Naked came I into the world,  
And nothing with me brought ;  
And nothing have I here deserv'd,  
Yet have I lacked nought.  
I do not bless my lab'ring hand,  
My lab'ring head, or chance ;  
Thy Providence, most gracious God,  
Is mine inheritance.

Thy bounty gives me bread with peace,  
A table free from strife ;  
Thy blessing is the staff of bread,  
Which is the staff of life.  
The people sat in companies,  
My Saviour fed them all :  
So all the families of the earth  
Have tables in God's hall.

The vine and olive-branches too  
Are nourish'd by thy care :  
Mercies we eat, mercies we drink,  
*Mercies we daily wear.*

Shall I repine against my God  
That kept me all my days ?  
Then let my tongue forget to taste  
When it forgets to praise.

---

A SONG OF PRAISE FOR THE MORNING.

My God was with me all this night,  
And gave me sweet repose :  
My God did watch, even whilst I slept,  
Or I had never rose.  
How many groan'd and wish'd for sleep,  
Until they wish'd for day,  
Measuring slow hours with their quick pains,  
Whilst I securely lay !

Whilst I did sleep all dangers slept,  
No thieves did me affright ;  
Those ev'ning wolves, those beasts of prey,  
Disturbers of the night.  
No raging flames nor storms did rend  
The house that I was in ;  
I heard no dreadful cries without,  
No doleful groans within.

What terrors have I scap'd this night,  
Which have on others fell !  
My body might have slept its last ;  
My soul have wak'd in hell.  
Sweet rest hath gain'd that strength to me,  
Which labour did devour :  
My body was in weakness sown,  
But it is rais'd in power.

Lord, for the mercies of the night,  
My humble thanks I pay ;  
And unto thee I dedicate  
The first-fruits of the day.  
Let this day praise thee, O my God,  
And so let all my days :  
And, O let mine eternal day  
Be thine eternal praise.

---

A SONG OF PRAISE FOR THE EVENING.

Now, from the altar of my heart,  
Let incense-flames arise :  
Assist me, Lord, to offer up  
Mine evening sacrifice.  
Awake, my love ; awake, my joy ;  
Awake, my heart and tongue !  
Sleep not : when mercies loudly call,  
Break forth into a song.

Man's life 's a book of history ;  
The leaves thereof are days ;  
The letters, mercies closely join'd ;  
The title is thy praise.  
This day God was my sun and shield,  
My keeper and my guide ;  
His care was on my frailty shown,  
His mercies multiplied.

Minutes and mercies multiplied  
Have made up all this day :  
Minutes came quick ; but mercies were  
*More fleet and free than they.*

New time, new favour, and new joys  
Do a new song require :  
Till I should praise thee as I would,  
Accept my heart's desire.

---

A SONG OF PRAISE FOR A GOSPEL MINISTRY

FAIR are the feet which bring the news  
Of gladness unto me :  
What happy messengers are these  
Which my bless'd eyes do see !  
These are the stars which God appoints  
For guides unto my way,  
To lead me unto Bethlem-town,  
Where my dear Saviour lay.

These are my God's ambassadors,  
By whom his mind I know ;  
God's angels in his lower heav'n,  
God's trumpeters below.  
The trumpet sounds, the dead arise,  
Which fell by Adam's hand.  
Again the trumpet sounds, and they  
Set forth for Canaan's land.

Thy servants speak ; but thou, Lord, dost  
An hearing ear bestow :  
They smite the rock ; but thou, my God,  
Dost make the waters flow.  
They shoot the arrow ; but thy hand  
Doth drive the arrow home :  
They call ; but, Lord, thou dost compel,  
And then thy guests are come.



Angels that fly, and worms that creep,  
Are both alike to thee ;  
If thou mak'st worms thine angels, Lord,  
They bring my God to me.  
As sons of thunder first they come,  
And I the lightning fear ;  
But then they bring me to my home,  
And sons of comfort are.

Lord, thou art in them of a truth,  
That I might never stray ;  
The clouds and pillars march before,  
And show me Canaan's way :  
I bless my God, who is my guide ;  
I sing in Sion's ways :  
When shall I sing on Sion's hill  
Thine everlasting praise ?

---

#### A SONG OF PRAISE FOR GRACE.

O God of grace, who hast restor'd  
Thine image unto me,  
Which by my sins was quite defac'd,  
What shall I render thee !  
Thine image and inscription, Lord,  
Upon my heart I bear :  
Thine own I render unto thee,  
O God, my God most dear.

Myself I owe thee for myself,  
Whom thou didst make of earth ;

JOHN MASON.

And thou hast made me o'er again,  
Thou gav'st a second birth.  
Thrice born, and twice endu'd with life,  
I haste to come to thee,  
To pay my vows, my thanks, my heart,  
With all humility.

O, was I born first from beneath,  
And then born from above !  
Am I a child of man and God ?  
O rich and endless love !  
When I had broke the tables, Lord,  
New tables thou didst hew ;  
And with thy finger didst engrave  
Thy laws on them anew.

Earth is my mother, earth my nurse,  
And earth must be my tomb :  
Yet God, the God of heaven and earth,  
My Father is become.  
Hell enter'd me, and into hell  
I quickly should have run ;  
But, O ! kind heav'n laid hold on me :  
Heav'n is in me begun.

This spark will rise into a flame,  
This seed into a tree ;  
My songs shall rise, my praises shall  
Loud hallelujahs be.

---

A SONG OF PRAISE FOR DELIVERANCE FROM  
IMMINENT DANGERS OF DEATH.

LORD of my life, length of my days,  
Thy hand hath rescu'd me ;  
Who lying at the gates of death  
Among the dead was free.  
My dearest friends I had resign'd  
Unto their Maker's care :  
Methought I only time had left  
For a concluding prayer.

Methought Death laid his hands on me,  
And did his pris'ner bind ;  
And by the sound, methought I heard  
His Master's feet behind.  
Methought I stood upon the shore,  
And nothing could I see  
But the vast ocean, with my eyes—  
A vast eternity!

Methought I heard the midnight cry,  
Behold the Bridegroom comes !  
Methought I was call'd to the bar,  
Where souls receive their dooms.  
The world was at an end to me,  
As if it all did burn :  
But, lo ! there came a voice from heaven,  
Which order'd my return.

Lord, I return'd at thy command,  
What wilt thou have me do ?  
O let me wholly live to thee,  
*To whom my life I owe !*

Fain would I dedicate to thee  
The remnant of my days :  
Lord, with my life renew my heart,  
That both thy name may praise.

---

## LAMENTING THE LOSS OF FIRST LOVE.

O THAT my soul was now as fair  
As it hath sometimes been,  
Devoid of that distracting care  
Without, and guilt within.  
There was a time when I could tread  
No circle but of love ;  
That joyous morning now is fled—  
How heavily I move !

Unhappy soul, that thou shouldst force  
Thy Saviour to depart,  
When he was pleased with so coarse  
A lodging in thy heart !  
How sweetly I enjoy'd my God !  
With how divine a frame !  
I thought on every plant I trod,  
I read my Saviour's name !

I liv'd, I lov'd, I talk'd with thee,  
So sweetly we agreed ;  
And thou no stranger wast to me  
Till I became a weed :  
The tempter robb'd me, and I must  
I fear be ever poor ;  
May this suffice—to roll i' th' dust,  
Before thy temple door.

My dearest Lord, my heart flames not  
With love, that sacred fire ;  
But since my love has wore that blot  
Repentance runs the higher.  
Lord of my soul, return, return,  
To chase away this night ;  
Let not thine anger ever burn ;  
God once was my delight.

THE END.



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